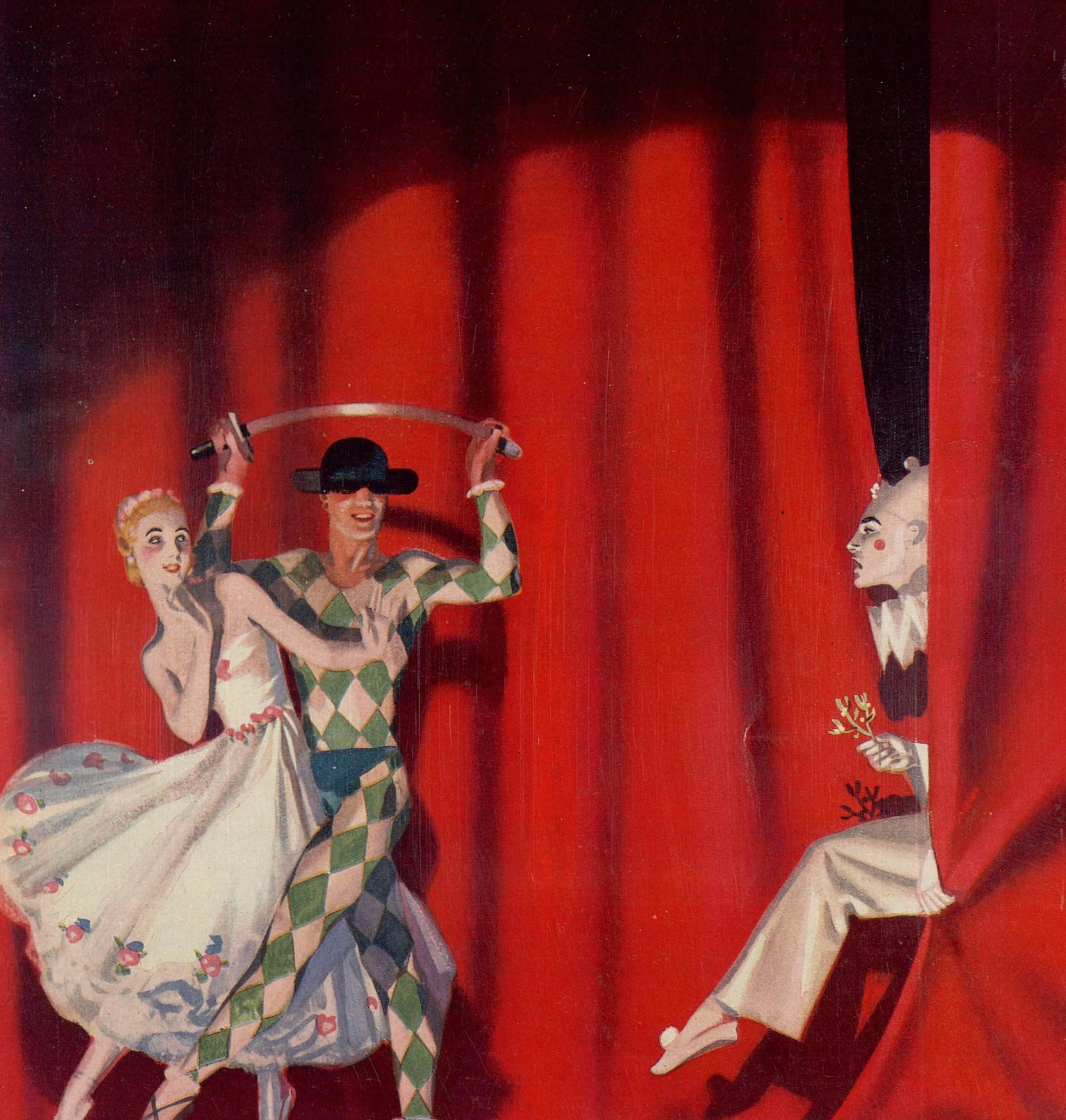
BRITANNIA and EVE

December 1932



CHRISTMAS NUMBER + 1932 1/6

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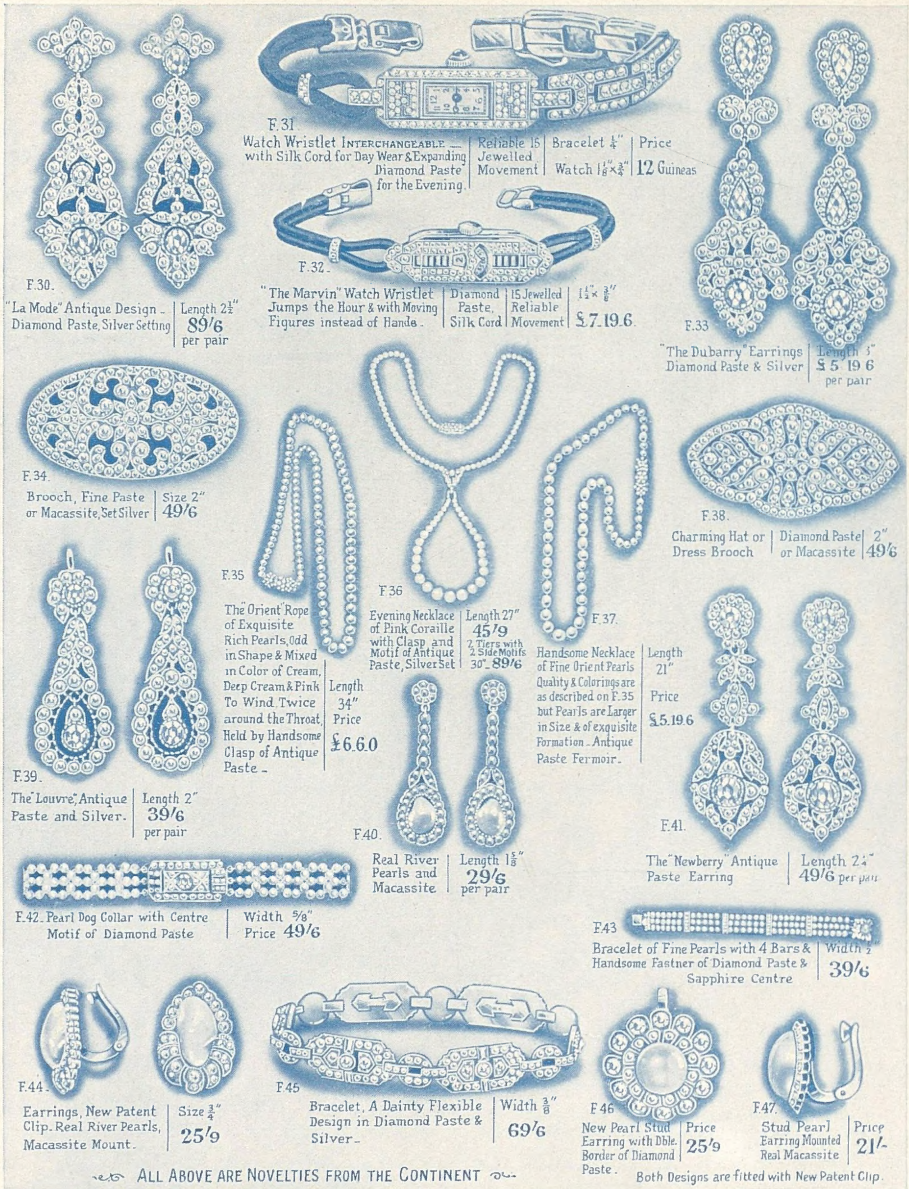

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F.34. Brooch, Fine Paste or Macassite, Set Silver | Size 2" 49/6

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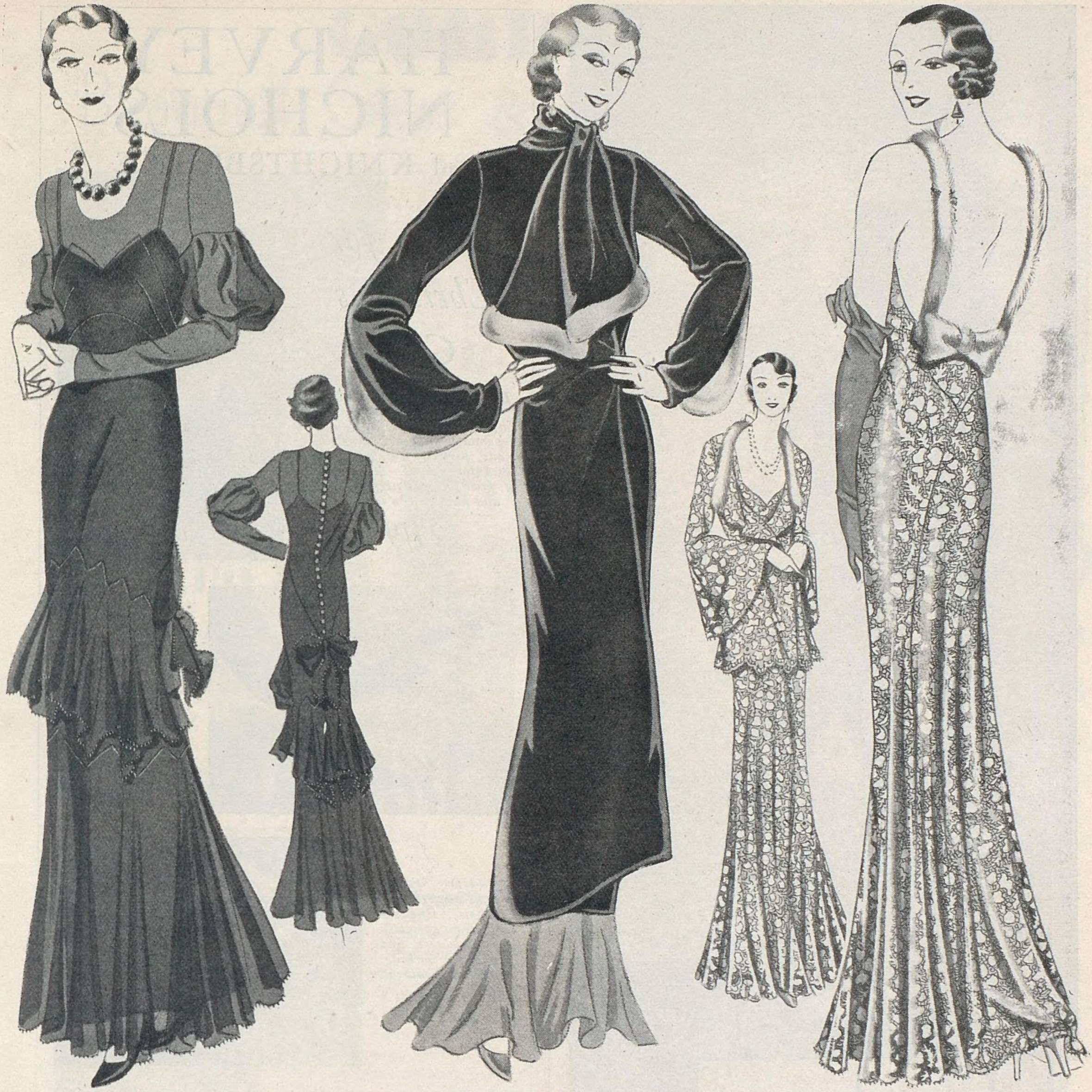

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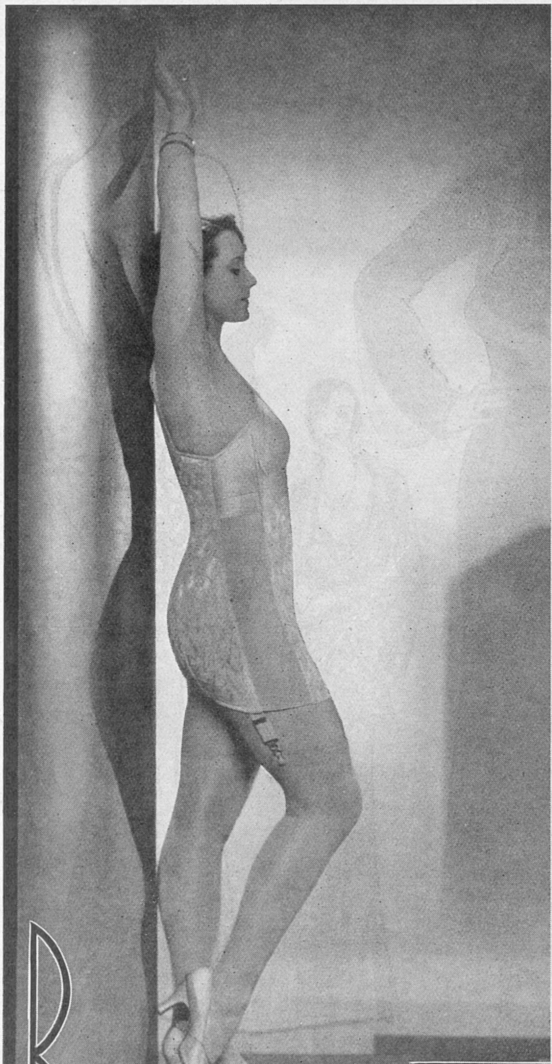

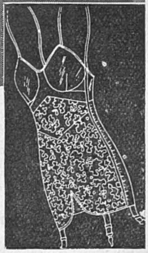

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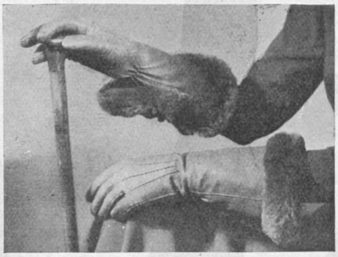

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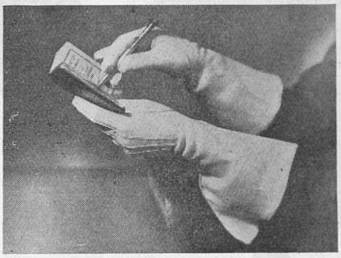

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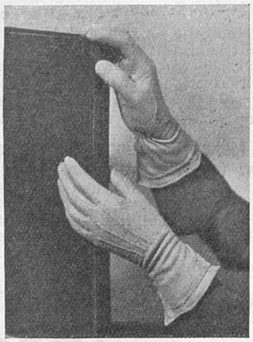

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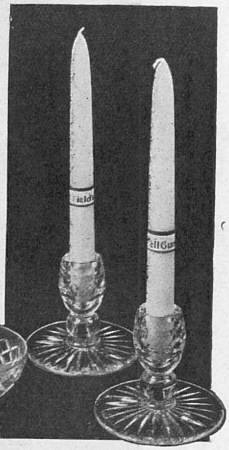

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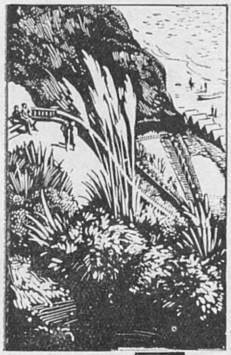

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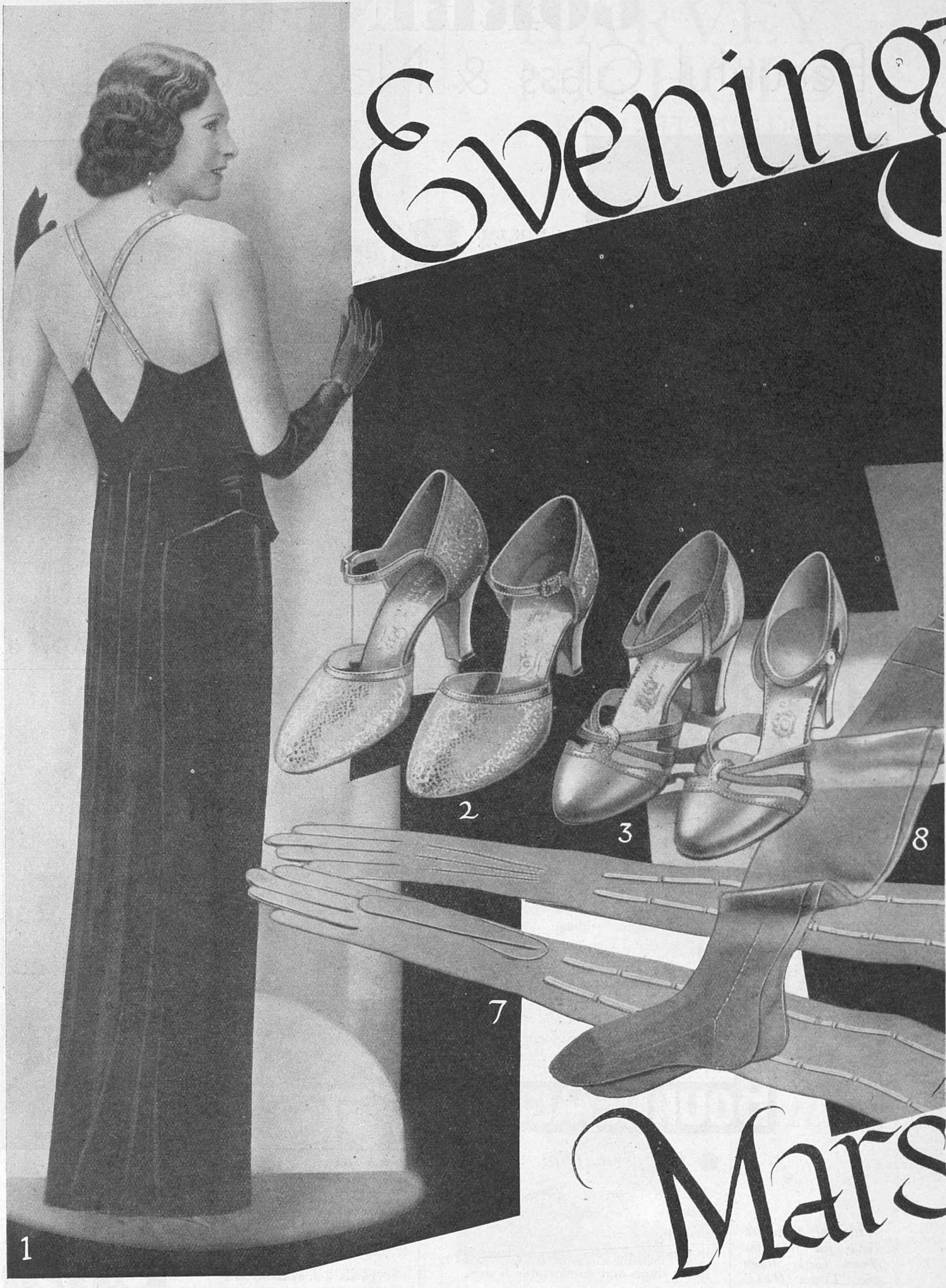
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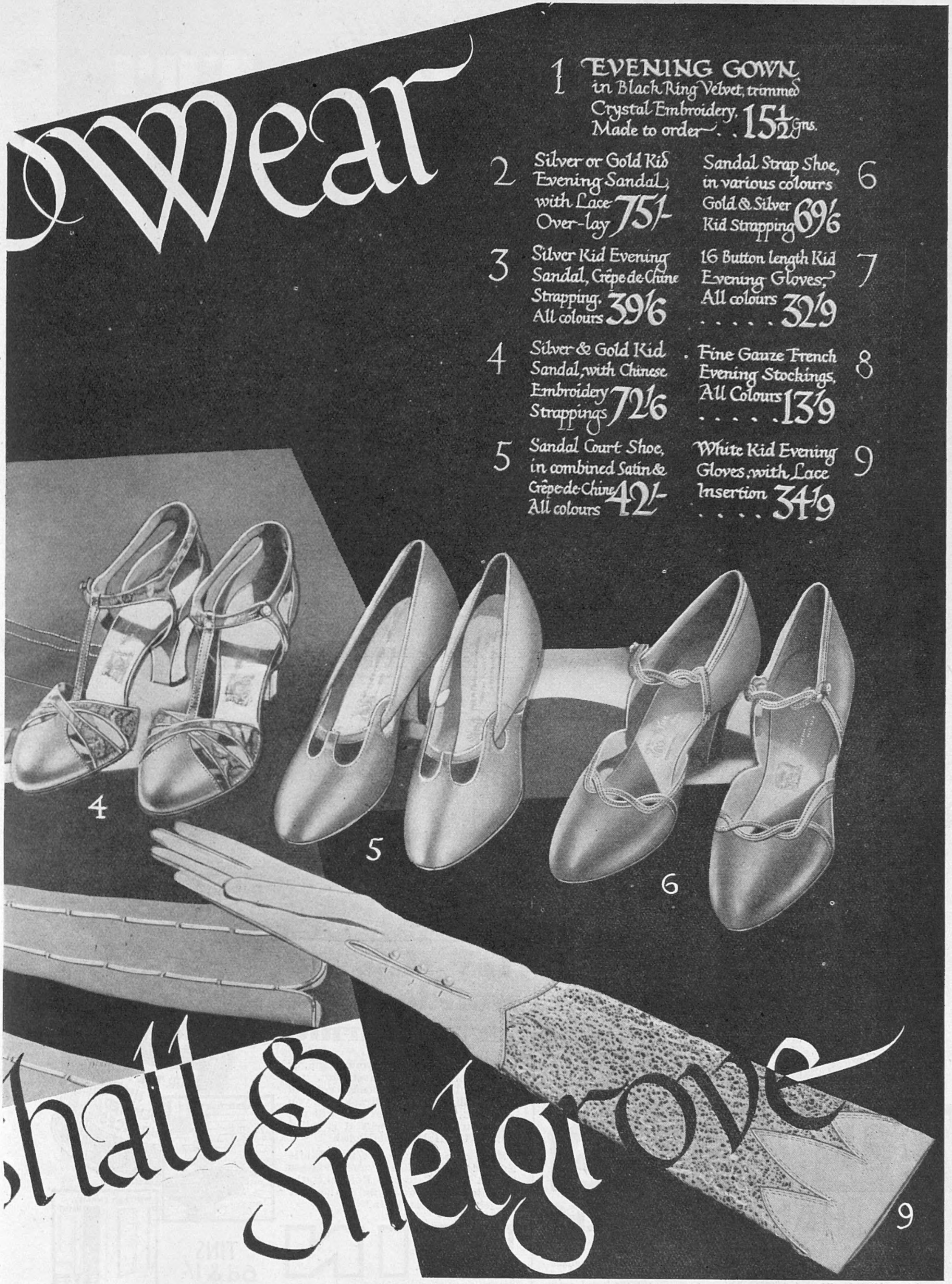
Mars



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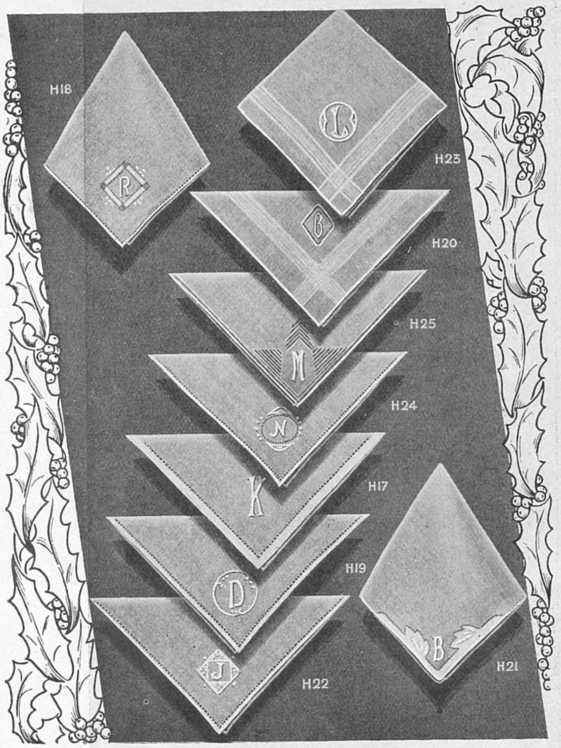

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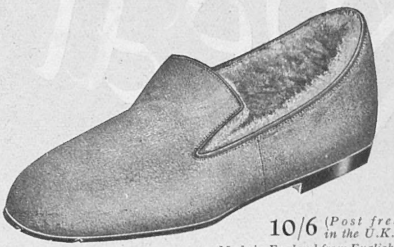

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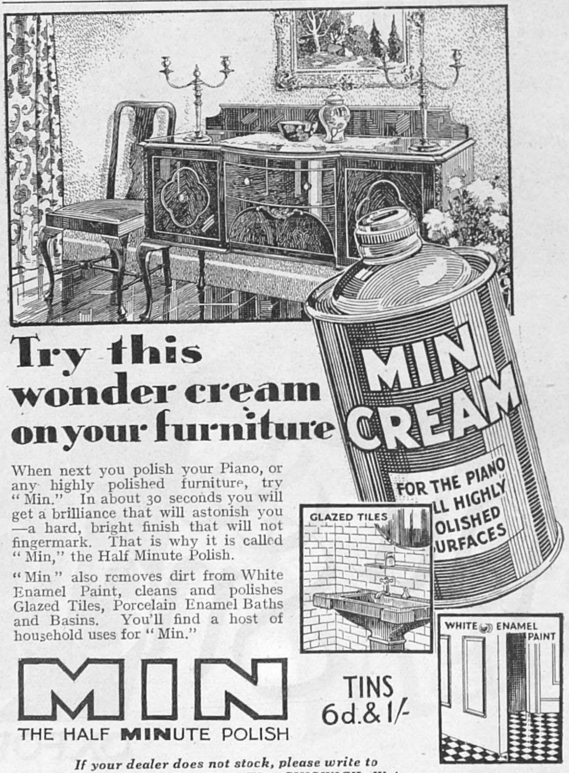

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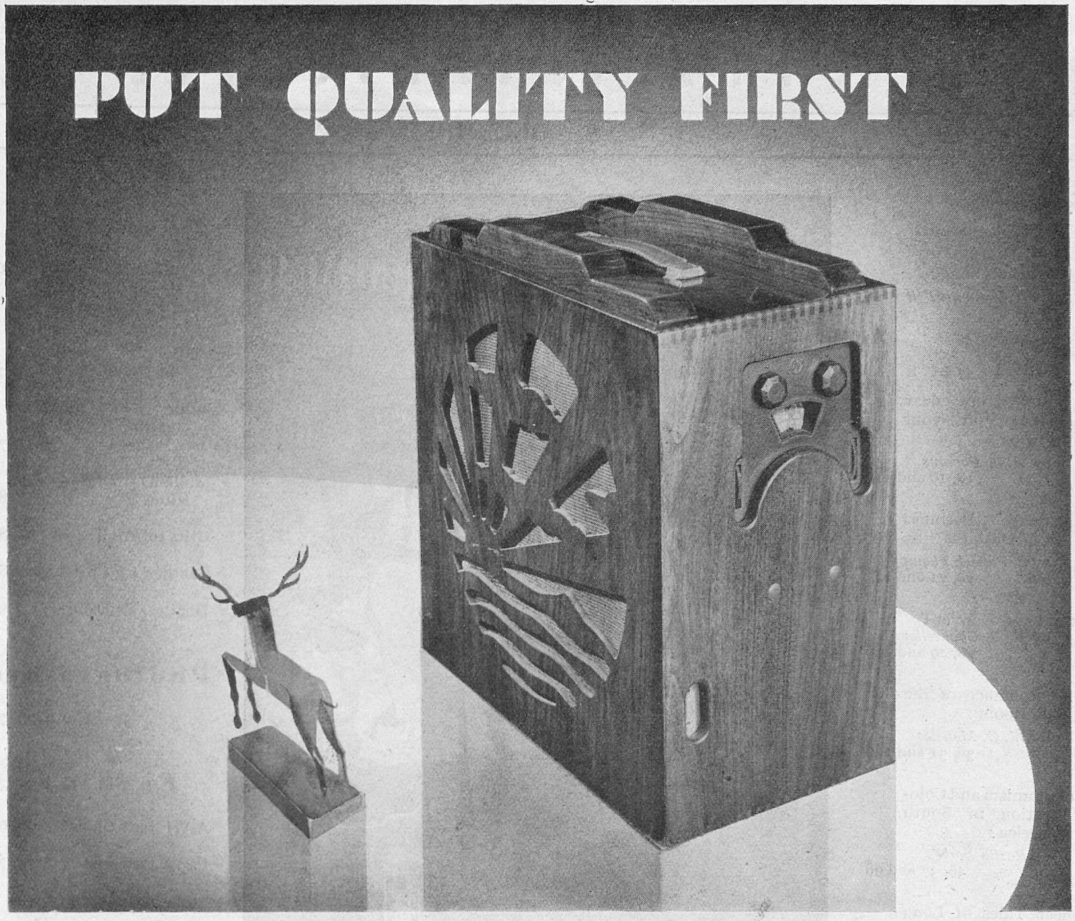

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"Some Christmas, eh!"

DEWAR'S

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5: No. 6 December, 1932

Editorial

The Bank of Happiness

AN American essayist called the season of Christmas “a loan granted without usury by the Bank of Happiness.” That is a bank never likely to feel the overdraft. The financial transactions of a post-war-ridden world are on more mundane lines; yet the parallel holds good. The conversion of the loans familiar in the money-market has been accepted with enthusiasm and voted triumphantly successful. Scrooges still abound, for Scrooge it was who wailed churlishly that the end of every year found him “twelve months older, and not one penny the richer.” For all that even Scrooge was converted; and the conversion of a worried humanity to the spirit of Christmas should not be difficult. Converts are few, for few are willing to remain outside the fold, and there is little need of missionaries.

Why not, therefore, preach to an acquiescing congregation, since the gospel of cheerfulness is one to which nearly all delight to listen?

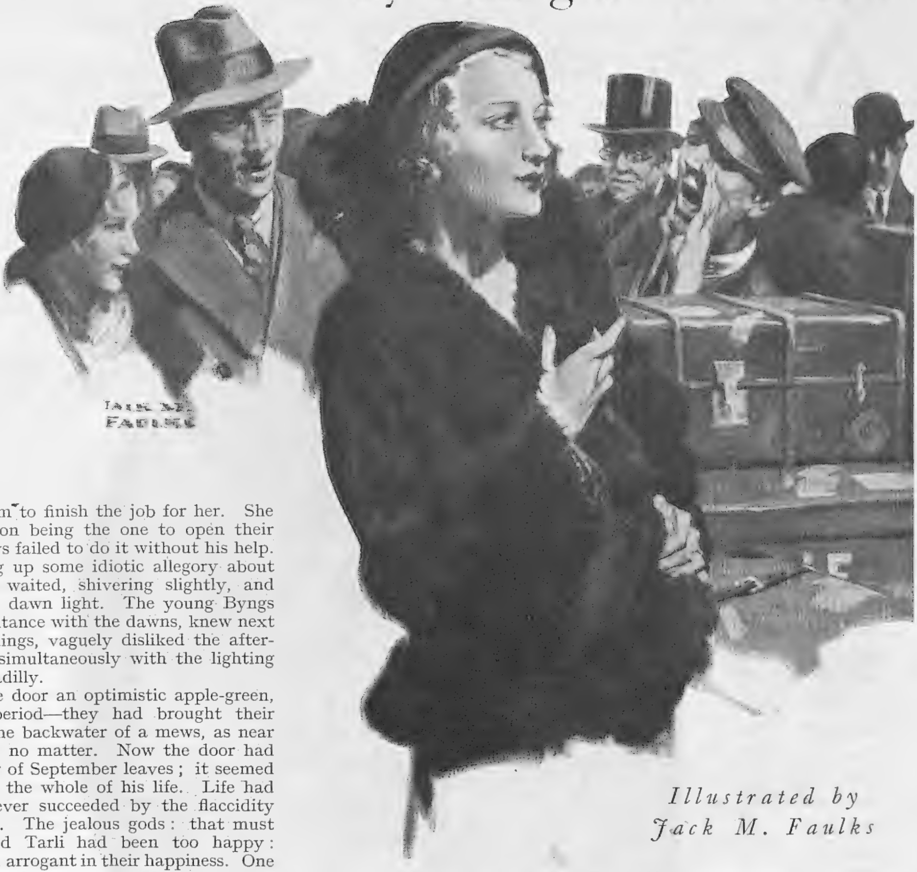
It has been a year of delayed recovery. The end of the slump has month by month been declared to be just round the corner—and no one has been able to peep round the corner and catch sight of it. Yet it is there. Christmas makes one feel that it is nearer, and there is no doubt of its reality. For goodwill is a spiritual asset and can go far towards engendering assets of a more tangible type. Hatred is, after all, the most serious of liabilities, and even a temporary truce from it will improve the position.

England is hungry for happiness. In such a search we are all hunger-marchers. But we must march, if only for a season, in the name of humanity and not at war with it. Defeatism and morbidity have been proclaimed. That they have been proclaimed by a master-mind and by an artist in words and dramatic values makes them the more dangerous. But the greater master-minds have always been optimists, and history has proved them to be right. Christmas was declared to be the symbol of an outworn creed and a *démodé* philosophy before the master-pessimists were born. But it has survived them and always will.

The JEALOUS GODS

A Christmas Story

By Marguerite Steen



Illustrated by
Jack M. Faulks

THE thought uppermost in Stephen Byng's mind, as he fitted his latchkey into the green door of his flat on Christmas Eve, was that the world was full of the most extraordinarily decent people, and that it really was not good enough to continue to impose upon their decency to the extent that he had been doing for the last twelve months.

The key jammed—as it had always done; he had a vision of the back of her little golden shingle, her narrow shoulders, with an evening cloak slipping from them, and the petulant shrug with which she invariably appealed to him to finish the job for her. She had always insisted upon being the one to open their door, and she had always failed to do it without his help. He remembered making up some idiotic allegory about it for her, while they waited, shivering slightly, and yawning, in the watery dawn light. The young Byngs had an intimate acquaintance with the dawns, knew next to nothing of the mornings, vaguely disliked the afternoons, and brightened simultaneously with the lighting of the lamps along Piccadilly.

They had painted the door an optimistic apple-green, when—true to their period—they had brought their romance to anchor in the backwater of a mews, as near to Park Lane as makes no matter. Now the door had faded to the sour colour of September leaves; it seemed to Stephen symbolic of the whole of his life. Life had gone sick on him, a fever succeeded by the flaccidity which precedes the end. The jealous gods: that must have been it. He and Tarli had been too happy: too proud and noisy and arrogant in their happiness. One ought to be sensible and discreet and cautious about happiness: keep it to oneself, as a man keeps his bank balance, and a woman the name of her dressmaker.

So the divorce court had settled his and Tarli's hash, and she went off and married Charles Ebbage, and he went on pretending—rather too noisily—that life was marvellous. There were plenty of people to help him. The world loves a man who takes a nasty knock with a stiff upper lip; and, of course, everyone knew that he adored Tarli; the evidence to the contrary had drawn snorts from the deepest club chairs along Piccadilly, and rumbling curses against Stephen for allowing himself to be made a fool of in that fashion.

Stephen woke up to the fact that he was still fiddling with the key on the doorstep, and gave it a peevish wrench. Then he remembered that that wasn't the way to treat it. A stubborn latchkey was as temperamental as a woman: it had to be coaxed.

Stephen completed his coaxing, and walked into the flat, which had a stale, cold atmosphere of unventilated rooms. Phew! He opened a window, mildly surprised at himself for doing so, for why should one take pains to mitigate the discomfort of a place to which, in as few moments as were compatible with certain formalities, one was saying goodbye?

He switched on the light. Dust over everything, and the silver paint which Tarli had chosen, tarnished to a smoky black; the corner of a cushion, across which, during the summer months, sunlight had fallen through an insufficiently screened window, patched with a sickly lilac in the very place where, a score of times, Tarli's little golden head had rested. The room resembled a jaded drab, maundering in the gutter about the fineness of other days. And it was cold—perishingly cold; from walls and furniture alike exuded the mortal chill of unused, unloved objects.

With a purely instinctive gesture, Stephen bent down to set a match to the gas fire. It burned to a stump in his fingers; he allowed it to drop on the hearthrug, and took a bitter kind of pleasure in watching it char a brown patch in the soft white skin that somebody—it occurred to him that it might have been Charles—had given Tarli for a present, three Christmases ago. Of course, the gas had been cut off during his absence. All right; why should one bother in the circumstances?

It would not take long to do the thing which one couldn't do, for decency's sake, at Peter Warnforde's, at the Taplows', at Shelmerdene Court—under any of the roofs which had offered him their hospitality during the last twelve months. How decent—how incredibly decent people had been! One couldn't repay them in that fashion. The alternative of an hotel had, naturally, presented itself; but that, too, was a pretty low-down trick to play. A tale like that didn't do an hotel any good.

Neither was it possible—the idea had come to him suddenly—to inflict one's friends with one's gloomy presence over Christmas. They had pretended not to see that, of course; Sandy had worked up quite a respectable air of offence when Stephen told him that he found, after all, that he had to get back to town for Christmas Day.

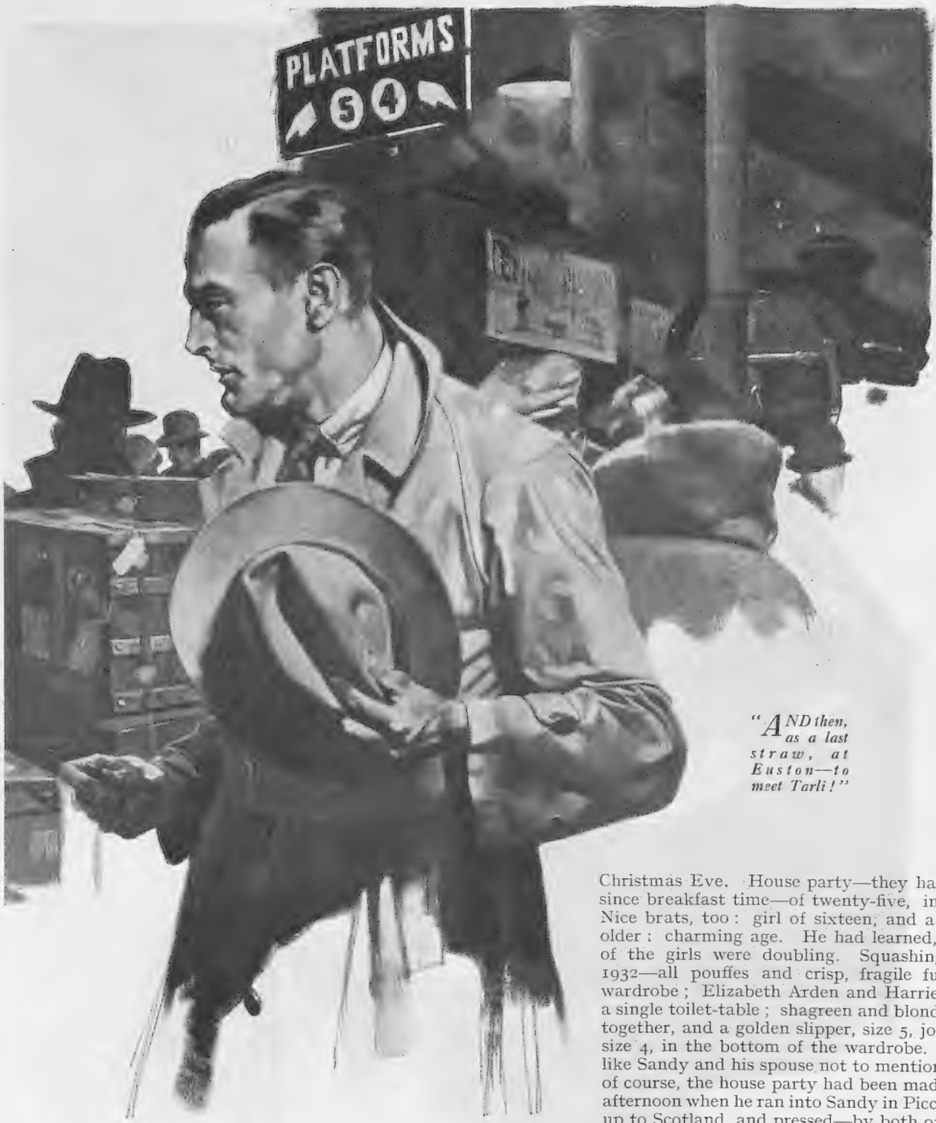
" As a matter of fact, old man," he had said, lying with the fluency of a man who, naturally truthful, has lived on lies for too long to be certain any longer when a lie is a lie, " it's a question of a job." Nothing could be more convincing: when a man has spent twelve biting months in looking for a job, without so much as glimpsing the tail end of one, he is to be excused for treating social obligations with scant ceremony. Sandy's blatant incredulity was almost indecent.

" A waiter, I suppose, over the Christmas rush? Or perhaps you've had an offer to dress up as Father Christmas and carry a sandwich-board along Oxford Street? Don't be a damned ass."

Stephen's jaw came out slightly, and he stared Sandy levelly in the eyes, as he replied:

" Perhaps that's what it is—the one or the other. Anyhow, I'd be much obliged if you'd let me have the car to the station to-morrow morning."

Sandy said no more, but, as he turned on his heel, Stephen knew that he was mortally offended. Stephen stood there, smiling slightly, with his hands in his pockets; his lips, slightly pursed, emitted a thin whistle. He recognised the tune, rather to his own surprise, as *Dancing in the Dark.* Tarli had loved that one . . . Sandy was offended . . . . You could sponge on a man: you could use his house, his telephone, his bath-soap—and the moment you rejected his hospitality he was offended—that is, if he happened to be Sandy. Gorgeous old Sandy.



" AND then, as a last straw, at Euston—to meet Tarli!"

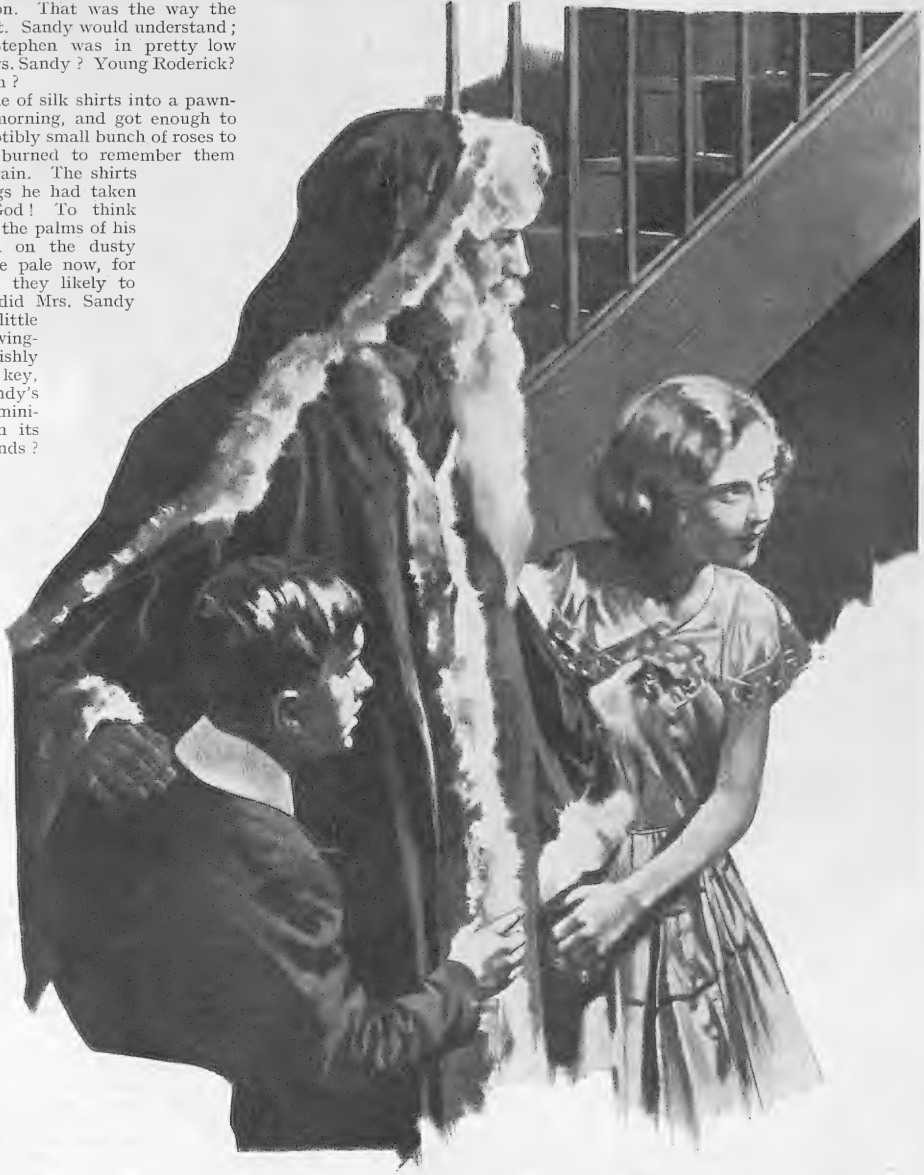
CHRISTMAS. Stephen cocked an eye up at the gallery; most of the morning the servants had been hanging up the swags of evergreens, the holly and the mistletoe: baronial hall stuff. A dance to-night; another, gayer and more elaborate, on Christmas Eve. House party—they had been drifting in ever since breakfast time—of twenty-five, including Sandy's brats. Nice brats, too: girl of sixteen, and a boy a couple of years older: charming age. He had learned, accidentally, that two of the girls were doubling. Squashing the dance frocks of 1932—all pouffes and crisp, fragile furbelows—into a single wardrobe; Elizabeth Arden and Harriet Ayer in confusion on a single toilet-table; shagreen and blonde tortoiseshell muddled together, and a golden slipper, size 5, jostling a cherry-red one, size 4, in the bottom of the wardrobe. What a shame! Just like Sandy and his spouse not to mention these matters to him; of course, the house party had been made up months before the afternoon when he ran into Sandy in Piccadilly and was dragged up to Scotland, and pressed—by both of them—to stay, at any rate, until New Year. He'd said yes, because his evening clothes and his tweeds happened to be the only decent remainder of his wardrobe, and because coffee and rolls are not a particularly sustaining diet for a person six feet in height; and also because Sandy happened to be one of the few people who did not know his financial situation, so his invitation did not rise out of pity. He had figured out that he could take his cuff-links and one or two remaining gentlemanly oddments into Edinburgh and raise enough to tip the servants; he'd have to make an excuse about shooting, of course—a sprained muscle, or something. And afterwards . . .

Dancing In the Dark. Yes, Tarli had loved that one. The last Christmas they spent together he had slid a ring—cabuchon emerald—on her slim index finger, as it lay lightly on his coat-sleeve during the dance. Christmas present. Yes, those were the days before the bottom fell out of the world-market and reduced his income within a few hours to a minus quantity. The jealous gods were having fun at the expense of Stephen Byng; first Tarli, and then his income. He had taken the second blow resiliently; after all, one was only thirty! Heaps of opportunities for a man of thirty with a public school and university behind him. Were there?

Stephen stopped whistling. *Christmas presents!* He must have been out of his senses not to have thought of them. Sandy, the missis, the brats. Not to speak of the servants.

Sneaking away on Christmas Eve, avoiding the obligations of the season. That was the way the servants would look at it. Sandy would understand; he knew—now—that Stephen was in pretty low water; but the rest? Mrs. Sandy? Young Roderick? And the adorable Shelagh?

He took his last couple of silk shirts into a pawnshop on the following morning, and got enough to send a small—a contemptibly small bunch of roses to Mrs. Sandy; his face burned to remember them when he got into the train. The shirts were not the only things he had taken into the pawnshop. God! To think of it! His nails bit into the palms of his hands, and he writhed on the dusty seat. Right outside the pale now, for good. How soon were they likely to find out? How often did Mrs. Sandy look into that particular little cabinet in the White Drawing-room, where, so foolishly undefended by lock or key, were the portraits of Sandy's ancestors, the exquisite miniatures on ivory, each in its tiny frame of diamonds? Lovely, high-bred Scottish faces, which looked with contempt upon Stephen's ignominy.



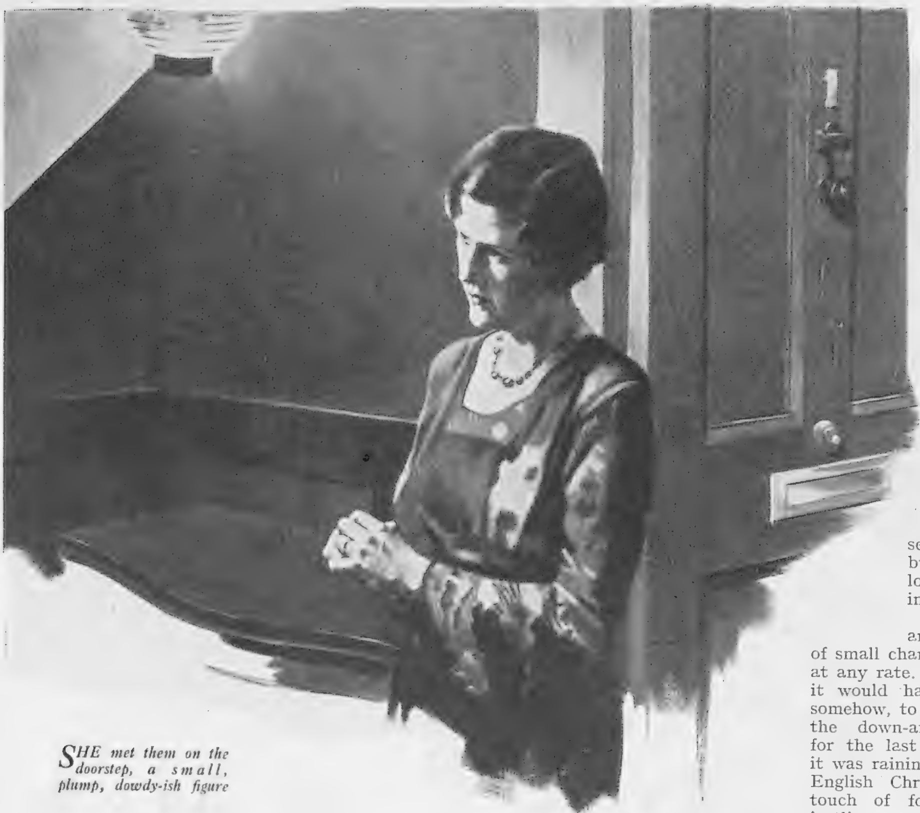
ALL the evening he had tried to screw himself up to the point of asking Sandy to lend him his fare to London. And all Sandy's generosity, all his kindness of the last month rose up to forbid this ugly ending to a time when the tact of his host had almost deluded him into believing that things were as they used to be: that the natural return for Sandy's hospitality was to ask him to come down and stay at the flat for a fortnight's merry-making. And towards morning, when the last indefatigable dancers were still crossing and re-crossing the hall below, although their host and hostess had long betaken themselves to bed, he found himself, as the devil had it, in the White Drawing-room, alone. Memory was a blank, until he found himself in his bedroom. The valet had already laid out his travelling clothes for the next morning—he was making an early start. He slid the small, cold object into the pocket of his overcoat; his hands trembled, his heart thudded against his breast-bone. He filled a tumbler with neat whisky . . .

Saying good-bye to Sandy; shaking his hand—with that thing in his pocket! burning, sparkling, shining like a torch through the thick tweed material.

How often did they look into the cabinet? Stephen's fingers felt tremblingly in his pocket, found and extracted a pink slip of paper, which he stared at, under cover of his newspaper. The pawnticket. With luck, Sandy would get that before the loss was discovered, and by the time he got it there would be no need to worry any longer. All Sandy's horror, all his kind distress would be as nothing—unnecessary—valueless—just emptied about a world that did not concern Stephen Byng any longer. And, at least, he wouldn't have blackened Sandy's house party with the thing he now set out to do. Not so rotten a guest as that.

He had been meaning to do it for quite a long time. He had arrived, he considered dispassionately, at the only solution of the whole confusion. But, time after time, things had intervened: the unsolicited interest of friends, mainly, that kept dragging him here and there, a death's-head with a smiling mask over its jaws. You couldn't positively slam a thing like that right in the faces of people who were being decent to you. You had to wait for a suitable opportunity. Christmas had provided the opportunity; all the people who were likely to think of him believed that he was up at Sandy's. The flat would never enter their minds. Christmas, for all his friends a period of hectic gaiety, was, for Stephen, a nice little pocket of oblivion, in which, with all due decorum, he could stage-manage an act of vital importance without danger of interruption.

Christmas had quickened it all up: but for Christmas he would not have felt it incumbent upon him to double the tips to the servants, which exhausted the money he had raised on his cuff-links and wrist watch: he would have had enough for his fare back to town; he wouldn't have had to . . .



SHE met them on the doorstep, a small, plump, dowdy-ish figure

THE wheels of the train thudded out the funeral march of a gentleman's self-respect as they travelled down England. And then, as a last straw, at Euston to meet Tarli!

He had the foolish impulse to spring away when he found himself shouldering her in the Christmas crowds. But, as though the contact of his arm was unmistakable—as indeed, she once had told him it was—she turned her head, and her eyes, icily blank at first—she hated being jostled in crowds—lit with a flame of recognition. He pulled off his hat; he had not seen her since that absurd scene in the courts. Was she taller, or thinner, or something? Was Charles Ebbage treating her properly? It would not have been Tarli had she not been exquisitely gowned, with just that refinement of perfection which had the effect of making other well-dressed women in her vicinity look a little *outré,* a little theatrical. Her face was a little pale heart-shape under the wavy brim of a felt hat, her lips bright scarlet with paint: they were parted slightly, as though the sight of Stephen had taken her breath away: and why should it? She had been characteristically explicit about her feelings for Charles Ebbage.

"Hello, Stephen."

"Hello, Tarli." He must not speak to Tarli; a *thief* speaking to Tarli! He wondered angrily what Charles Ebbage was doing to leave Tarli to cope with the Christmas crowds alone. Before he had time to consider his words he had said, in the falsely gay tone adopted by people to cover embarrassment: "And where are you off to?" No business of his, of course; he knew that as soon as he had said it, and waited for her snub.

"Going down to Kings Langley over Christmas; something went wrong with the car."

Where's Ebbage? Where's Ebbage? his heart was crying. When they were married, Tarli and he would as soon have thought of flying to the moon as of spending Christmas apart from each other. He wondered if the sight of him brought back to her some of those happy Christmases—don't be a fool! Of course it didn't. Tarli wasn't a sentimentalist—that was one of the best things about her.

"Have a good time," he said, lightly. "And, by the way—a happy Christmas!"

AS he thrust his way away from her it occurred to him that he ought to have done something for her: seen her luggage on to the train, or something. The station, the noise, the lights the crowds had confused him. When he turned, with compunction, to look for her, her figure had vanished. Oh, well, it was better that way. And Tarli wasn't the sort of person to lack a cavalier on a train journey! No doubt, while he was speaking to her, some other fellow had been waiting his chance. He didn't mean, he explained laboriously to himself, that Tarli was "sly," but no one could ever look at her without wanting to do things for her.

He felt in his pockets, and took out a handful of small change. Enough for a taxi, at any rate. That was satisfactory; it would have been melodramatic, somehow, to have arrived on foot—the down-and-out coming home, for the last time, in the rain. For it was raining, of course. A typical English Christmas. Drizzle and a touch of fog, and tired shoppers jostling one another irritably on the pavement. Thank God he was spared that. In the taxi his fingers found the pawnticket again, and sprang away as though they were burnt.

And so he came to his green door, in the doubtful light of the landing, had his familiar tussle with the key, went in, and was relieved to find that the light had not been cut off. That was the last bill he had paid, he remembered, some time in October. He remembered the ignominious way in which he had earned the money to pay that bill: not dirty, thank heaven, but mean, small—no need to think of that, or anything, any longer.

To think of meeting Tarli! Just the sort of trick the jealous gods would play, as a last card, knowing he was about to elude them. They would try to prevent his escape with a trick like that. Well, he had cheated them this time, any way.

There was very little to do. He went into the bedroom, with its furniture decorously shrouded under holland covers; the charwoman had seen to that, he supposed, before he got rid of her. Once there had been two beds, side by side; now there was only one. He laughed softly.

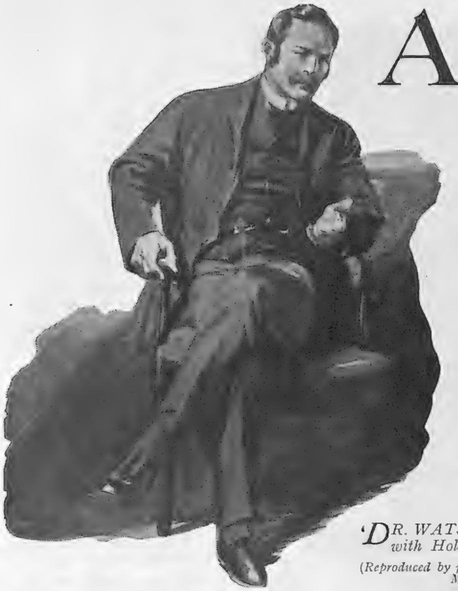
The drawer resisted his efforts—as the key had done. Were these inanimate objects also in league with the gods?—pitting their frail strength against his own determination? He dragged it open with a wrench, triumphantly; every action seemed to have resolved itself into a battle with some opposing force. He glanced round the room defiantly as he stood with the revolver in his hand. He realised that he had been trembling, and now was very calm. He took the revolver into the other room.

As he sat at his desk, writing the few lines to Sandy which seemed only a decent accompaniment to the pawnticket, the mews outside was very quiet, but from the flat below came a pandemonium of gramophone records and children's voices. It sounded like a children's party. He dedicated a moment of satisfaction to the thought that the noise they were making would drown the sound of the shot. He did not want to make unpleasantness for anyone, at Christmas. It would, of course be some time before the body was discovered; no doubt the landlord would get tired of waiting for his overdue rent and would make investigations.

(*Continued on page* 105).

A Word, my dear Watson, in your Defence

A reasoned Plea for the famous Foil who played Boswell to Sherlock Holmes's Johnson



DR. WATSON discusses a case with Holmes at Baker Street

(Reproduced by permission of the "Strand Magazine")

By ALAN

JAMES BOSWELL and Doctor Johnson—Doctor Watson and Sherlock Holmes. One always thinks of them thus in couples, but whereas the world treats Boswell with respect, Watson, unless the harm can be stopped, is rapidly going down to posterity as a hopeless zany, only useful as a background of fatuity against which the brilliant qualities of Holmes may stand out the more clearly. It is more than time that some earnest examiner of the facts stepped forward to tell the truth.

The chief culprit in the conspiracy is Holmes himself, who never missed a single opportunity of snubbing and deriding Watson, while he continually made use of his medical knowledge, his unswerving loyalty, and his utter disregard of physical danger.

Watson, of course, never complained. The nearest approach even to criticism was when, after some particularly offensive remark by Holmes, he " felt repelled by the egotism which he had more than once observed to be a strong factor in his friend's singular character."(1) And on another occasion, when Holmes had shamelessly picked his brains, he remarked that " it was one of the peculiarities of Holmes's proud, self-contained nature that, though he docketed any fresh information very quickly and accurately in his brain, he seldom made any acknowledgment to the giver."(2) But that was all, unless you count Watson's *cri-de-cœur* about Holmes's filthy personal habits.

" With me there is a limit," he writes, " and Holmes was one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. When I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe-end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of the wooden mantelpiece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs."

Holmes would also sit in an arm-chair, and " with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges, proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V.R. done in bullet-pocks." As Watson dryly remarked, " neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of the room was improved."(3) And think of the fool's tricks which Holmes continually played on him. There was that silly practical joke when Holmes sent Watson off on a wild-goose chase to Exmoor, and then a few days later made one of his idiotic dramatic appearances in the very hillside cave which Watson was exploring. Small wonder that Watson's " voice trembled " as he complained that his reports had all been wasted. " You use me, and yet you do not trust me," he cries, *with some bitterness*.(4)

HOLMES did precisely the same thing again in the search for the Lady Frances Carfax. He packed off Watson to Lausanne, and, just as Watson was engaging in a perhaps not over-tactful, but anyhow zealous rough-and-tumble with the Hon. Philip Green, rushed out in the costume of " an unshaven French ouvrier " and announced, " Well, Watson, a very pretty hash you have made of it." Not even a word of remonstrance from Watson.(5)

On even another occasion Watson was sent alone to the country. He spent a long day collecting and sifting information, and what reward had he ? " You really have done remarkably badly." That was all. " What should I have done ? " retorted Watson *with some heat*. It is so easy to be wise after the event.(6)

But perhaps the most serious occasion was when Holmes was doing one of his sham death-bed stunts— belladonna in the eyes, beeswax round the mouth, and all the rest of it—and Watson, who had been told nothing about it, naturally wished to treat him. "Facts are facts," announced Holmes, " and after all, you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications. It is painful to have to say these things, but you leave me no choice."

It is true that later he made a feeble recantation and said that he never meant it, but Watson, very rightly, was *bitterly hurt*. The harm had been done, past recall.(7)

As a matter of fact, we have continual evidence of Watson's medical skill. He made the neatest possible job of binding up the Engineer's Thumb,(8) he was acquainted with Doctor Percy Trevelyan's obscure pamphlet on still obscurer nervous lesions,(9) and his diagnosis of Jefferson Hope's aortic

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(1) *The Copper Beeches.* (2) *The Sussex Vampire.*
(3) *The Musgrave Ritual.* (4) *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

(5) *Lady Frances Carfax.* (6) *The Solitary Cyclist.*
(7) *The Dying Detective.* (8) *The Engineer's Thumb.*
(9) *The Resident Patient.*

PARSONS

aneurism was swift, correct, and picturesquely phrased: "The walls of his chest seemed to thrill and quiver as a frail building would do inside when some powerful engine was at work."(10) And of an evening he would study a treatise on surgery while Holmes messed about with his card-indexing.(11) Moreover, though his practice was " never very absorbing,"(12) and his colleagues Jackson and Anstruther were always willing to help,(13) there was at least one occasion when Holmes deduced that he had been so busy as to go his rounds in a hansom-cab.(14)

Not that Holmes was considerate in such matters, for he would telegraph " laconically " : " Come at once if convenient : if inconvenient come all the same.—S. H."(15)

MUCH of Watson's apparent stupidity arose from Holmes's unnatural habit of keeping him entirely in the dark during the progression of an adventure. He would continually parry the " appalling directness " of Watson's questions.(16) Take the case of the Speckled Band, for instance. On this special occasion, it must be at once conceded, Watson had not been too quick at the uptake. " A ventilator is made," announces Holmes pontifically, " a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does that not strike you ? "

" No," replies Watson brightly.

" Did you observe anything peculiar about that bed ? "

" No," chirrups Watson cheerfully. And then he pulls himself together and utters these solemn words : " Holmes, I begin to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent a subtle and horrible crime."

" Hinting at," mark you. You would have thought that after this Holmes would have laid his cards on the table. Not a bit of it. He keeps Watson sitting up all night on a single bed in inky darkness, and never even gives him a friendly hint, such as " You might look out for that bell-pull, Watson. I'm rather expecting a snake to come down it." No, not a word. Naturally, when the snake *did* come down, and Holmes, lashing at it with his cane, cried out " You see it, Watson, you see it ? "—naturally, poor Watson saw nothing.(17)

Watson would bear with truly Christian humility all the innumerable little sneers and sarcasms of Holmes. His " delightful freshness " made it a pleasure to Holmes to exercise his powers—he frankly confesses it—" *at your expense*."(18)

In the affair, for instance, of the Missing Three-Quarter, for whom they were searching at the request of Godfrey Staunton, " the skipper of the Rugger team of Cambridge 'Varsity," Watson made a perfectly good suggestion as to the advisability of following a certain carriage. "Excellent, Watson ! " sneers Holmes, " you are scintillating this evening. The idea *did* cross my mind." What cheap sarcasm !(19)

CLIVE BROOK as Sherlock Holmes, and Reginald Owen as Dr. Watson, in a scene from the Fox film, " Sherlock Holmes "

And on another occasion Watson " saw in the gaslight that Holmes wore an amused smile at this brilliant departure of mine." It was entirely unnecessary for Holmes to let Watson see this self-satisfied smirk.(20)

He ribaldly and offensively chaffs Watson for his "native shrewdness," "his innate cunning" and his "pawky humour."(21)

Throughout the whole adventure of the Creeping Man, Holmes behaved like a boor. It will be remembered that Professor Presbury, having drunk deep of monkey gland, was discovered running up and down the passage on all fours, spitting and snarling.

" Well, Watson, what do you make of it ? " asks Holmes.

"Lumbago, possibly," replied Watson, after due consideration.

Well, well, it may not have been Watson's brightest guess, but for all that Holmes need not have replied, " Good, Watson ! You always keep us flat-footed on the ground " ; and a silly jibe the same day, in answer to Watson's " We can but try," was unforgivable. " Excellent, Watson ! Compound of the Busy Bee and Excelsior. We can but try—the motto of the firm." It is sad to see Holmes so nearly approaching the positively vulgar.(22)

Yet these are but trifles—straws in the air. What is far more serious is the reckless way in which Holmes led Watson into terrible physical danger, and indeed constant risk of a violent death, even though " the promise of adventure had always a fascination " for Watson.(23)

(*Continued on page* 114)

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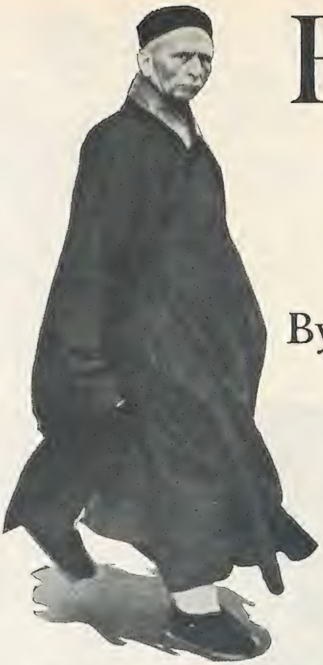
(10) *A Study in Scarlet.*
(11) *The Golden Pince-Nez.*
(12) *The Red-Headed League.*
(13) *The Boscombe Valley Mystery. The Stockbroker's Clerk.*
(14) *The Crooked Man.*
(15) *The Creeping Man.*
(16) *The Valley of Fear.*
(17) *The Speckled Band.*
(18) *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*
(19) *The Missing Three-Quarter.*
(20) *The Resident Patient.*
(21) *The Valley of Fear.*
(22) *The Creeping Man.*
(23) *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

ESPIONAGE

How, and *on* what *a* Vast Scale, *the* International Spy System works *and* prospers

By C. Patrick Thompson

HE held them in the American Club in London, this pudgy big business emissary with his tale of wild adventure in Warsaw.



TREBITSCH LINCOLN, who was at one time a Member of Parliament and a spy in the pay of the Germans, is now a Buddhist monk known as Chao Kung

"I met him at a party at the Adlon in Berlin and he gave me his card, asked me to look him up when I got to Warsaw. Said he'd show me the night life and we'd have another party. Of course, we were all pretty gay, but he seemed a nice fellow and when I got to Warsaw a week later I went round to his apartment with the idea of arranging a party for that night. Well, sir, almost before I had pressed the bell of that apartment the door flew open and I found myself looking at two policemen with their guns out. Imagine my embarrassment! One of them grunted at me. He had a hard voice. I saw something was wrong, of course, but it's hard to explain yourself when you can't talk a word of the language and the gendarmes seem to think you have something to do with the crime, so to speak. I gave them my card and tried to explain I had called to see the Major. That started something working in their minds. They invited me to step inside. I would rather have stayed right where I was, but you don't refuse an invitation when it is made the way those boys made it. So I went inside, and they got busy on the telephone and presently an interpreter came up. I explained who I was, and why I was there and I asked what it was all about anyway. He would not say a word until he had telephoned to my hotel and the Embassy and checked up on me. Then he put things right with the gendarmes; they looked about as pleased to let me go as a bulldog is to give up its bone. He was very polite. He said I was at liberty to go and I must blame my bad luck in having met the Major in Berlin. I asked where the Major was anyway, and he said: 'He was shot yesterday. It was in the papers. But, of course, you do not read Polish.' What do you know about that?"

TWENTY men tried to say what they knew about it, and I dare say the number has since swelled to some thousands. Our friend had had the thrill of his life and would tell that story twice a day and three times on Sunday. But the details of Major Dembowsky's affair, upon the fag-end of which our American friend had innocently and inadvertently intruded, comprise a tale which has become one of the commonplaces of post-war Europe. Financial embarrassment. A tempting offer of foreign gold for a little indiscretion. A surreptitious visit to a foreign embassy. Detection. Arrest. Court-martial. The firing-squad . . . I must say, though, that for a traitor with life and honour at stake, the Major had been singularly careless. He had taken to the Soviet Embassy the mobilisation plans of the Polish army, a stack of papers, maps and schedules filling a suitcase; and he had been taken red-handed as he rang the bell at the drive gate, and carried off with the evidence to the war office. What interested me more than the tale was the surprise and excitement it caused. It was clear that most of these men, so shrewd in their own various callings, were under the illusion that espionage practically disappeared when the Versailles Treaty formally abolished secret treaties and called for disarmament, and that they regarded a spy as a rare bird preserved mainly in the interests of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and Hollywood directors. Whereas the fact is that there is a boom in the spy business. Never was there so much stealing, buying and selling of State secrets as there is to-day.

ONE of the most romantic figures of the Great War. Colonel T. E. Lawrence as Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw and as an Arab chief. He did amazing things in Arabia when acting as secret military agent to the War Office

THERE are now seventeen different national espionage services established and functioning in Berlin, twenty-one in Paris and thirteen in Warsaw. France wages a ceaseless war upon the Italian, Russian and German espionage within her frontier, and in turn spies upon these European neighbours. Mussolini's spies riddle France, the Balkans and North Africa. America is not too certain of Britain, nor Britain of America, and both have routine secret agents working for them in one another's territories. Japan, while friendly towards Britain, is sufficiently uncertain of her to be intimately interested in all her naval moves in home shipyards and arsenals and in Eastern bases. Poland shoots Russian spies and lately hanged seven Lithuanian spies. Jugoslavia kills Albanian spies and Hungary puts Rumanian and Czech spies into jail for life. While Russian-paid spies poke their noses into every corner of Europe and Asia, the agents of a score of countries, in particular Japan, Germany, France, Poland, America and Britain, try to ferret out the political, diplomatic and economic secrets of the closely guarded U.S.S.R. Every time an international conference assembles anywhere the emissaries of the chief spy services flock thither, to buy, sell, overhear, purloin, inform Governments at home or chief delegates on the spot. So it goes in the happy, hopeful days of Disarmament Conferences, Kellogg Pacts, the League of Nations, and "open" diplomacy.

They tell the story in Geneva of how, within twenty-four hours of the signing of the secret "Gentleman's Agreement" at Lausanne, a man walked into the Foreign Office of a certain country (not represented at Lausanne, but intimately interested in this private pact) and offered a copy of the document for £1,000. Quite a reasonable price as these things go. The official in the Intelligence Section, to which he had been conducted, concealed a smile, and asked him to come back next day. He had a shrewd idea that he might get it cheaper—and he did. The same evening another bland gentleman presented himself with another copy of the same pact. It changed hands for a mere £250—and when spy number one came round next morning and found he had been anticipated, he was very angry indeed.

THIS is not a singular and exceptional happening, but fairly typical of what happens now every time two or more States get together at Geneva or some other salubrious European resort, and negotiate a private

becomes "BIG BUSINESS"

A SPY as pictured by the films. Fritz Lang, the famous German actor, playing the title rôle in the picture "The Spy"

A ROUMANIAN officer sentenced to life imprisonment for military espionage

pact. Who gets hold of these great State secrets ? Seldom the regular spies attached to the respective Secret Services of the Powers. In the case above mentioned it was not a spy attached to the Secret Service of any Power which got hold of this State secret. The agents were regular men in the employ of rival " spy syndicates "—organisations formed to make money out of the espionage business.

Very useful are these international " syndicates " to some of the post-war Governments who pay lip-service to peace, disarmament and open diplomacy. Awkward international incidents due to the discovery of a microphone fixed up in an hotel room, sharp exchanges between foreign ministers and ambassadors on the uncovering of the person responsible for bribing a State employee—these unpleasant scenes can be avoided by employing an international syndicate which can be repudiated if it fails, and which is not identified with any country.

Other Powers, with many secrets to hide, wage war upon the " trusts." Sometimes in one of the European countries oppressed by a fear-complex a foreigner is found drowned, sometimes he is found shot, sometimes he is found in his lodging with his head in a gas oven. And back at headquarters they strike a name and a number off the pay-roll. Sometimes the whole forces of the Secret Service of a State are concentrated in a drive against a spy syndicate's organisation within the State frontiers. This has been happening in France.

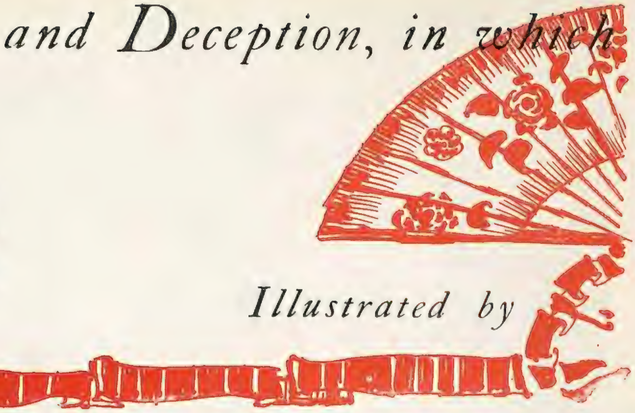
Last summer, Reuters gave the news of the arrest in Paris of Bir Snaja, Liogier, Meller and four others, on a charge of espionage in connection with the new quick-firing rifle with which the French military authorities have been experimenting. Five nationalities were represented among the arrested men. It was the second round-up of an international spy organisation's agents within three months ; but although the hirelings had been caught, the French authorities were still without proof of who the hirer was, probably because the hirelings themselves are not in that secret.

It sounds laughable, but is really not so funny. The French Embassy in Berlin, for instance, employed as doorman an old Russian general who, in happier days, had extended hospitality to many of the Corps Diplomatique in Paris. It was one of the doorman's jobs to receive packages delivered at the Embassy. One day the military attaché was expecting delivery of a package too precious to be entrusted to the mails. As it did not turn up, he sent word down to ask if the doorman had received it. But the attaché's secretary found no doorman. The general had vanished, and the package had vanished with him.

The police could not be called in because it would have been embarrassing to explain the contents of the package, and even more embarrassing if the German authorities should break its seals and look for themselves. The French diplomats had to shrug their shoulders and let it go. The old general gave up his lodgings and retired to a pleasant villa on the outskirts of Berlin. And it took the French secret service five months to discover which of all the spy services had employed the old gentleman to divert that package. Before the war broke up set groupings and threw everything into the melting pot again, the French would not have been left wondering who the culprit was—German, or British, or American, or Italian, or Austrian, or Hungarian, or Russian.

(*Continued on page* 121)

A Game of Love and Deception, in which



Illustrated by

The SQUIRE

By D. L.

THE plash of water from the Hot Springs without blended drowsily with the mild sunshine of the midsummer morning as it streamed through the long windows of the Pump Room at Bath. There were but few of the quality present, for the Morning Prayers at the Abbey nearby were not yet ended, and the pump-handle clacked only occasionally behind the curved counter where two maids in frilled mob-caps served late-rising patrons of the cure.

Suddenly the doors swung open with an imperious click and a tall, portly man in a coat of puce velvet glittering with gold embroidery, a white hat on his head, and a tasselled cane in his hand, stalked into the room. Bowing with ceremonial finish to right and left in acknowledgment of the salutations that greeted him, he crossed to the counter, where one of the pump-maids with a deep curtsey placed a steaming tumbler before him. He set his lips to it for a moment, and put it down again with a nod, as if approving Nature's brew for the morning. Then, leaning on his tall cane, he gazed round the room out of his pale, protuberant blue eyes, watchful above the sagging pouches of advanced age.

His look came to rest on a cluster of discreet gamblers, their hair still in curl-papers, who sat half-concealed in a corner behind a pillar, and presently he strutted over on his polished red heels towards them. " Mr. Frimlingham," he said, " the pleasure of a word with you . . . but I perceive I interrupt your game."

The young man he had addressed sprang up with an ingenuous blush and a respectful bow. " By no means, Mr. Nash," he declared. " You do me too much honour, sir ; and, as for these gentlemen, they will permit me to forgo my revenge ? "

Beau Nash eyed the gamblers through a gilt lorgnon with severity, and their looks dropped before his. " I do not love dicing in the Pump Room before mid-day," he said, " and I had supposed these gentlemen were acquainted with my wishes." Then, turning about, he linked his arm affectionately in the young man's and drew him towards the doors.

" My dear lad," he said, " what were you thinking of to be seen playing in a public place, before mid-day, too, and with such company ? "

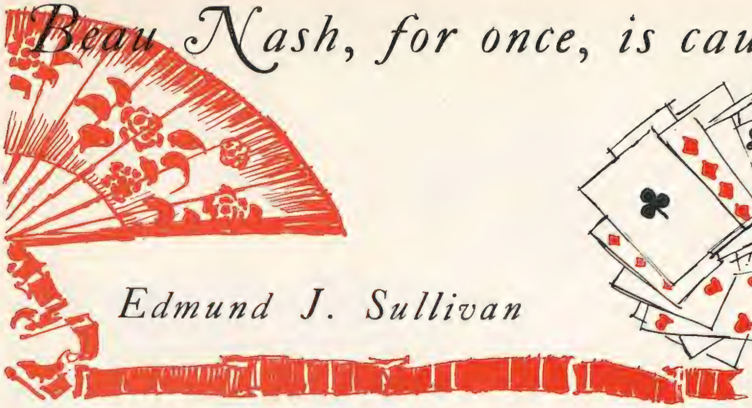
" Surely," stammered the young man, " Major Grimble and Mr. Snakins——"

" My dear boy—will you take the air with me for a quarter of an hour—you must not take everyone for granted in Bath. I do my best to keep the kites and vultures at a distance, but what can one man, however vigilant, avail against the infinite rogueries of mankind ? And, Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe "—he gazed admiringly at the tall youth with the grave face and sober clothing, as they paced up and down together in the paved square before the Abbey—" should be doubly prudent. For every sharper and cozener, every led-captain and "—he paused and gave a dry cough weighted with meaning—" every ruined nobleman in Bath has an eye, you may assure yourself of it, to your acres in Yorkshire. Ah ! my dear lad—by the way, will you take a pinch ? " He broke off and clicked open a massive gold snuff box. " A gift from the Princess Amelia," he said modestly, noting the young man's admiration. " Yes, my dear boy," he continued, after savouring his delicate Amersfoort, " the little green table, how many wide green fields it devours ; how many valuable woods and ancient demesnes and splendid mansions ! I would I could persuade you not to gamble."

" But, Mr. Nash," expostulated the young man, " would you have us all spend our evenings listening to the Methodist ranters down at the conventicle ? "

" Certainly not," replied the King of Bath austerely. " I said, sir, give up *gambling ;* give up the reckless dissipation of your fortune ; give up pitting your innocence against the craft of—

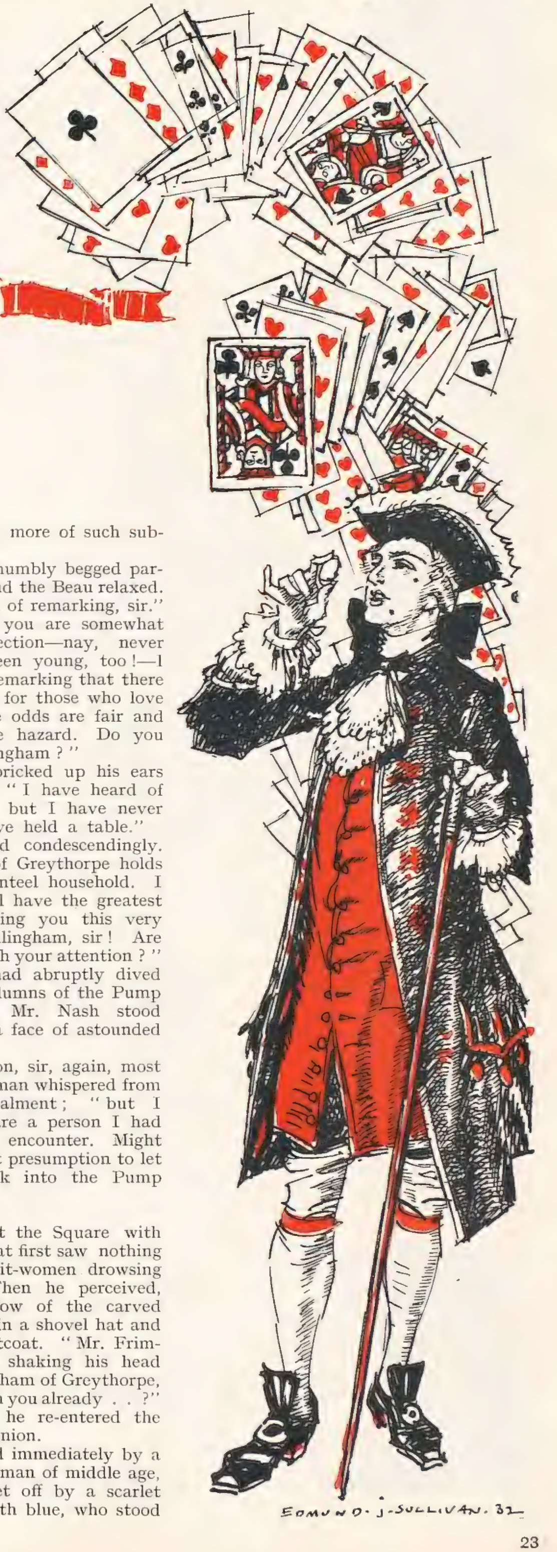
Beau Nash, for once, is caught Napping



Edmund J. Sullivan

# of BATH

Murray



such persons as I have already mentioned. A little calm and prudent play when you know your company is a very different matter."

"Mr. Nash," said the young Squire with some difficulty, "you spoke just now of a peril from—er—ruined nobles. I conceive, sir, you made no particular point against any of my acquaintance in that observation?"

"To have done so, Mr. Frimlingham," answered Nash sauvely, "would have been the most reprehensible impertinence. At the same time, sir, my old nurse had a favourite proverb: 'Whom the cap fits . . .'"

"It is idle to pretend to mistake your meaning, Mr. Nash," said the young man with some agitation. "You are warning me, sir, against Lord St. Aluric. Many point the finger of scandal against his integrity."

"Do they indeed, sir?" enquired Nash. "Then I opine that it behooves you as a man of sense to investigate the source of such alarming rumours before staking the sums you do nightly at Lord St. Aluric's house yonder." He flicked his cane carelessly towards a handsome mansion near the Abbey. "You see I take some pains to be informed about your courses from the regard I bear you, Mr. Frimlingham. I feel almost *in loco parentis* to you."

"But these tales are false, I know," cried Mr. Frimlingham, with a becoming colour. "They are distressing beyond measure to Lady St. Aluric."

"Formerly Miss Polly Rankin of Drury Lane Theatre."

"Why, Mr. Nash," protested the youth gravely, "birth is but Nature's iniquitous decree, in the eyes, at least, of the man of sensibility."

"Birth, sir," retorted the Beau, drawing himself up to his tall height, "is the basis of society, the cement of genteel intercourse. I marvel at your levity, Mr. Frimlingham, 'stab me if I don't. Pray let us have no more of such subverting sentiments."

Mr. Frimlingham humbly begged pardon of his mentor, and the Beau relaxed. "I was on the brink of remarking, sir," he said, "but that you are somewhat addicted to interjection—nay, never apologise, I have been young, too!—I was on the brink of remarking that there are games of chance for those who love such risks where the odds are fair and skill outweighs mere hazard. Do you play Eo, Mr. Frimlingham?"

The young man pricked up his ears with fresh interest. "I have heard of that new game, sir, but I have never been where they have held a table."

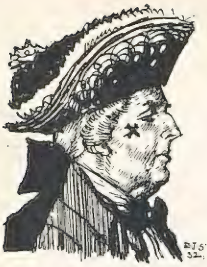
Beau Nash smiled condescendingly. "Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe holds the *entrée* to any genteel household. I myself, dear lad, will have the greatest pleasure in introducing you this very night. . . . Mr. Frimlingham, sir! Are you honouring me with your attention?"

The young man had abruptly dived behind one of the columns of the Pump Room portico and Mr. Nash stood regarding him with a face of astounded indignation.

"I ask your pardon, sir, again, most humbly," the young man whispered from his place of concealment; "but I perceive in the Square a person I had very much liefer not encounter. Might I entreat you without presumption to let me attend you back into the Pump Room?"

MR. NASH swept the Square with his lorgnon and at first saw nothing but a couple of fruit-women drowsing over their stalls. Then he perceived, lurking in the shadow of the carved Abbey porch, a Jew in a shovel hat and a bright orange waistcoat. "Mr. Frimlingham!" he said, shaking his head sadly. "Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe, has it come to this with you already . . ?" and sighing deeply, he re-entered the Room with his companion.

They were accosted immediately by a handsome, rouged woman of middle age, her stalwart form set off by a scarlet riding habit faced with blue, who stood



Lord St. Aluric

slapping her crop against her muddied skirt.

" Lady St. Aluric ! " exclaimed the boy.

" Pray, your ladyship," said Beau Nash, adjusting the lorgnon, " bring your horse with you into the Pump Room ! 'Tis pity he should take cold in the street."

Lady St. Aluric laughed stridently. "Nash, you are a quiz ! " she declared in a full-toned voice slightly spoilt by hoarseness. " Do you think we can remember all your absurd regulations for our clothes and conduct. . . . Well, Ned," she turned with a brilliant smile to Mr. Frimlingham, " why were you not on horseback with me ? We have had a delicious scamper over Claverton Down."

" I confess myself a poor horseman, Madam," answered the youth. " My tutor neglected me in that article. I never deplored his carelessness till this morning."

" Well : at least do not forget you are bidden to us for dinner. Poor St. Aluric has earned his revenge for last night's picquet when you fleeced him so unhandsomely. He says he has never played against a head like yours."

The young Squire flushed delightedly. " I have not forgotten, Lady St. Aluric, trust me for that. I was on the point when you joined us of informing Mr. Nash that I must with a thousand regrets decline his gracious invitation to a house of his friends this evening. He will, I know, forgive me now he learns of my prior engagement."

" Why sir," answered Nash loftily, his pendulous cheeks crimson with annoyance, " I make no difficulty about allowing every man to choose his associates according to his tastes." And he stalked out, pursued by the lady's resonant laugh. For a moment he stood under the portico of the Pump Room reflecting, his small round mouth pursed up into an angry pout. Then a sudden chime of bells from the Abbey, which had just dismissed its congregation, caught his ear, and his look turned to perplexity. " Visitors ? " he murmured. " Why was I not warned ? I expected no newcomers of any standing in Bath to-day."

He turned out of the Square and strutted up High Street towards a large coaching hostelry, acknowledging with a flicker of his finger the deep salutes of chairmen, tradesmen, and beggars, as he passed. A post-chaise was drawn up before the Inn and he was just in time to catch a glimpse of a pretty face, faintly familiar to him, beneath the hood of a travelling cloak, and a delicate ankle below its hem, as their owner descended from the step and hurried into the porch. Beau Nash quickened his steps, but at sight of a second stout figure squeezing through the door of the chaise he restrained his impatience. " Duenna in every line ! " he reflected. " Now who the plague can this lady be ? "

By the door of the chaise stood a footman collecting rugs and valises. He recognised the ruler of Bath and touched his cocked hat respectfully.

" Whose chaise is this, fellow ? " demanded Mr. Nash.

" Miss Pamela Huddlestone's, sir."

" Miss Pamela Huddlestone." The Beau frowned a little.

" Miss Huddlestone of Huddlestone in Lincolnshire, sir. The other lady is her friend, Mrs. Vamberey."

" The Huddlestones of Huddlestone, precisely." Beau Nash nodded.

" And the young lady is to lodge ? "

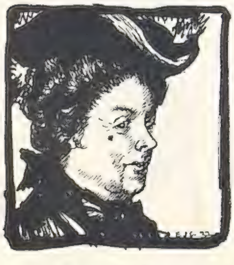
" In North Parade, sir. But the house is not yet quite prepared ; so we stop for a night or two here at the George."

" Very well. Attend your mistress, my friend, and say to her Mr. Nash will pay his respects so soon as she is installed."

" I shall not forget, sir."

The King of Bath went thoughtfully on his way, cudgelling his wits to recollect where he had met Miss Huddlestone before, and hailed at the next corner a sedan chair, which was borne up running by its bearers.

" Number twenty-seven, Queen's Square," ordered Mr. Nash. " What, my old friend, Sugden ? " he added, recognising the front bearer, a lean and bent old man with a patient brown face. " Are you still at this hard employment ? "



Lady St. Aluric

" Needs must, Mr. Nash, when the wolf is at the door," answered the aged chairman, beaming at his recognition.

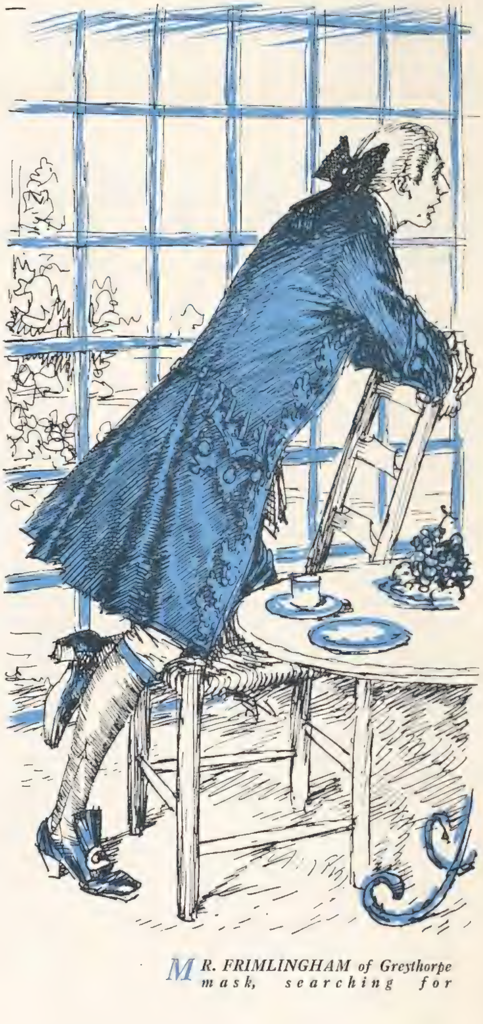
" You should have entered the Hospital, Sugden." The Beau shook his head. " I thought you were there. You and I, old friend, grow too ancient to carry many heavy burdens."

" The spirit makes the man, Beau," answered Sugden with frail courage. " I may cough, but I will bear you to Queen's Square as quickly as any of these young jackanapes."

" Do so, my gallant lad ; do so and I will reward you," murmured Nash, lost again in reflections, and he entered the chair.

IN a very few minutes he was set down outside the house he had named, and, handing a guinea to old Sugden, who stood gaping in toothless gratitude, he smote upon the wrought iron knocker.

A flunkey opened at once and led him down the passage to a room at the back called the library, though the books, showily bound in fresh leather, displayed few signs of disturbance. Here a gentleman with a claret-coloured face below a snowy periwig sat in a flowered gown, a decanter at his elbow, reckoning up figures in a small account book of vellum.



MR. FRIMLINGHAM *of Greythorpe* mask, searching for

" Good morning, Nash," he said casually, as the footman closed the door.

Mr. Nash came to a stop in the middle of the luxurious carpet. " Good morning, *Colonel* Relph," he answered.

The Colonel rose with a bow. " Oh, if you will be so ceremonious, good morning, *your Majesty*."

" Ceremony, Colonel Relph, is the sauce of life," retorted the Beau. " Thank you, I *will* sit." He drew up an armchair uninvited. " Were you making up the books," he asked, " when I apparently disturbed you ? "

" Books ? " answered the Colonel carelessly, slipping the vellum-bound volume into a drawer. " Oh aye. Have some sherry, Nash ? "

" Thank you, I never drink before dinner."

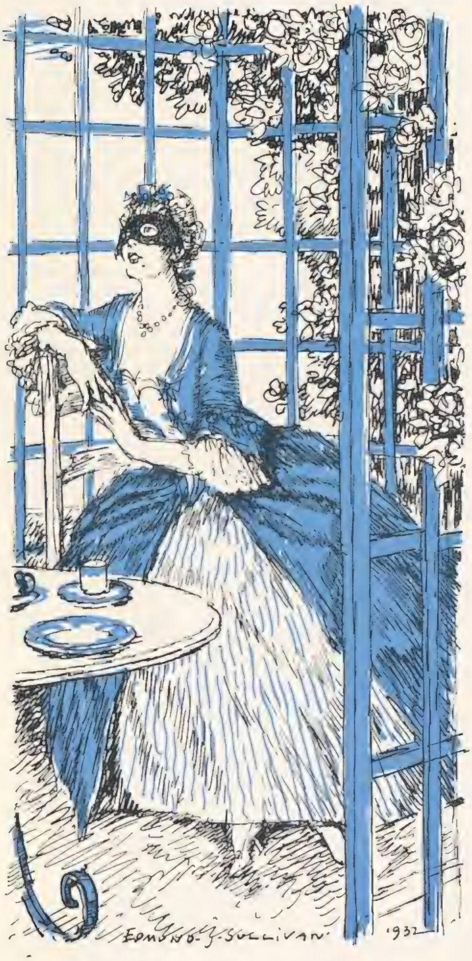
" Then you must have a less harassing life than mine not to need it."

" Our accounts," said Nash bluntly.

" In due course, Beau. What need you be so cursedly counting-house like—before dinner ? "

" Come, sir, I demand my part ! And without the usual monthly excuses."

" Trust you," said the Colonel sulkily, " to come roaring for your lion's share, before sunrise almost, on the day. There is little enough to divide this time as you must know. I begin to think Eo will never be the mode in Bath."



*bent over his lovely
the glint of blue eyes*

" You must have patience, sir. I am building up a highly genteel connection for you."

" Have you nobbled young Frimlingham ? " interrupted Colonel Relph.

" Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe, sir," rebuked the Beau, " regrets that he has not at the moment leisure to accept your invitation."

The Colonel swore and poured himself a glass of brown sherry. " Unless we get some richly feathered pigeon to pluck soon, Hayley and I must quit Bath, yes, and by moonshine."

" You are sure," enquired Nash keenly, " that the Greythorpe estates are so wealthy ? "

" Ask Hayley. I'll call him for you." He went to a door behind his back and shouted.

A thin-lipped man with sucked-in cheeks, wearing a brown Welsh wig and legal black entered on noiseless feet.

Isaac, the Jew

" Hayley, you know all there is to know about the Frimlinghams of Greythorpe? " said the Colonel.

" I knew the old squire well, when I was in an attorney's office in York. The youngster I never met till he came here," said Hayley, running his close-set reddish-brown eyes speculatively over the Beau. " He is, by what I hear, in spite of his gambling propensities, a trifle of a milksop or a Methodist."

" But the estates, curse you, Hayley, the estates ! "

" Oh, some of the largest and finest in Yorkshire, Colonel. Set your heart at ease about that, Mr. Nash."

" They are no concern of mine, Mr. Hayley," replied the Beau stiffly. " If I bring Mr. Frimlingham here, it is by no means to have him plucked, Colonel Relph, but to save him from the pluckers."

" Meaning Polly St. Aluric, eh ? She seems to hold the boy fast, damn her for a . . . " The Colonel used a coarse expression.

" Yes," sighed Nash, " he seems to be pinned to her skirt."

" Never mind," answered Colonel Relph, " perhaps we can *undo* him. Ha, ha, that's pretty good, eh, Hayley ? But I shock Mr Nash's morality, I perceive. Know then, your Majesty, that in about a week I expect to receive a visit from my niece, the daughter of the only forgiving sister I have. A lovely girl—accomplished, innocent, the dew upon the peach, in short. She may be more fortunate than either of us has been in drawing this staid young man to lose his guineas here rather than at Lord St. Aluric's. She should arrive, according to my advices, some day this week."

" What is her name ? "

" Pamela. Miss Huddlestone of Huddlestone."

Nash's watery blue eye lit up. " Then, Colonel, I can give you a piece of news. Miss Huddlestone reached Bath an hour ago, and from the glimpse I caught of her, I think that a more Methodistical young gentleman than Mr. Firmlingham might well follow the dance of such a very dainty foot. Moreover," he added ruminating profoundly, " I have seen Miss Huddlestone somewhere before."

" I do not think it likely," said Colonel Relph.

IN Spring Gardens, beside which the Avon glinted green between green leaves that shrouded the base of the square Abbey Tower on the further bank, two persons sat breakfasting in a discreet arbour. Lady St. Aluric, her broad-brimmed straw hat adorned with cherry-coloured ribbons that set off her coarse black curls, had for several minutes now neglected her chocolate and her French roll to gaze over her shoulder at another couple in an arbour still more discreet across the lawn, Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe in a black coat laced with silver and a lady whose features were concealed by a mask.

" 'Tis she," declared Lady St. Aluric at length, turning back to her husband, a fat man in a brocaded waistcoat, with marble eyes now bent upon his brawn and his tankard. " I marvel she will be so lavish of her reputation."

" You mean the Toast of Bath ? "

His lady tittered spitefully. " I mean Miss Huddlestone of Huddlestone. I remark none of this toasting where I go, St. Aluric."

" My dear, the sun extinguishes the moon. Waiter, bring me a fresh tankard of ale ! "

" You wish to toast her too ? " Lady St. Aluric's curved black eyebrows went up.

" I had rather," replied her husband, a look of savagery darkening his heavy face, " poison her than toast her. Since she arrived in Bath six weeks ago she has worked against us as if the Devil were giving her the cues."

" Not intentionally, the poor pretty fool," said his wife with scornful indulgence. " Her uncle, the Colonel, pulls the strings and she dances not knowing the measure."

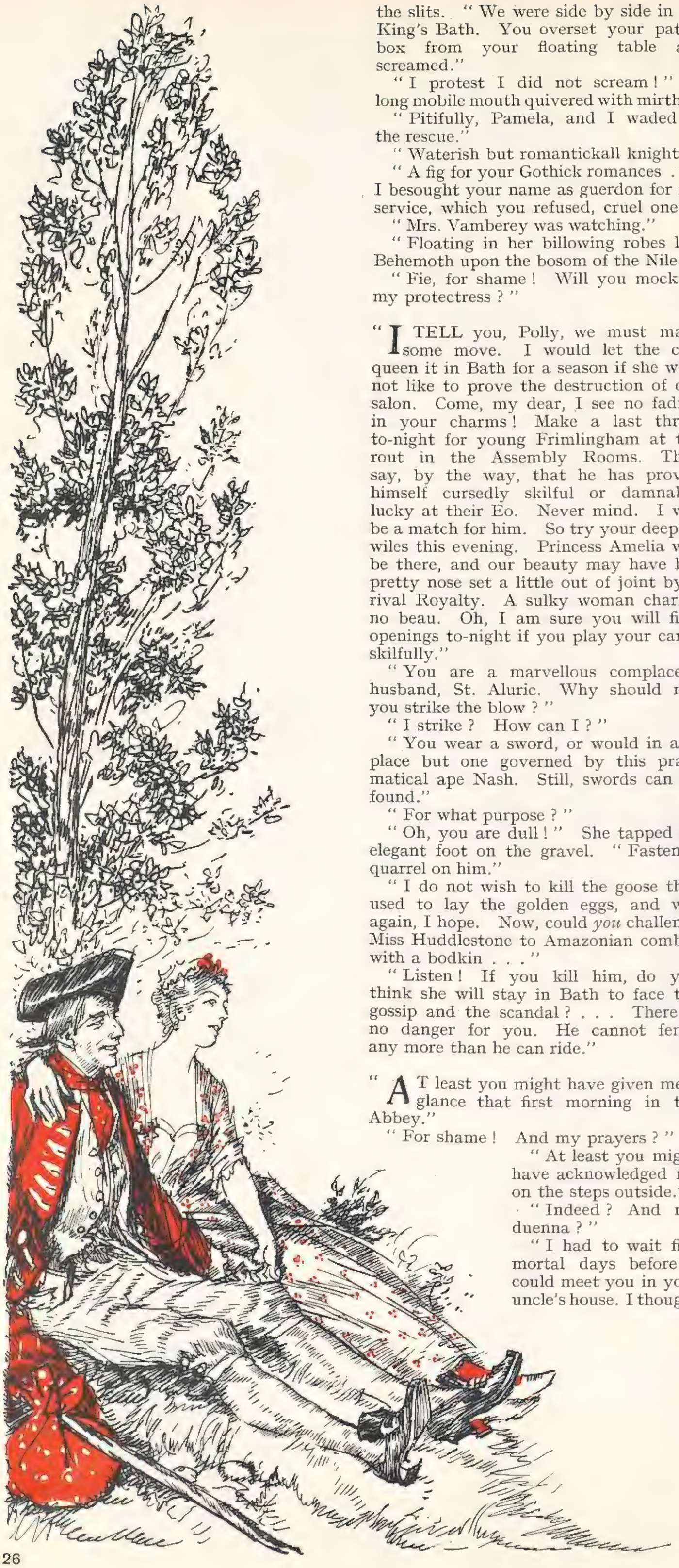
" Are you so sure of her innocence, Polly ? I doubt. Anyhow, her dancing lures away the young men from our board and our green cloth. She has already made Eo the mode and Nash grows swollen with the profits. She has stolen your Beau yonder, Polly . . . "

" My beau, St. Aluric ? Do you charge me with frailty ? That tedious boy with his parsonical airs means nothing to me."

" He should, Polly, for by Gad we need him . . . "

Pamela Huddlestone

" DO you remember the first day we met ? " Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe bent over his lovely mask, searching for the glint of blue eyes through



the slits. "We were side by side in the King's Bath. You overset your patch-box from your floating table and screamed."

"I protest I did not scream!" A long mobile mouth quivered with mirth.

"Pitifully, Pamela, and I waded to the rescue."

"Waterish but romantickall knight!"

"A fig for your Gothick romances . . . I besought your name as guerdon for my service, which you refused, cruel one!"

"Mrs. Vamberey was watching."

"Floating in her billowing robes like Behemoth upon the bosom of the Nile!"

"Fie, for shame! Will you mock at my protectress?"

"I TELL you, Polly, we must make some move. I would let the chit queen it in Bath for a season if she were not like to prove the destruction of our salon. Come, my dear, I see no fading in your charms! Make a last throw to-night for young Frimlingham at the rout in the Assembly Rooms. They say, by the way, that he has proved himself cursedly skilful or damnably lucky at their Eo. Never mind. I will be a match for him. So try your deepest wiles this evening. Princess Amelia will be there, and our beauty may have her pretty nose set a little out of joint by a rival Royalty. A sulky woman charms no beau. Oh, I am sure you will find openings to-night if you play your cards skilfully."

"You are a marvellous complacent husband, St. Aluric. Why should not you strike the blow?"

"I strike? How can I?"

"You wear a sword, or would in any place but one governed by this pragmatical ape Nash. Still, swords can be found."

"For what purpose?"

"Oh, you are dull!" She tapped an elegant foot on the gravel. "Fasten a quarrel on him."

"I do not wish to kill the goose that used to lay the golden eggs, and will again, I hope. Now, could *you* challenge Miss Huddlestone to Amazonian combat with a bodkin . . ."

"Listen! If you kill him, do you think she will stay in Bath to face the gossip and the scandal? . . . There is no danger for you. He cannot fence any more than he can ride."

"AT least you might have given me a glance that first morning in the Abbey."

"For shame! And my prayers?"

"At least you might have acknowledged me on the steps outside."

"Indeed? And my duenna?"

"I had to wait five mortal days before I could meet you in your uncle's house. I thought Mr. Nash would never consent to introduce us."

"Banked-up fires blaze the more hotly, sir. But indeed I am penitent, Ned, for my part in bringing you to Queen's Square. For you have risked a great deal of money there."

"Pshaw! What is such yellow dross, Pamela, compared to the pure gold of the affections?"

"Still, I am penitent, and would not have brought you there had I understood my uncle's purpose."

"A pest upon your uncle and your duenna too! Nay, do not rise. Have I offended you?"

"Never a whit. But the morning draws out. I would be home before Mrs. Vamberey returns from her bath."

Mr. Frimlingham rose with a sigh. "To-night at the rout, then! Promise you will dance only with me!"

"Promise you will not lose your heart to the stout princess!"

"Tease! Let me find your chair, if you must go. . . . Yes, fellow," he said impatiently to the aproned servingman. "I will be back in an instant for the reckoning."

"NOW, be ready for him," whispered Lady St. Aluric. "Accost him on the lawn as he comes back. Here, scan this letter as you go! 'Tis one of a dozen such follies he sent me in the spring before she came. You will find matter for your quarrel in it. I will disappear."

So it befell that Mr. Frimlingham on his way back across the lawn, feeling in the pockets of his deep waistcoat for money to pay his score, was stopped by a fat lord with a glowering face. "The favour of two words, Mr. Frimlingham," said he sourly.

"Two words, my dear lord? Two thousand if you wish. I protest the favour is yours."

"This is no occasion for compliment, sir. You are a villain."

"My Lord!" The young squire stammered with amazement.

"Read that!" Lord St. Aluric flourished the letter in his face. "Do you deny that you wrote it to my wife?"

"A rebus, my lord! A form of charade! They are composed in every drawing-room, 'stab me, and no thought of evil."

"Do you suppose I will believe that? You shall give me satisfaction and instantly."

"Mr. Nash has forbidden duelling in Bath." Mr. Frimlingham paled.

"And since when has Beau Nash been the keeper of your honour?" sneered St. Aluric. "I will have you whipped out of Bath by the lackeys."

Mr. Frimlingham started as if stung. "You shall have no need, my lord. What must I do?"

"God's truth, sir! Wait at home till I send my friend to arrange the matter. Have you never defended your honour yet or used a razor, even?"

"Oh! that . . ." stammered the youth: then checked himself with a blush, bowed, and took his leave. "I may be young, sir," he said defiantly, though in tones that lacked conviction, "but you shall see that I can manage a sword."

"I doubt it," murmured Lord St. Aluric, helping himself to a pinch of snuff behind his adversary's back. "And yet, Master Milksop, I hope there is no trick in all this. I had as lief not play the Hittite, though Polly is capable, I doubt not, of David's breeches. Well, we shall know before sunset."

THAT night Mr. Nash stood at the doors of the great dance hall in the wax-lit Assembly Rooms receiving the guests with smiling lips but with a troubled eye. At last he hurried across the vestibule to meet a square-jawed man in a caped coat and top-boots, who had just come up the steps.

" Well, Dickens ? " he asked anxiously, taking him aside. " You were in time to stop them fighting ? "

" No, Mr. Nash. We came up with them too late," confessed the bailiff.

" How's this, sir ? You know our positive pleasure is there shall be no duelling in our city or its precincts."

" By your leave, sir," answered Dickens, " we were not to blame. They had stolen away and driven to Claverton Down."

" What was the issue ? Not fatal, I trust ? "

" Oh no, sir." The bailiff grinned. " Mr. Frimlingham had his sword broken —he caught the point in the ground. And Lord St. Aluric was untouched. Marry, his lordship was for recommencing, but the seconds would not allow it ; and then came I with my constables to lend force to the argument."

Beau Nash wiped his forehead with a lace handkerchief. " You take a weight from me, Dickens."

" Faith, Mr. Nash, the young Squire has come off luckily. I spoke with his lordship's servant, who tells me Mr. Frimlingham held his blade like a toasting-fork. He should have been killed by every rule of fence and Lord St. Aluric was in the mood to slay."

" Providence, Mr. Dickens, has defeated the designs of bloody-minded men and lent its aid to our pacific regulations. . . . Be off with you now. I hear the Princess Amelia's footmen crying the way for her. Fiddlers, strike up the loyal anthem."

RELIEVED of his anxieties on the young Squire's account, Beau Nash savoured to the full the triumph of that night's entertainment. Fashion had never been more brilliant nor Royalty more condescending. A slight uneasiness that the Beau had felt lest the uncrowned Queen of Bath should by her charm give umbrage to the real Princess was quickly dissipated when Her Royal Highness graciously held Miss Huddlestone in talk for quite twelve minutes by her chair. After that Mr. Nash did not try to check the triumph of a beauty who was after all in a personal and peculiar sense his own protégée. There was, indeed, something affectionate in his manner as he watched her in a minuet with Mr. Frimlingham. " A pretty pair," he thought, " and the girl has done her part well at Relph's, though," his brow clouded a little, " he has ravaged our bank devilishly this past eight nights."

At length the hour of eleven approached, at which all balls in Bath must close by Mr. Nash's own fiat, which not even a Princess dared dispute, and the Beau's strutting little steps took him to the vestibule where the chairmen were already drawn up on the steps in waiting. Mr. Nash wished to satisfy himself that on this night of nights there should be neither drunkenness, confusion, nor brawling among these indispensable public servants. He reviewed their silent ranks with a stern sweep of his gold lorgnon ; then turned back to take leave of the first departing guests. They found their chairs and went off without trouble, though some of the shouting and pushing among the rival bearers that no efforts of the Beau's could ever quite quell began presently to break out, and made him frown as the stream of home-going visitors thickened.

He was about to return to the ballroom to take Princess Amelia's orders for her departure, when he encountered Miss Huddlestone, with Mr. Frimlingham, stately in his black suit, accompanying her as cavalier. He smiled graciously and bowed her a compliment, as he led the way towards the portico to call her chair. And then, indeed, there broke out in the darkness beyond, murkily lit by flaming links, the most unseemly clamour with cries of : " Raise him up ! " " Stand from the poor fellow ! Leave him, sir ! " " I'll stamp on your toes, cully, if you crush my ribs ! "

" Silence ! " cried Mr. Nash severely, stalking out on to the steps. " You, Denison, what means this disgraceful uproar ? "

" There is a man fallen sick, Mr. Nash," cried a voice from the throng. " We must bring him in out of the press."

" Well, not in here ! What the devil possesses you ? " exclaimed the Beau, as two chairmen lifted a feeble figure up the steps and actually laid it down upon the sacred tiling of the vestibule. " What do you mean by this ? " he demanded as the two carriers stooped over the sick man. " Remove him instantly ! "

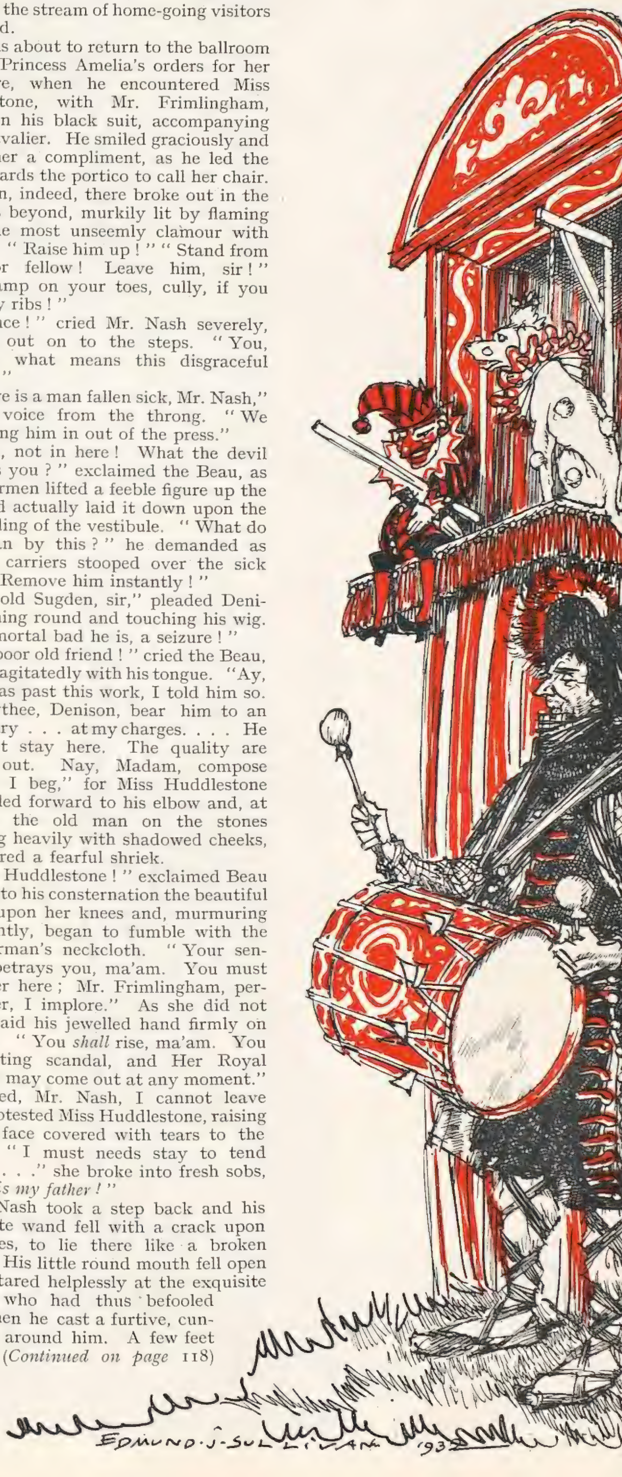
" 'Tis old Sugden, sir," pleaded Denison, turning round and touching his wig. " Took mortal bad he is, a seizure ! "

" My poor old friend ! " cried the Beau, clucking agitatedly with his tongue. "Ay, ay, he was past this work, I told him so. But, prythee, Denison, bear him to an apothecary . . . at my charges. . . . He must not stay here. The quality are coming out. Nay, Madam, compose yourself, I beg," for Miss Huddlestone had rustled forward to his elbow and, at sight of the old man on the stones breathing heavily with shadowed cheeks, had uttered a fearful shriek.

" Miss Huddlestone ! " exclaimed Beau Nash, as to his consternation the beautiful girl fell upon her knees and, murmuring incoherently, began to fumble with the old chairman's neckcloth. " Your sensibility betrays you, ma'am. You must not linger here ; Mr. Frimlingham, persuade her, I implore." As she did not stir, he laid his jewelled hand firmly on her arm. " You *shall* rise, ma'am. You are creating scandal, and Her Royal Highness may come out at any moment."

" Indeed, Mr. Nash, I cannot leave him," protested Miss Huddlestone, raising a lovely face covered with tears to the Beau's. " I must needs stay to tend him, for . . ." she broke into fresh sobs, " . . . *'tis my father !* "

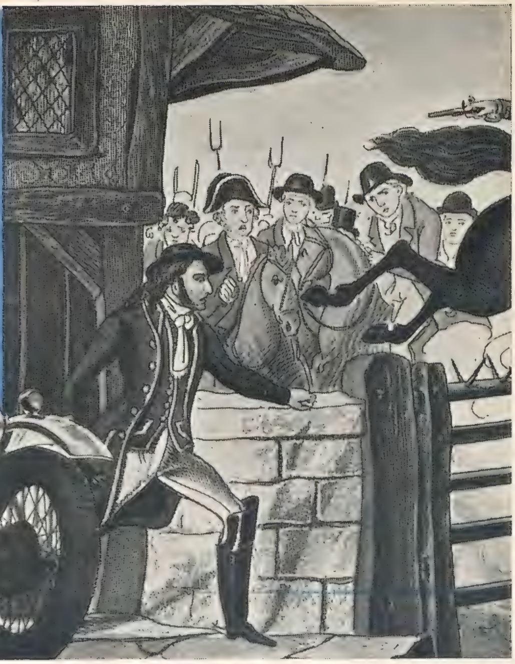
Beau Nash took a step back and his long white wand fell with a crack upon the stones, to lie there like a broken sceptre. His little round mouth fell open and he stared helplessly at the exquisite creature who had thus befooled him. Then he cast a furtive, cunning look around him. A few feet away (*Continued on page* 118)



" IT is a warm night for sitting upon the grass, and perhaps we can share the showman's supper afterwards "

"Stand and Deliver!"

GUARDIANS of the road to-day. Mobile police set out on their day's work in a fast three-wheeler



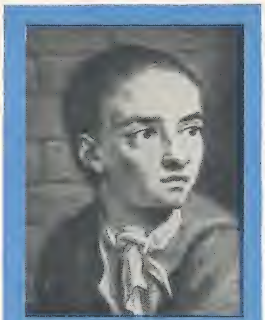
MOTORISTS, beware, for the highwayman is again at large; and what has generally been regarded as a profession of the past is become once more active.

For many years users of the King's highway have been able to proceed upon their journey feeling reasonably safe from being in any way molested. But this is no longer the case. Now, especially by night, they may be held up and summarily robbed, with or without injury to their persons, according to the mentality of their aggressors and their own reactions to the assault.

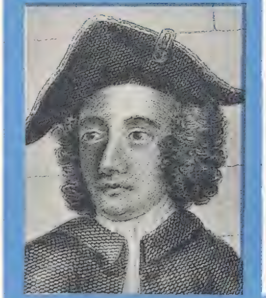
This resuscitation of what was at one time a familiar occurrence is naturally a matter of grave concern to the authorities, for the increase of this particular crime in the past was usually in inverse ratio to the general well-being of the population as a whole.

The last outbreak of a somewhat similar nature took place during the winter of 1862–63, when a form of robbery with violence, which was known as "garotting," became so prevalent that it was found necessary to impose the penalty of flogging, in addition to that of penal servitude, for the offence.

But "garotters" corresponded rather to footpads, whereas the present form of crime is more akin to those hold-ups by highwaymen which were so common during the early years of the eighteenth century, and made travelling, which was an uncomfortable business under any circumstances, a particularly hazardous undertaking.



A PORTRAIT, painted in prison, of Jack Sheppard, a famous highwayman



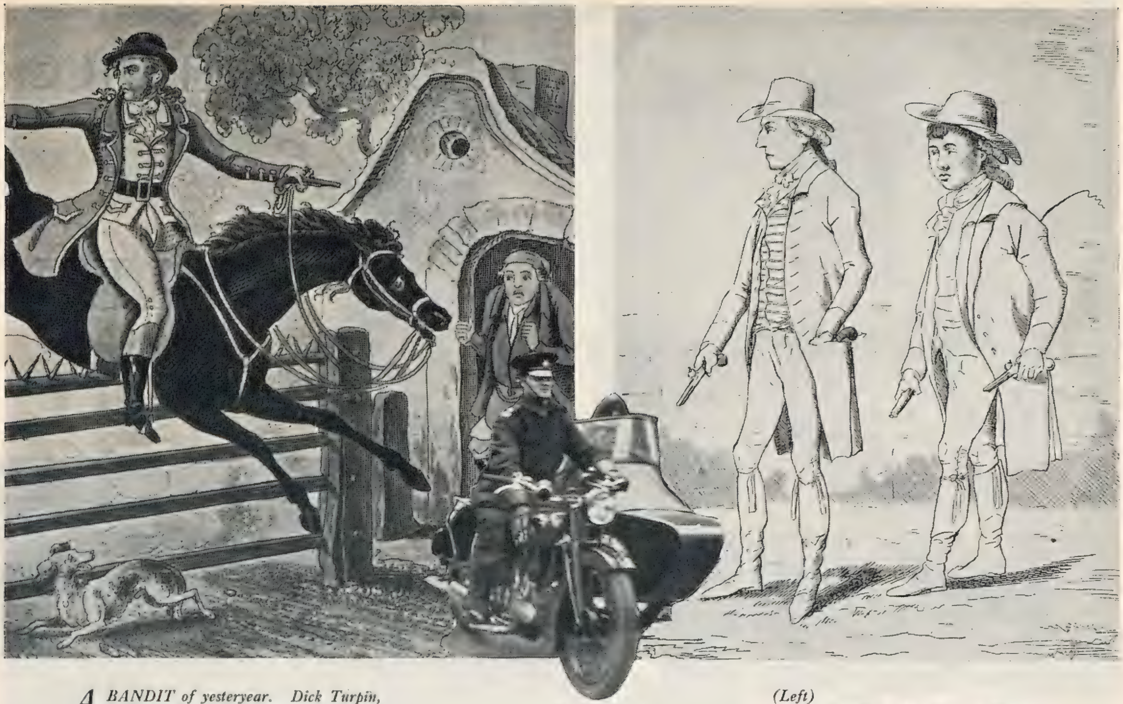
HENRY COOK, a highwayman, who was hanged at Tyburn on December 6th, 1741

The Dick Turpins, Claude Duvals, Captain Macheaths, and Jack Sheppards of that period have their counterparts to-day, and while methods have changed with circumstances, the principles of the profession remain much the same.

To lie in wait by the side of a lonely road, and then to challenge a likely-looking traveller and, having robbed him, to make off with all speed, were then, as they are now, the stages by which the highwayman proceeded. The horse has been superseded by the motor car, the blunderbuss by the automatic, and the old-time receiver by a far more adept member of the same trade; but otherwise the crime remains the same.

YET, in fairness to the highway robber of to-day, it must be added that his job is much more difficult than it was. There was no adequate police force in those days, no telephone, no wireless, no proper road patrolling, no, or very little, lighting, and so it was a very much easier affair not only to commit the actual robbery but to get away successfully with the loot. But, on the other hand, the prey was then prepared for such eventualities, whereas to-day he is as a rule defenceless, and while the highwayman had always to reckon with receiving as good, or better, than he gave, the modern bandit, once he has brought his quarry to a standstill, is usually in a position of strategic superiority.

Nor has the present-day bandit an equal amount of that gallantry which, although it has been over-emphasised by novelists, yet certainly was in many instances a pleasing trait in the otherwise despicable character of his forerunner.



A BANDIT of yesteryear. Dick Turpin, of Black Bess fame, escapes from his pursuers by clearing the old Hornsey toll bar gate which had been closed against him

(Left) A NEW arm of the law. A mobile policeman mounted on his motor cycle. (Above) The Westons, a pair of noted footpads of the 18th century

Gentlemen *of the* Road:

Yesterday *and* To-day

By

F. B. Chancellor

He is, as he has for the most part always been, a desperate person who will stick at nothing to achieve his object, and who is as little concerned with the feelings of his victim as an owl is with those of a field-mouse.

The comparison, however, can be better exemplified by detailing some of the exploits of a former age, together with those of quite recent date, and it will then be realised, I think, how that type of adventurer to whom the holding-up of travellers has always appealed is commencing his activities again, and how the old phrase "Your money or your life," so familiar to generations of children, may become fraught with personal reminders of its unpleasantness as well as with reminiscences of bygone ages read of in books.

ALTHOUGH there has probably been no period in our history when travellers were not occasionally held up and robbed (witness, for example, Robin Hood, who took from the rich to give to the poor), the crime increased alarmingly during the last years of the seventeenth and the early years of the eighteenth centuries.

During the reign of King William III and Queen Mary the road between Kensington—at that time a village—and Hyde Park Corner was infested with highwaymen, and although a patrol was supposed to guard it, scarcely a week passed but there were highway robberies. Often the mail-coach was held up, and on one occasion, so little were the thieves respecters of persons, Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne was attacked and robbed on her way to Camden House.

But it was about the year 1720 that things were at their worst in this respect, and the newspapers contained such reports as the following:

"At eight o'clock in the evening two highwaymen attacked a gentleman in a coach on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard and robbed him."

"The Chichester mail, going from London about three o'clock in the morning, was attacked by highwaymen in Battersea Bottom, and robbed of its letter-bags."

"A Member of Parliament, with two ladies, returning in a coach from a party near Smithfield at eleven o'clock at night, was dogged by three highwaymen mounted and three on foot till they came to Denmark Street, St. Giles's, where their coach was stopped, and they were rifled of money and jewels to the value of about two hundred and fifty pounds. The robbers drove away the watch, and fired two pistols to frighten the ladies when they screamed for help."

"A gentleman was robbed and murdered in Bishopsgate."

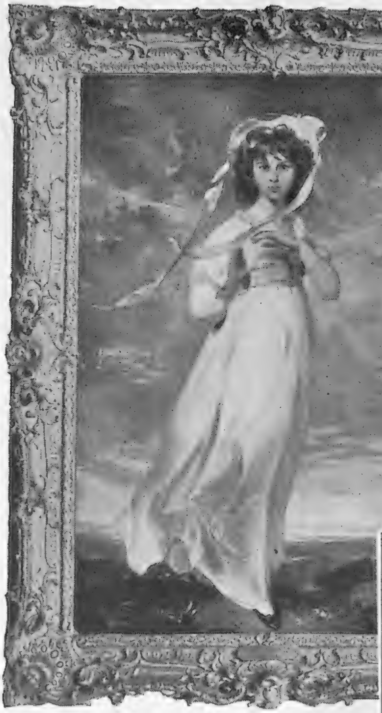
"The Duchess of Montrose, coming from Court in her chair, was stopped by three highwaymen well mounted between Bond Street and the New Building."

While in the course of a single week "a gentleman in his coach was robbed near Chelsea; another was attacked and robbed at twelve o'clock at night at the upper end of Cheapside; a gang of highwaymen by open day robbed all passengers on the Croydon road for some hours together; and several robberies were committed on the Epping Road." The alarming increase of highwaymen

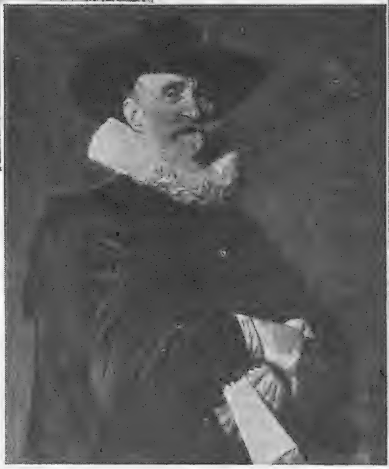
(*Continued on page* 120)

The Romance of the SALE

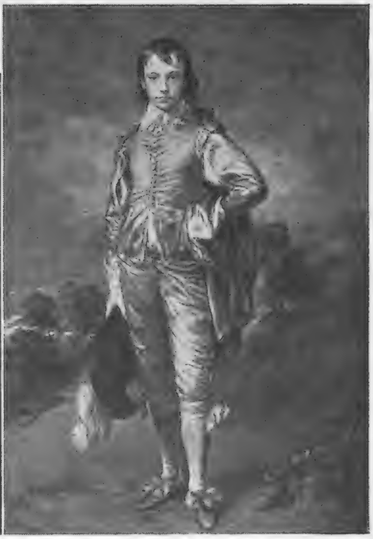
By W. G.



LAWRENCE'S Portrait of "Pinkie," sold for 74,000 gs., the highest price ever paid at auction for a picture



FRANS HALS' Portrait of Joseph Coyman, bought for £2,500 and sold at auction for 25,500 guineas



GAINSBOROUGH'S famous "Blue Boy," sold to an American collector with Reynolds's Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," for £200,000

WHEN the history of the auction room comes to be written, the fortunate author will find a wealth of material unequalled in romantic interest by that of any other phase of commercial activity.

In the sale of works of art, money is naturally the big factor, but in the dispersal of many famous objects and collections are woven tales and incidents as romantic as any produced by the most imaginative novelist's brain, and it is for this reason that the saleroom is one of the magnetic forces of the world.

Every season incidents occur which awaken the interest of the most blasé auction-room habitué, and which, to the uninitiated, seem almost incredible.

They see historic treasures, the proud possessions of one family for generations, knocked down without ceremony to the highest bidder; a poor man made rich by the sale of the unrecognised treasure; and the works of artists who have died in poverty realise a sum sufficient to build a street of houses.

With objects of the first quality becoming scarcer every year and values rising in proportion, bidding now reaches heights undreamt of even twenty years ago, and time and again one witnesses the most optimistic valuations go by the board.

Who, for instance, amongst those that were present, will forget the remarkable sale of the Holford pictures at Christie's in 1928, when six pictures produced over £200,000 and the enormous sum of £364,000 was spent in one short afternoon?

There is, however, another side to the picture. Owners as a rule have a magnified idea of the value of their artistic possessions, and though in some instances their valuations are justified, too often the resultant sale is a source of bitter disappointment.

THE sale of pictures from the walls of Blenheim was a typical instance of this. Such prohibitive reserves were placed on them by the Duke of Marlborough that Continental and American buyers refused to attend the sale, and the sale was a fiasco. Two pictures, for which private offers of £35,000 had been made, failed to reach more than £14,000, and at this price were bought in.

More recently one can recall the attempted sale of Reynolds's famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," which was sent to the saleroom by the Duke of Westminster and withdrawn at 52,000 gns. Two years later this famous picture was bought privately, by Sir Joseph Duveen, through Christie's, with Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy," for the enormous sum of £200,000. As, however, the Duke had previously refused an offer of £150,000 for the latter picture, little, if any, benefit was gained by the withdrawal of Reynolds's masterpiece in 1918.

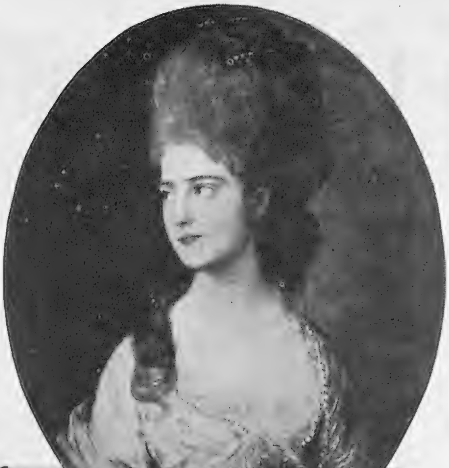
The attempted sale of the Portland Vase in 1929 was another instance of owners' cupidity. Since 1810 it had been on loan at the British Museum, its chief claim to public interest being due to its having been smashed to atoms by a lunatic in 1845 and very cleverly repaired.

The Duke of Portland's ancestor had paid 980 gns. for it, and opinion was at once rife as to what it would realise under the hammer. Certain patriotic Britons were prepared to find £20,000 to save it for the nation, but their hopes were soon shattered, for at the sale even a bid of 28,000 gns. was refused, and the precious object, in consequence, went back to its owner.

The greatest saleroom fiasco of modern times, however, was the sale of the fine collection of pictures formed by the South African magnate, Sir J. B. Robinson, in 1923.

Christie's, to whom the sale was entrusted, produced a handsome catalogue and on the view days record crowds thronged the rooms. At the eleventh hour, Sir John, back from South Africa, went to the auction room and seeing his treasures again after a long interval, to use his own words, "fell in love with

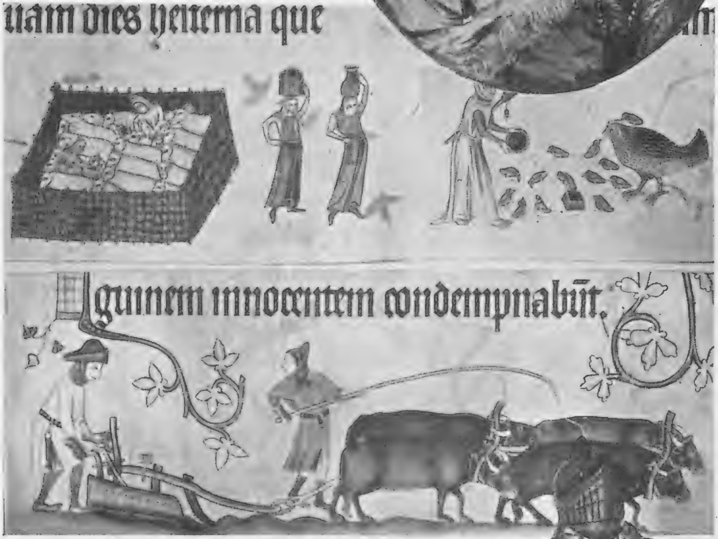
THE Worthing Gainsborough, unsuccessfully hawked round Bond Street, and eventually sold at Christie's for 9,000 guineas



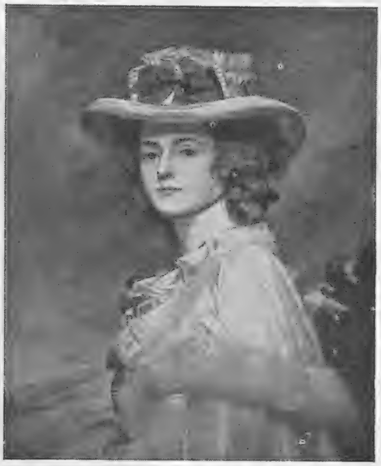
ROOM

Menzies

A COLLECTION of Jewellery sold in one lot for £86,000, at Christie's in 1929



A PAGE from the Luttrell Psalter, bought at Sotheby's for £31,500 by Mr. Pierpont Morgan and later acquired for the Nation by public subscription



MRS. DAVENPORT, by Romney, the object of a foiled burglary and later sold by auction for 58,000 guineas, a record price for a Romney portrait

them again." He tried to cancel the sale, but the auctioneers were adamant. Not to be beaten, the millionaire doubled and trebled his former reserves. Of the 116 pictures in the catalogue, only 15 were sold, though the bidding indicated that had Christie's had a free hand it would have been the sale of the century.

A portrait by Hals, previously sold for 960 gns. was bid up to 18,000 gns. and a Reynolds, bought for 4,000 gns., was bought in at just double that figure.

The 101 unsold pictures were consequently returned to their owner's empty mansion overlooking Hyde Park and are unsold to this day.

Other reasons beside the owner's cupidity at times cause disappointing results.

Fifteen years ago, when the collection of letters and documents known as the Medici Archives, including nearly 200 letters from Lorenzo Medici and the ledgers and account books of that famous banking house, were catalogued for sale, the Italian Government applied for an injunction on the grounds that many of the items were State papers. Just before the sale was to begin the injunction was obtained and some of the documents duly handed over. Twelve months later the residue was sold, 78 of the letters and the banking books being bought for 2,200 gns. by Mr. Gordon Selfridge and exhibited at his store in Oxford Street.

SUIT of Armour made by Jacob, the armourer for the second Earl of Pembroke, sold by the present Earl for £25,000 at Sotheby's, June, 1921

Perhaps the most sensational sale of modern times, and one which had far-reaching effects, was the dispersal of the Dickins collection of Sèvres and Dresden porcelain in 1908.

For nearly forty years Mr. Charles John Dickins, partner in the well-known firm of Dickins and Jones, had been a regular habitué of Christie's salerooms, spending many thousands of pounds in the purchase of choice specimens of Sèvres porcelain. He seldom bought except through dealers, and that he acted wisely was proved when he sold his collection in 1879.

In his old age china collecting again became his passion and in five years he spent more than £100,000 in the pursuit of his hobby. His judgment, however, was not what it had been; his sight was failing and many of his purchases, though bought through dealers, were, to use a trade term, "duffers." This fact did not transpire till after his death, at the advanced age of 83, in 1907.

His collection (*Continued on page* 116)

The Twilight of a GODDESS

TWO pools of light blended on Gina's dressing-table like round golden moons.

More light poured searchingly down from the row of unshaded bulbs above the three-fold mirror.

Gina liked all the light she could get when she began the business of making up her face for the evening.

A wonderful face still, the bone structure perfect, the long eyes with their faint suggestion of an upward slant at the corners, the short, fine nose, the beautiful grain of the soft skin. Then Gina's mouth. That was as lovely as it had ever been—a mouth that smiled slowly, seductively. Men had watched that slow smile of Gina's, and watching it had forgotten a lot of things they ought to have remembered; forgotten that they were one of many, that she had walked over hearts as a bride walks over flowers, and that she had seldom stooped to pick one up. Until now.

Now it was different. There was Robin. Robin was the reason why she stared so long in the glass, stared at the fatal lines imperceptibly hollowing the base of each cheek, shadowing the curves of her mouth. Lines almost unseen in the artificial light, but yet undoubtedly there.

Had the time come for the first face lifting?

Gina pondered the question with desperate intensity and decided against it.

Not yet.

Not while the whole effect was still so fine and exquisite, not while she still saw her loveliness reflected in Robin's eyes, while she could build up her beauty with deft, clever touches.

It took longer to do that now, and sometimes it wasn't quite as good. Not quite. But to-night she was perfect, absolutely her best.

Gina picked up the heavy scent bottle, and sprayed herself carefully, behind each ear, along the flat waves of brown hair, over the smooth arms, faintly tanned from the glaring Lido sun. Then she stood up, and Marie dropped the slender white satin folds over her head, smoothing them carefully into place. With a small secret smile, Gina lifted Robin's gardenias from their box, pinning them against her shoulder with a clip of jade and diamonds. Marie brought the cloak of white velvet and soft white fox and laid it over her shoulders, as the sound of a bell rang sharply through the flat.

Gina frowned. Too early for Robin.

"See who it is, Marie."

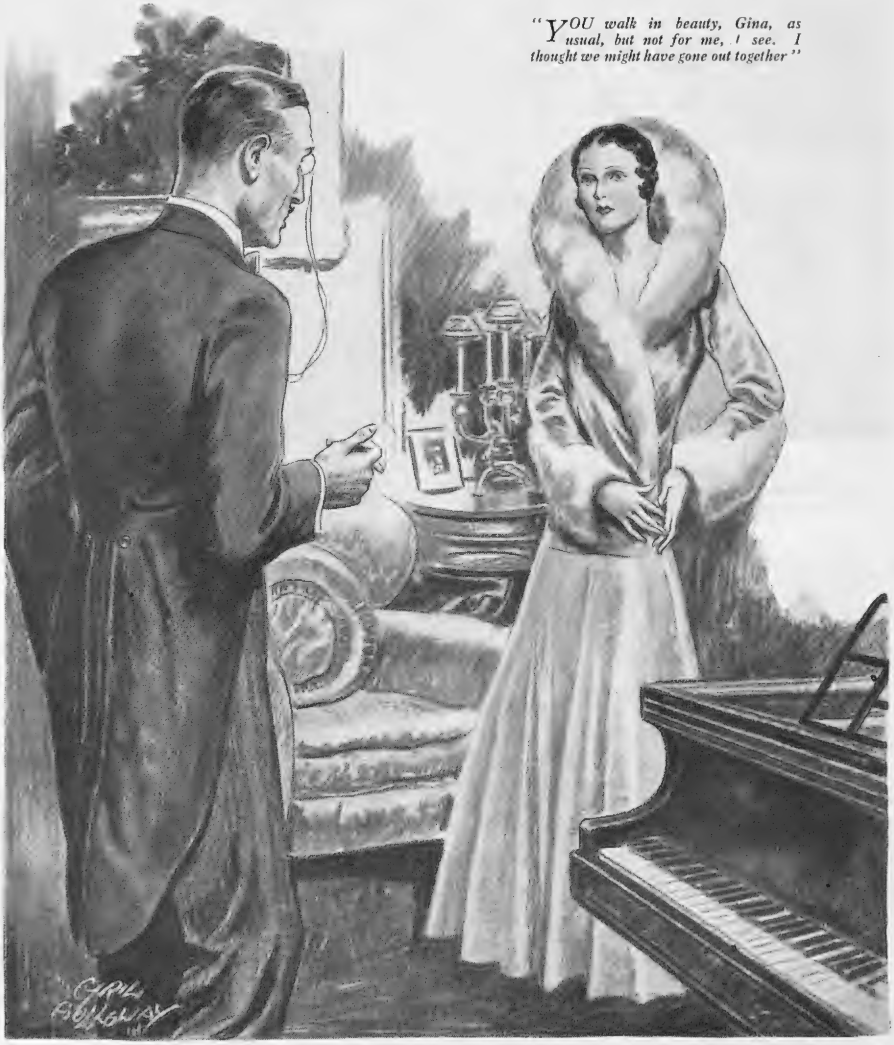
Marie disappeared and returned with a veiled look on her discreet elderly face. Marie knew when a visit was inopportune.

"It is the Baron, madame."

Gina's frown deepened.

The Baron was a ghost who refused to be laid, a ghost from the hectic past who continually thrust himself into the present.

An agreeable ghost, and one Gina didn't want to lay altogether. He was a very good friend to have in the background. The Adlon family had a reputation for being good friends to pretty women, and Baron Max was no exception. Gina owed him a great deal, and she wasn't ungrateful, but there was no room in her life for anyone but Robin at this moment.

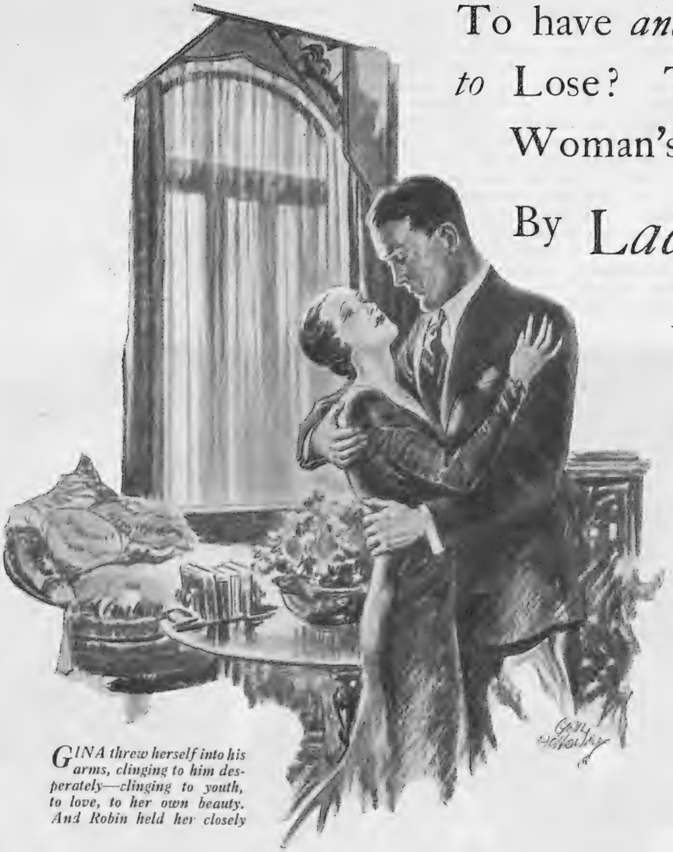


"YOU walk in beauty, Gina, as usual, but not for me, I see. I thought we might have gone out together"

To have *and to* Hold—*to* Love or *to* Lose? The Story *of a* Wise Woman's Gesture to Youth

By *Lady* Troubridge

Illustrated by Cyril Holloway



GINA threw herself into his arms, clinging to him desperately—clinging to youth, to love, to her own beauty. And Robin held her closely

Max should have accepted that, have guessed that he was in the discard, but for once he didn't seem to understand, though of course he knew about Robin. Max Adlon knew everything.

Gina found him standing by the open window, whistling softly to himself, dangling his eye-glass in one long flexible hand.

A tired man, of indeterminate age, thin, a little saturnine. A man who had lived, who had forced life to do what he wanted, yet a cynic who laughed at it too. Max Adlon laughed at everything, in case it should make him weep. Ugly he was, but he had charm and dignity. Screwing in his eye-glass he surveyed the shining figure of Gina.

"You walk in beauty, Gina, as usual, but not for me I see. I thought we might have gone out together."

His voice was completely English, as English as the woman who had married his millionaire father.

Gina twisted the heavy diamond bracelet on her arm.

"I didn't know you were coming, Max. I'm dining on the river."

Max lifted an eyebrow.

"Robin, of course?"

"Yes, Robin. But why of course?"

"My clumsy way of putting it," he said lightly. "It happens to be Robin Corland. Strange, but true."

"Don't be tiresome."

Gina rang for drinks.

"I hate that pose of yours of knowing everything."

Max dropped his eye-glass suddenly, a trick he had. "I know *you*, Gina, a little, and I assure you I respect this disinterested devotion of yours, though it stuns me a trifle."

The well-trained Marie pushed open the door, brought in the cocktails and vanished noiselessly before Gina answered.

"You may laugh, Max, but it's true."

"I don't laugh. Perhaps I feel inclined to cry."

It was as if he had lightly touched her with a whip, just a flick, enough to make her start. Then she poured out the cocktails, for she needed one badly. Max's brain was rapier keen. She must hear what he meant.

"I suppose you think I'm all kinds of a fool?"

Max drained his cocktail, and set it down carefully on the edge of the piano beside the bowl of lilies.

"I think it is beautiful, pathetic, and more than a little unwise, Gina."

Gina laid her hand on his arm.

"Why, Max, why?"

But she knew why before he answered.

"Because," said Max, "there is a time to pick buttercups and daisies, to *filer le parfait amour*, and a time to gather orchids. Subtle, mysterious and scentless, perhaps, but right for you. We gathered a few, Gina, but I'm not complaining—only my dear——"

Marie threw open the door.

"Mr. Corland, madame."

Robin changed the atmosphere. He was so young, so strong, with his brown face and air of vitality. He changed Max into a waxwork figure, and added several years to Gina's age. His very gaucheness and his awkward smiles challenged their sophistication.

Max's cordiality was perfect, though artificial, while Gina's smile welcomed him more than a thousand words.

"And how goes the film work?"

Max never forgot anything. He knew that Robin was forging his way ahead in that uncertain world of rewards and failures. He also knew that a great love affair does not help a man to keep his foothold on that slippery slope.

Robin looked at Max Adlon doubtfully. He didn't like that type, didn't understand it, was jealous of the influence this polished man of the world seemed to have over Gina. But then, he was jealous of everyone to whom she spoke during those long hours when, covered with yellow make-up, he lounged or strutted through his parts at the English studios.

"I'm getting on pretty well, thanks," he said briefly.

"And you like the work?" Max's tone held faint irony.

"Immensely," lied Robin.

He would have liked better to be a partner in Adlons, to have driven there in his Rolls Royce at ten and left at four. The tone of this plutocrat enraged him. He looked at Gina appealingly, but Max was already moving towards the door, lingering to hold Gina's hand in a hatefully intimate clasp. Robin couldn't quite understand about Gina and Max. He'd asked her often, and she put him off with careless sentences. "Max was nothing, just an old friend, nothing more." But Robin wasn't altogether satisfied. Gina had too many old friends—and all men.

They cropped up everywhere and looked at him with cool, appraising eyes, as if they reckoned him up and found him wanting. Robin didn't mind that so much. He was humble where Gina was concerned. But it made him wonder and doubt until he looked into Gina's eyes; then he forgot to doubt, forgot everything in the completeness of his surrender.

It had lasted two years, two exquisite glamorous years.

Robin supposed he had lived before he met Gina, because he remembered a stupid existence, at school, at Oxford, then desperate struggles in a jobless world, and finally the luck of a handsome face that had struck the casting director as having possibilities. Then more struggles, this time for recognition in tiny parts, but they hadn't seemed hard because it was then he met Gina.

At the Savoy Grill, it had been, lunching with his director, who had miraculously known the beautiful Mrs. Fanshawe. He had stood a moment at the table where she sat with Max Adlon, dumb and awkward before her subtle charm and poise, but she hadn't seemed to mind, had looked up at him under the drooping brim of her hat which revealed only the seductive mouth and pointed chin, and had asked him to look in one day, and given him her address. At his stammered thanks she had turned away with a long slow smile.

He had sent roses the very next day, great armsful he couldn't afford. Her note of thanks asked him to come in for a cocktail that afternoon.

So it had begun.

And now she was his entire world, and he . . . what was he to her? He wasn't sure, though he might have been.

He wasn't sure of anything. That was the charm and the agony of loving Gina.

THE Vienna River Club stood wide open to the summer night. Lights poured from the windows, lay in luminous arcs on the smooth lawn, flickered in the dusky shadows of the dense trees by the river's edge. Music throbbed from the green and gold ballroom.

The river was a dark ribbon flecked with gold. The air was breathless, heavy with thunder.

Dinner was over. Gina looked across at Robin, his handsome, sulky profile outlined against the lighted window behind the terrace where they sat. She smiled at him.

"What is the matter, silly one?"

Robin lifted heavy eyes, eyes that film fans were to rave about one day.

"It's you, Gina," he burst out. "How can you love me? It's impossible. Adlon thought so, I could see it in his look."

"Max! He has nothing to do with it."

"Everyone feels it, knows it. I know it myself. I want to be sure of you, Gina, I want——"

"S-s-h."

People were coming through the open windows, walking down the steps close by.

Two Hebraic looking men escorting a girl. Almost a child she looked in the dim light. Her hair showed buttercup yellow, a quaint little dress of speedwell blue clung to her immature body. Her movements were light, airy. She gave a small jump as she saw Robin, then waved a gay little hand and ran on. Robin forced a smile. It was still on his face as he looked at Gina.

"That was Francie Fane, the star in my new film."

"That!"

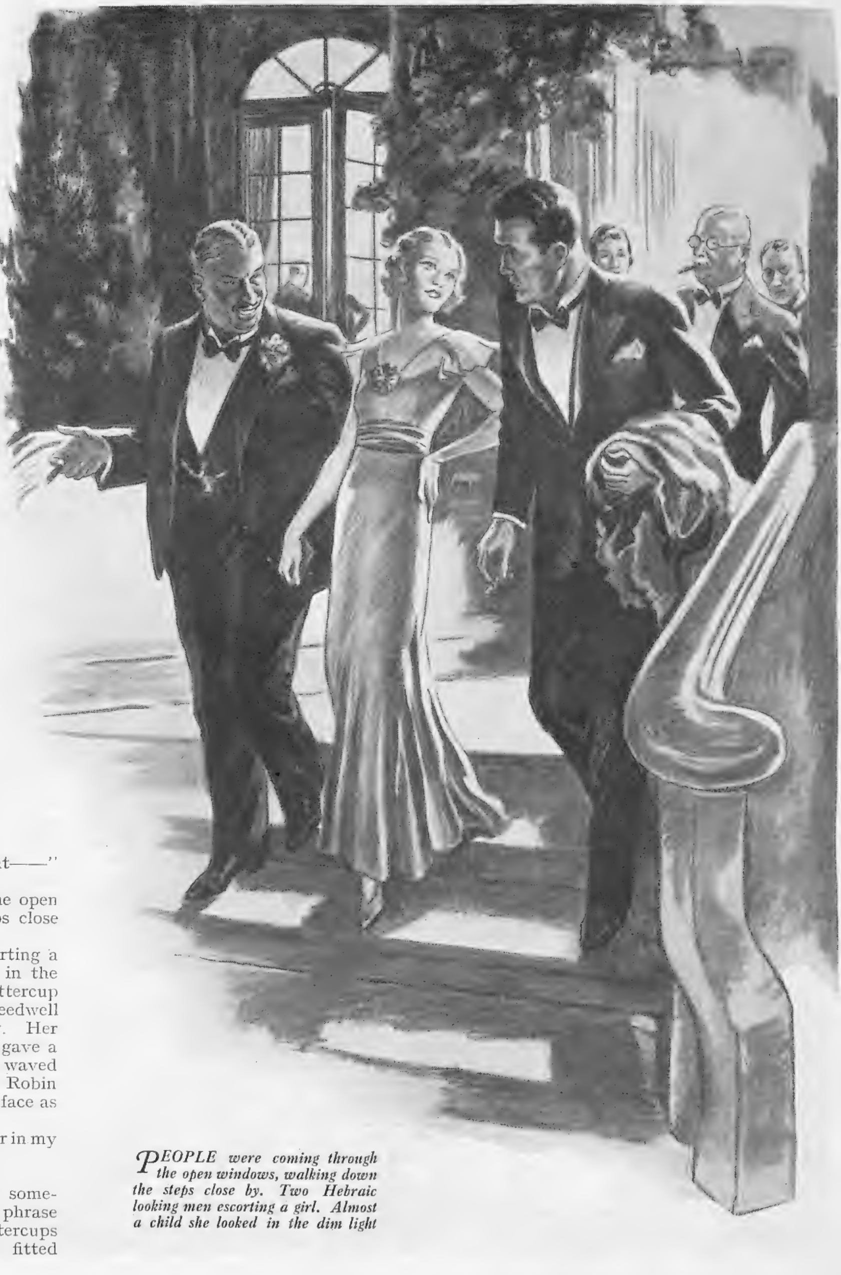
Gina's tone held surprise, and something more. Max's annoying phrase sprang into her head. "Buttercups and daisies." The description fitted Francie Fane exactly. Then they went on the river.

Gina lay back on the cushions and watched the black water slide past the electric canoe. Robin lay by her side, steering with one hand, guiding the boat out of the middle of the river into the misty shadows near the bank. Then he shut off the current and they drifted past lighted houseboats, past silent fields into a quiet backwater. There he stopped. The sound of a guitar came faintly from a distant island. The moon hung low and menacing among the trees like the angry eye of a watching god.

Now Robin was talking, rapidly, urgently, moved by an obscure jealousy of Gina's friends, of her life, of all that seemed to hold her mysteriously away from him.

He was asking her to marry him, to forgive him that he had so little to offer, to take him now, poor as he was, and let him add the rest, which he would surely do. Robin was humble. But he knew, he could not help knowing, that his looks were valuable in the film market, in England and beyond. Film stars with his assets had conquered the world. He would conquer it, and lay it at Gina's feet if she would only trust him, if he could feel she belonged to him.

Gina sighed.



PEOPLE were coming through the open windows, walking down the steps close by. Two Hebraic looking men escorting a girl. Almost a child she looked in the dim light

She had always dreaded this, the cry of impetuous youth for the moon. Gina was the moon for Robin. For his own sake she must be unattainable. She didn't answer for a moment, her eyes were on the circling moths dashing themselves against the riding light of the canoe. Then, leaning towards Robin, she took his forehead in her two hands and bent over him.

"Don't spoil it, darling Robin. Don't want too much . . . don't want the world. I'm nearer to you in this boat, loving you, than as your wife. Believe me, sweet, that's true. Some day perhaps. . . ."

Robin crushed her against him.

"When . . . when ?"

His voice was desperate. "Swear it'll be soon."

Gina shook her head. Her mocking smile seemed to promise everything—or nothing. As Robin peered into her face in the leafy darkness the first low rumble of the storm sounded in the silence.

As soon as she saw Robin the next day Gina knew that something had happened.

It wasn't the stormy mood of yesterday, it was a startled despondency, that made him slump in his chair and stare at Gina without speaking. Gina gave him a cocktail, lit his cigarette and asked him no questions.

She had been oddly depressed all day, haunted by those foolish passionate words of Robin. She couldn't have done anything else but what she did. That was starkly clear, as starkly clear as Robin's age—and her own. It was unthinkable that one day Robin should pity her, make allowances, struggle to be true to an ageing woman; but there was more, much more, than this, something finer that she must cling to. Robin mustn't be wasted. His work and his love must fuse. She did now quite see how, but it would come.

Then Robin told her.

"They've practically chucked me, Gina. It's my love-making, it won't do, too wooden, too uninspired they say. And it's absolutely true. I can't make love to anyone but you."

Gina lit a cigarette.

"What does Francie Fane say ?"

"Oh, she's been awfully decent, wants me to play opposite her, got me another trial. She's really a dear kid, it's not her fault.

Gina thought of that buttercup yellow head, that lissom childish grace.

"Of course not," she said briefly.

"This means good-bye to my film career, Gina."

Gina heard the bitterness in his voice, and she told herself silently it was her fault that Robin found it hard to play at love when really absorbed in his love for her. She must help him, must draw from her experience and teach him. She knew so much, so many men had made love to her and in such differing ways.

She refilled Robin's glass.

"Tell me what they want you to do."

"They want me to be a reckless, charming man of the world. Sophisticated, too. It's a Maurice Chevalier part, and I don't begin to understand it. They say I am too bashful, too sincere."

Gina listened in silence. Then she lit a cigarette, and began to teach Robin. Teach him the technique of courting a woman. The approach to her fancy, the capturing of her imagination, then of herself.

"Robin," she said, "you mustn't make love like a slave, but like a conqueror. You must come waving banners, completely sure of yourself, caring nothing for rebuffs. Wary and patient, if need be, but never despondent, and never humble."

Max Adlon had often said a great actress was lost in Gina, that her technique both for life and love was perfect. Listening to her, Robin saw where he had failed, saw new gestures he could make, new expressions he could use.

"Gina, you're marvellous ! I can't think how you know these things."

Gina smiled at him. A smile that trembled on the edge of tears. How did she know ? The answer to that was her whole life.

When he had gone she had a bitter fit of weeping. She knew she had helped Robin to succeed, and she knew, too, what that meant. It meant that she would lose him. If he made good now, and her intuition told her that he would, then his career would absorb him utterly.

She had known that she would lose him some day, but her heart had cried out: not yet. Not while she was still beautiful, and their love such a real, living thing. But now she knew she must be terribly strong, for like a thief in the night, the time had come.

GINA didn't see much of Robin these days. She knew he had passed his film test triumphantly; that the producer and everyone concerned were delighted; and of the fat contract he had signed. These things ought to have been enough to make up for her lonely evenings, the blank in her life, but they weren't. Particularly when she had deliberately made herself friendless for Robin's sake, except for Max. She was dining with Max this evening, at Florian's Grill. And he thought she looked tired, sad, unlike herself, there was more rouge than usual on the fine oval of her cheeks, and dark smudges under her eyes. He fancied he knew what was the matter with her. His poor Gina. He avoided looking at her face as he asked.

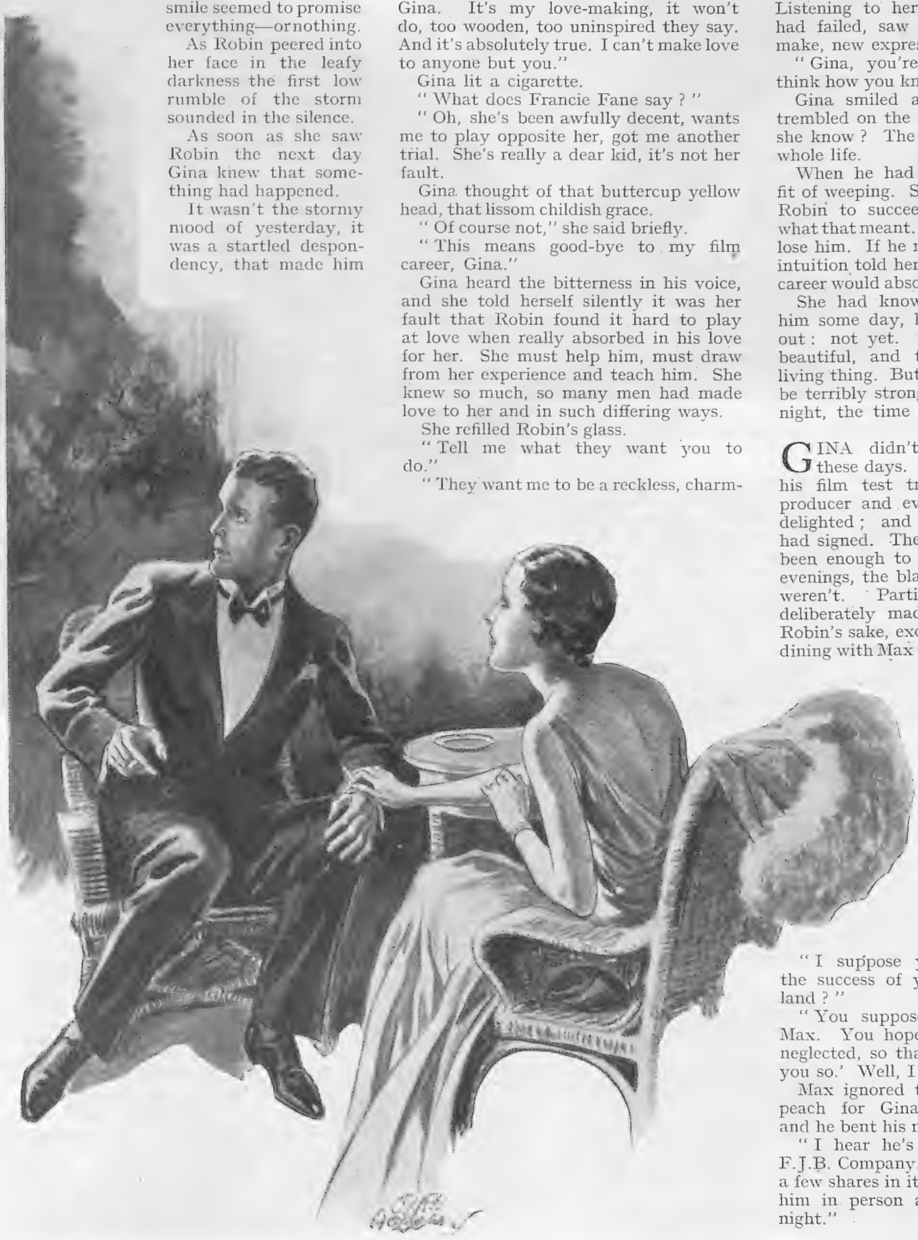
"I suppose you're very pleased at the success of your friend, Robin Corland ?"

"You suppose nothing of the kind, Max. You hope I'm feeling lonely and neglected, so that you may say, 'I told you so.' Well, I am, and you may."

Max ignored this. He was peeling a peach for Gina with elaborate care, and he bent his mind to it.

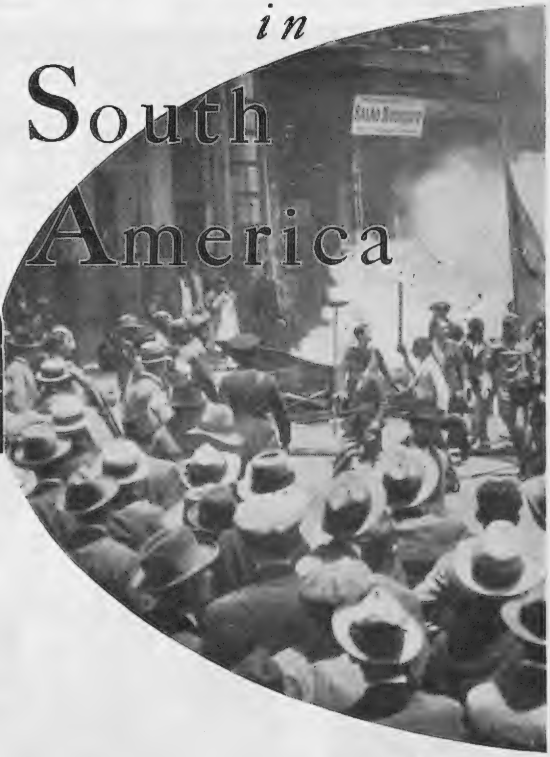
"I hear he's the great hope of the F.J.B. Company. Interesting, that. I've a few shares in it myself. I congratulated him in person at the Savoy the other night."

(*Continued on page* 124)



Communism and Colonization in South America

A CHOLO *Indian woman of Bolivia*



"SINCE I've been out here, I've been living at the rate of six revolutions a year," said a Peruvian who was accustomed to Europe. He spoke with exaggerated gloom, for revolutions are not as important in South America as they would be anywhere else. During the last eight months I've been in two myself, and at this moment, while I write, another is well under way in Brazil; but the Peruvian Press is strictly censored, so we hear nothing about it unless we happen to tap an outlaw wavelength.

"We can't afford to talk about other people's revolutions," said a Liman, who had been bold enough to give a party in spite of the irritation which the sight of a row of motors outside a hospitably-lighted house is said to cause the local Communists!

In countries where voting is not free, the average revolution has little more significance than an election in Great Britain. It is very often the only way in which the people, or that section of the people which is either armed or vocal, can express an opinion. According to Napoleon, "*revolutions are ideas which have found bayonets*." According to Siegfried, they are "*a protest become irresistible against tyranny become intolerable.*" I should say South American revolutions are the final effect of corruption upon individualism.

There are three possible centres of disaffection in every country, the Army, the University and the factories or docks; wherever, in fact, comparatively educated humanity can be most easily affected in the mass by that oratory which, in South America, is a physical pleasure both to speaker and audience.

When the Army has not been paid for several months, it decides to throw out the President in favour of one of its own chiefs. Unless engaged in active warfare with a neighbour, and consequently an hereditary enemy (for all the South American republics cordially detest their neighbours although, with the exception of Portuguese Brazil, they share the same race, religion, speech and economic interests), the Army appears to have no national loyalty. It regards itself as the custodian of political interests, and follows its own leaders, rather than the heads of the government. It represents the only irresistible force in the country, for the Navy, though it *may* and *does* revolt, cannot affect the interior.

I have never been able to decide whether politics or football is the greatest danger to the peace of South America. Both sports inevitably lead to war. The recent breaking off of relations between Argentina and Uruguay may be traced to the bitterness on one side and the impolitic rejoicing on the other over the defeat of the larger Republic in the Stadium at Montevideo.

Visiting and victorious "futbol" teams have generally to be rescued by armed police. There is often a secret exit by which umpires can escape the patriotic fury of the crowd. Chancellories tremble whenever an international match is announced. But, if football and the illogical tariff wars by which each South American republic succeeds in raising the cost of its own living and penalising its products in the foreign market for the benefit of European and U.S.A. competitors, jeopardise neighbourly relations, politics are an even more dangerous sport. Government is the goal which everyone wants to achieve, for political power means the certainty of a fortune. It is far more profitable than industry or agriculture. Government carries with it every possible personal advantage, for each succeeding cabinet cancels the appointments made by its predecessors and disposes of posts, concessions, contracts and privileges wherever it can make most profit.

But politics are not only a means of growing rich. They are the definite occupation of South American intellectuals. Army officers train their men in their own political creeds as thoroughly as they teach them their drill. The students follow their masters, who, underpaid and over-ambitious, are invariably communists.

They are obsessed by the " brotherhood of man," which they desire to impose with tongue, bomb, and bayonet. Most of the masters belong to a federation which provides a revolutionary literature throughout the continent. Probably the Communism of the universities is the most effective in South America, because, though irresponsible, it is sincere. The students are drawn from every class, and when they return to country towns and villages they radiate their convictions among the younger and more energetic members of the community. The consequence is that South American youth is frankly revolutionary. Inspired by its own eloquence, it demands a change, *any* change which will tend to equalise conditions of living.

COFFEE is so plentiful in Brazil that they even use it for locomotive fuel

By Rosita Forbes

A REVOLUTION in Brazil: Students marching through the streets of Sao Paulo carrying a revolutionary banner past a lottery establishment which they had previously wrecked

As students are accustomed to think and vote as a unit, they have considerable effect on the polls. They are not averse to taking up arms, and, led or encouraged by their masters, they have been the deciding factor in more than one revolution. Assisted, illogically enough, by that stronghold of landowning conservatism, the Union Club of Santiago, they put the late Chilean President, Montero, into power, with the result that, during the recent *coup d'état* led by the extremist Colonel Grove, prophet of wholesale confiscation, the University was looted and the Millionaires' Club earmarked as a workmen's headquarters.

Allied with a considerable section of the Army, the Lima students, whose University was subsequently closed as a centre of subversive propaganda, were concerned in the fall of Peru's last President, Leguia, who spent two years in prison before he died as the result of an operation.

A fortnight ago, the students of Trujillo (Peru) took part in the frustrated revolution which filled the streets with bodies. Over these, while the vultures were still feeding, rode Barretos, the Communist, wanted by the police for four murders, but his triumphant entry was soon followed by his death. The savagery of this particular outbreak, during which prisoners were slaughtered in their cells and their organs torn out in honour of Demos, may have drawn the attention of the Peruvian intelligentsia to the nature of the tools they are using to promote the " brotherhood of man." For the half-caste Indian, drunk with raw spirit and maddened by the sight of blood, is not likely to be stopped by any principles of humanity. He and the tribal savage, from whom he is so little removed, constitute eighty per cent. or ninety per cent. of the total population of Bolivia and Peru, and they are fertile ground for Communism, because they have long been exploited by employers and local officials. They hold their land, such as it is, in common, and they want more. Intellectual agitators tell them to take it. So they push their boundaries further and further on to the estates of absentee landlords. These, under the Incan Empire, belonged to their own ancestors, and they are prepared to defend their thefts with slings and stones, if no more modern arms are available.

THE third revolutionary element is most vocal in the East, where factories are gradually being built and the largest grain ports in the world give employment to stevedores from Central Europe. But industrial Communism is not organised. It is not inspired by a common culture, as is the case with the students, nor has it the arms of the fighting forces. It is strongly tinctured with the nationalism of its own particular republic, so that, although the artisans of Argentina and the miners of Chile talk with the tongues of Moscow, they are apt to express sentiments which would shock the autocrats of the Kremlin !

South American revolutions are generally planned in Uruguay. Most of the Communist propaganda which is distributed all over the continent is printed in Montevideo, and from that pleasant city, whose superlative bathing beaches should be a tourist paradise, come the agitators who are undermining the security of existing social systems in a dozen countries. Uruguay is the Russia of South America. It is an interesting experiment in uneconomic equality. The State is bankrupt, but the workers are—in theory—rich.

(*Continued on page* 98)

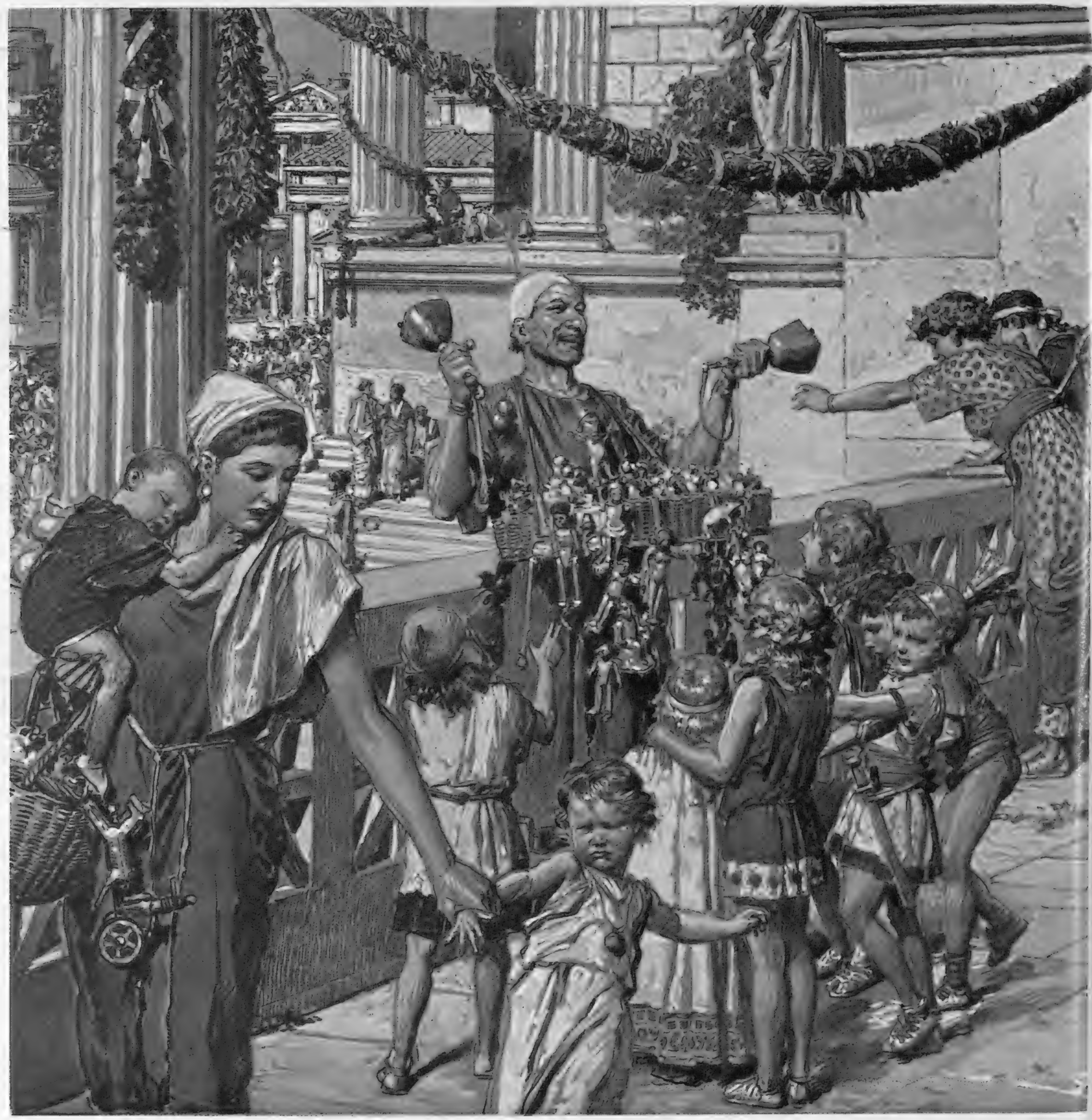
Queer Tales of Long Ago: Christmas

THE ancient philosopher who said in his disillusion that there is nothing new under the sun was not overly far from the mark. Even so world-shaking a revolution as Christianity derives not a few of its practices, not a few of its rites and ceremonies, from the paganism it superseded and ultimately displaced.

Pre-eminent among such derivations is the *fons et origo* of the whole Christian theme—the festival of Christmas! Not only does this supremely Christian celebration partake almost identically of the nature of its pagan precursor, but there is coincidence even of the dates.

The festival of the Latin world dedicated to Saturn, called Saturnalia, was held towards the end of December. Its earliest appearance is lost in the mists of antiquity, for Saturnus, a primitive god of Latium, was inherited by Rome and his feast-days celebrated in the city.

Saturnalia fell at the completion of the agricultural labour of the year, and consequently every business was interrupted, save those dealing with the daily necessities of eating



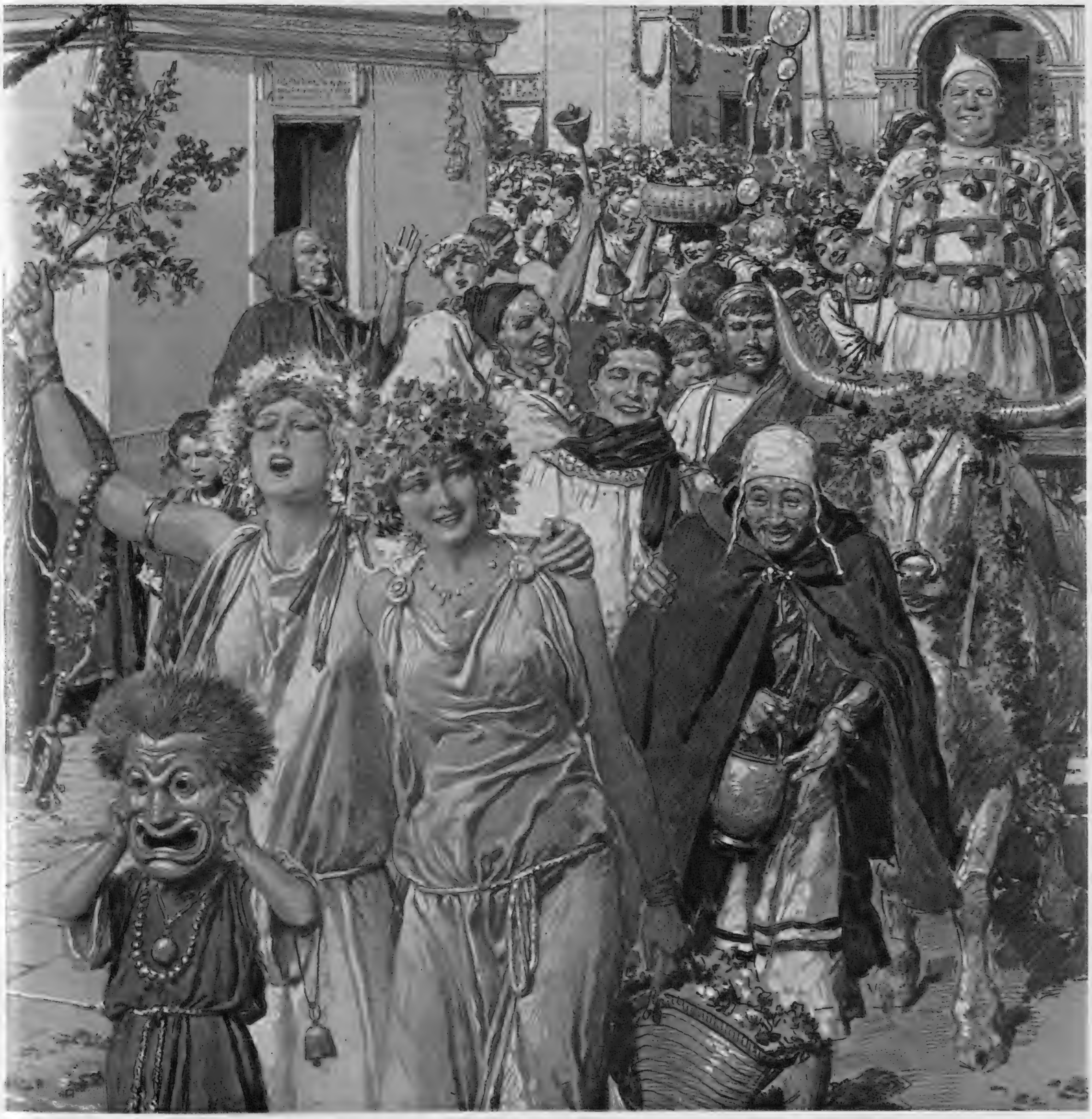
THE GREAT REVERSAL OF ANTIQUITY,

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

Ancient and Modern

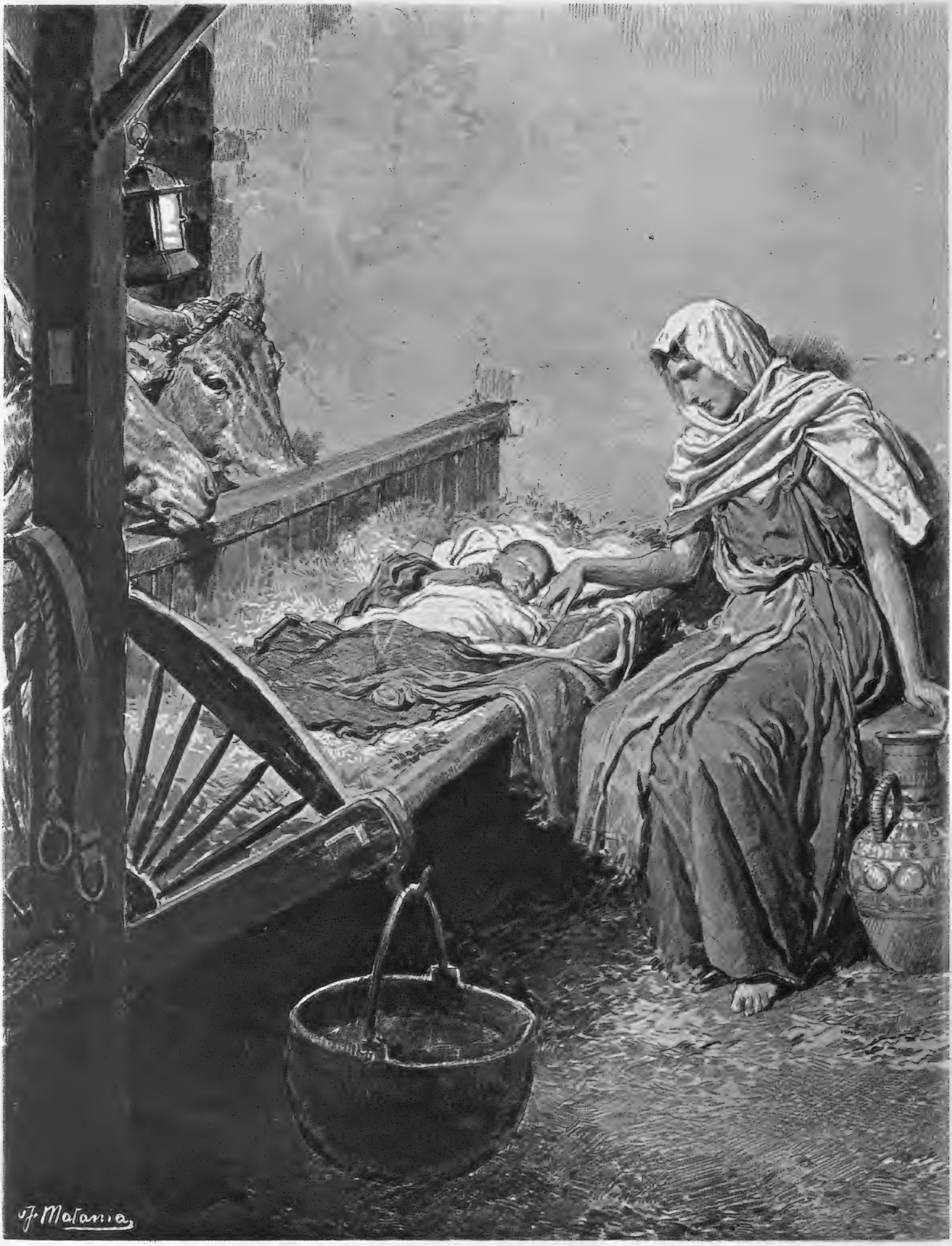
and drinking, and the period of festival was set apart as a general holiday. No judgments were passed, no criminal was condemned, for it was held that human suffering—even that inflicted by the law—would have marred the spirit of the period of joy.

It was, although the rich partook of the celebrations, chiefly a festival of the poor. The one thing known to the majority of moderns about Saturnalia is that a complete social reversal was permitted. This was true only of the Decadence: in the early days, they were content to wipe out, for the period, the distinction between *domini* and *servi*, between citizen and slave, without subjecting the master to the capricious authority of the servant. Dispensation was granted to the unfree, and they were allowed to go as, and where, they would and do what they chose; to increase the sense of liberty, (*Continued on p. 42*)

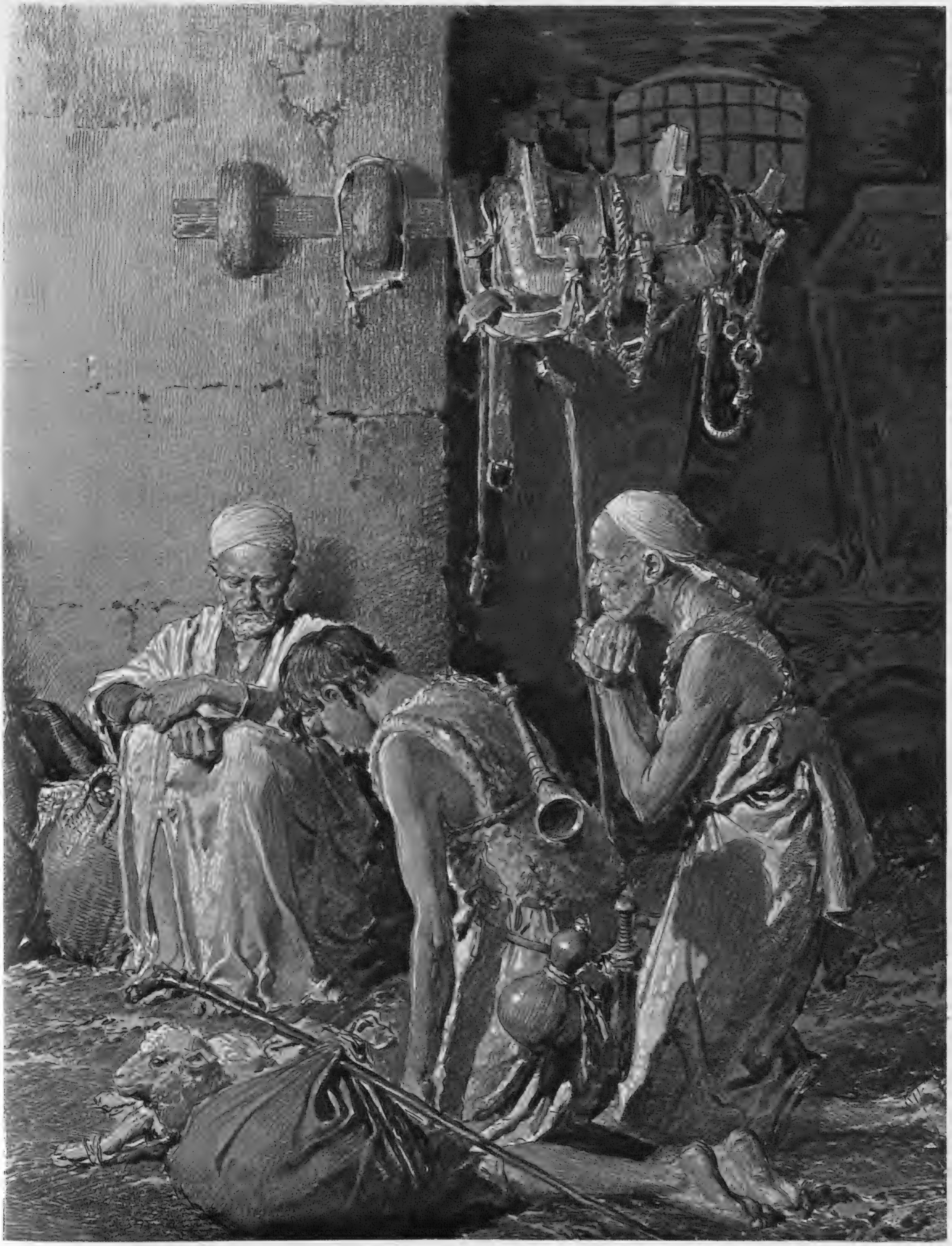


SATURNALIA, THE PAGAN CHRISTMAS

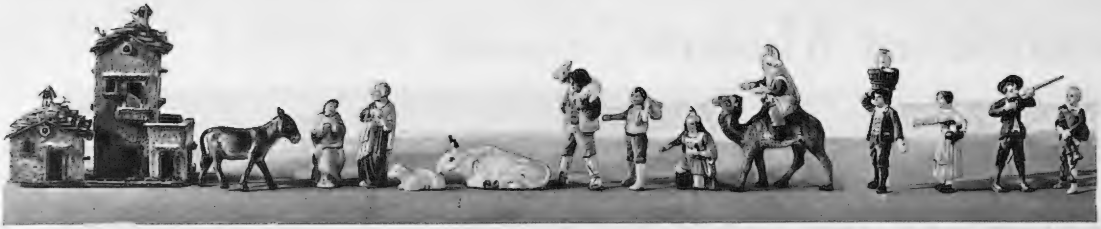
Queer Tales of Long Ago: Christmas



THE FIRST NOWELL—The "inconspicuous little episode" which changed



the face of the world, Recorded Purely Historically and not Devotionally



From the private collection of F. Matania

***FIGURINES OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS:** Pastori of Naples. Only the Magi and their servants are in the correct dress; the others are clad in the costume of modern Italian peasants, the hunter even being armed with a rifle. The animal elements of the First Nowell—camel, ox, and ass—are also represented*

they were even invested with the *pileus*, the coveted felt cap which was the emblem of free citizenship, the wearers of which could claim the proudest boast of the ancient world — *Civis Romanus Sum.*

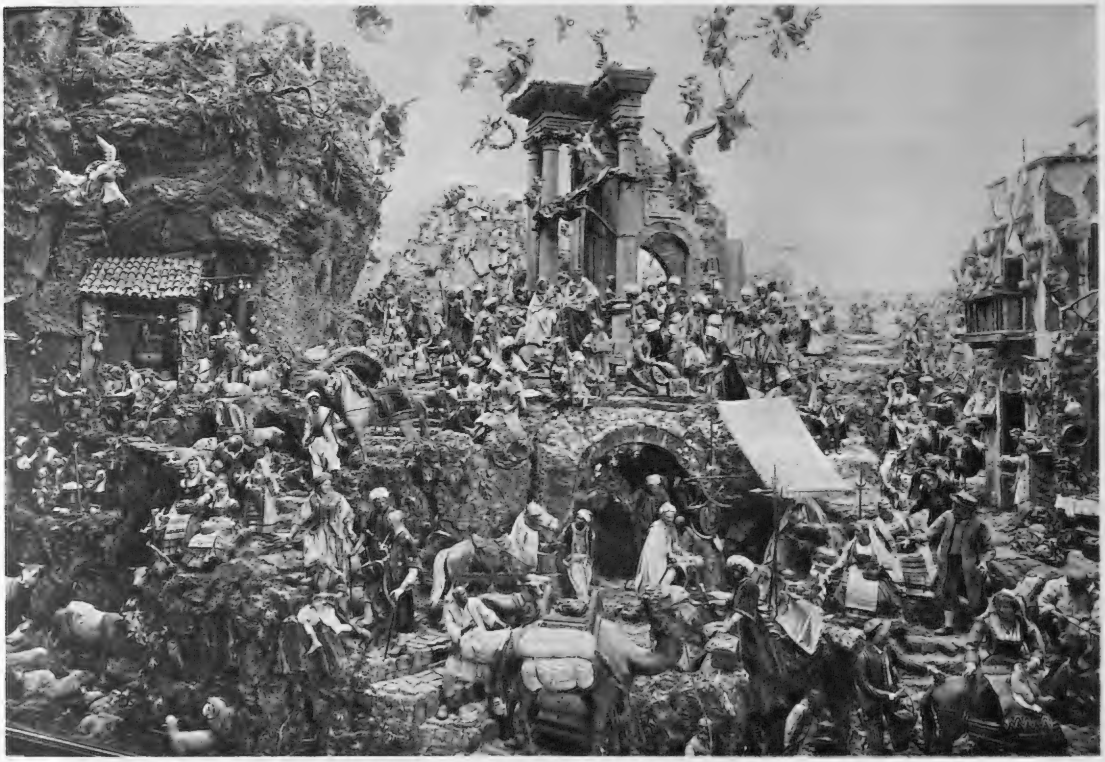
During Saturnalia, it was the tradition and the convention for friends to exchange gifts, and those of humble station presented to their superiors little candles made of wax — survivals of which are to be seen on our Trees of Noel to-day. Furthermore, the Ædile, the arbiter of public games, relaxed his severe discipline, just as many of the most rigorous of our Christian and British ancestors permitted even card-playing on Christmas Eve.

Almost coincident in time with Saturnalia was the festival Sigillaria, so called from the little earthenware figures offered for sale at this season and given to the children as toys. These figurines represented all sorts of objects, from effigies of the sacred gods of Olympus to somewhat more secular playthings embodying the typical humour of Rome. Day after day, the streets thronged in the glory of winter sunshine, parties in fancy dress teased each other and exchanged the traditional greetings and jests. Their heads were garlanded in ivy, while bells and every type of musical instrument, though jangling and blaring at full blast, did not suffice to drown the joyous shout: " Io Saturnalia ! "

FAR away in another part of the world another episode was taking place, a seemingly trivial occurrence that was destined to change the face of the world. In Bethlehem of Judæa, where the sombre festivals of the fanatically monotheistic Hebrews shared none of the pagan gaiety and glamour; where every expression of life was directed to one or two points alone; where the odoriferous marts of the Orient were thronged with bearded Semites, among whom strode, with the sublime air of superiority that distinguishes a British officer in the Bazaars of the East to-day, the legionaries of Imperial Rome—in such an atmosphere, an elderly man and his shy young wife were, owing to the press, given extemporised accommodation in a stable.

" And so it was, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Ensued the amazing meeting of the three converging figures, prototypes of the wisdom and the power of the East, guided thither by the light of God; ensued also the strange prediction to a terrified tyrant, followed by the hideous order: " Since I know not which babe shall be *Rex Judæorum* in my place, slay all babes that He may not escape." . .



***DATING FROM THE XVIII. CENTURY:** The Presepio of the Museum of San Martino, Naples, superb both in scale and detail. It is, perhaps, the finest example of Presepio extant*

But escape He did—and so began the supreme story of all time.

But that time knew Him not. . . .

Year by year, the Saturnalia was roaring through the whole Roman world, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euxine, while through the very throng that was shouting "Io Saturnalia" in its heyday of barbaric mirth, the Pilgrims of the Cross, in slowly, gradually increasing numbers, made their way.

FOR two centuries the Birth of Christ passed unnoticed. No date was ascribed to it, no Christian festival was inaugurated to commemorate it . . . until the voice of Tertullian, greatest of the Ascetics, thundered against the participation of Christians in the degrading and depraved festival of Heathenry. But the humble folk of all time have never clearly understood the Puritan thesis, that merriment and joy are an offence to God; that we are so sinful that only by constant expiation of the Fall can the Deity of Doom be placated . . . and it proved an Herculean task to wean the population of slaves—among whom the New Faith numbered the majority of its disciples—from their sole chance of relief from their material and moral burthen.

With the growth of Christianity—in direct proportion to it—the number of priests increased. Rigidity and order became more and more imperatively fixed, until, in 363 A.D., the thirty-fourth canon from the Council of Laodicea—in this case definitely cold!—enjoined that no Christian should partake of the joys of Saturnalia. It must be admitted that by this time the old-time simple pagan festival had become little more than an orgy, and there were, superficially at least, due grounds for the Laodicean veto.

It was the day of transition, and such days are ever days of conflict—the conflict between Theory and Practice. Christendom was the Faith of the oppressed, but the old pagan faith offered in Saturnalia, materially, more relaxation after a year of toil than the new; and the followers of the Cross of that day, their traditions conditioned by the gaiety of the Mediterranean culture, looked askance at the rules and prohibitions and inwardly refused to admit, even on the authority of the great *patres ædis*, that what, to them, was a smile, was, in very fact, a sin.

So wagged the world until the end of the fourth century, when the date of December 25 was identified as that of the Birth of Christ.

The news came from the East, and, now that a genuine reason for joy had been discovered, celebrations were permitted with the full sanction of the Shepherds of the Christian flock. Christendom revived, under a new name and with a new excuse, the ancient, simpler Saturnalia, and, freed at once from the vetoes of the priests and the irk of their own consciences, Christians joined anew in the old festivities.

Through the centuries that followed, Christmas and Saturnalia were synonymous with joy, and, later, the pagan name vanished with the last flush left in the sky by the incarnadined sunset of the pagan world.

There is much virtue in a name, for, though the degenerate title of the triumph of the Roman god decayed until only the flame-ringed star recalled it, the joy, sanctified by its new term, remained. . . .

TOO much space would be required to trace all the modifications introduced and abandoned by the various peoples in diverse lands throughout the Christian world in the celebration of Yule, more especially in mediæval times, replete, as they were, with sacred mysteries and conflicting theories, each monastery and convent celebrating it in its own fashion. Let us rather make a leap down to our own age to pass in review one or two interesting facets of the Season.

With the passing of time and with the Reformation to crystallise the changes, Christmas celebrations have taken two distinct forms. In the North of Europe, the festivities culminate in the Christmas Tree, whose shining stars obviously derive their inspiration from that celestial body which guided the Magi; and in Father Christmas, the children's joy, equally obviously the personification of smiling winter. Originating in Russia, Santa Claus—whose name is the Germanic *patois* for St. Nicholas—remains limited to the North.

In the South, the toy-bringer of the children is the Befana, a ghost which comes by night to fill the children's stockings with playthings. Amorphous in quality, she has no definite personality beyond her femininity, and every child imagines her according to his—or her—own desire.

But the custom which for many centuries has been the focal point of interest, for adults as well as for children, is the Presepio, the modern and Christianised development of the ancient Sigillaria. As of old, the little earthenware figurines represent its most important element.

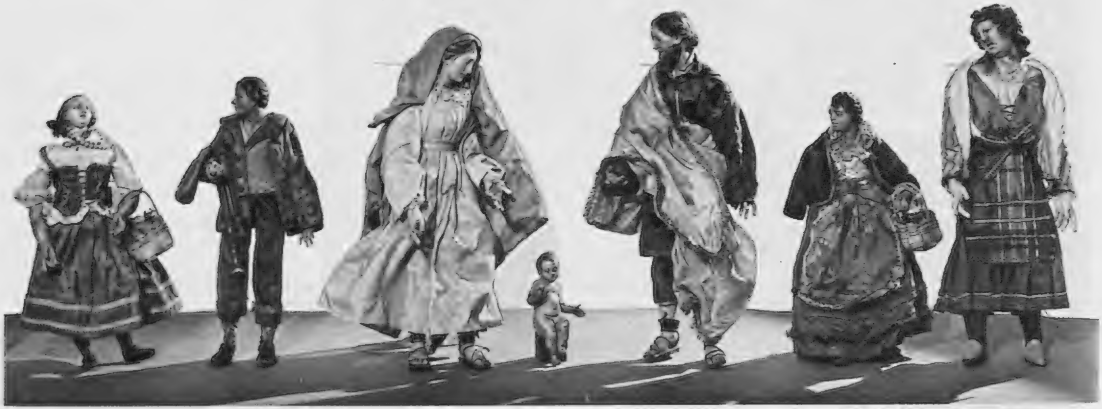
THE word Presepio means stable, and the contemporary celebration consists of the creation of a Nativity scene from little dolls set about a landscape constructed of raw cork, dry grass and, in fine, everything that can be utilised to represent trees, rocks, houses, bridges, rivers, etc. In its earliest appearance, the Presepio consisted only of the Holy Cave, Mary, Joseph, the ass, and the oxen—both species emblematic of patience; but, as time went on, more and more figures were added, until a whole population of established characters crowded it.

One unusual feature lies in the fact that, save for the royal Magi and their negro slaves, who are dressed with the opulence of the Orient, all the rest of the figures are arrayed in the fashion of the peasantry of the South of Italy. As civilisation progressed, new details were introduced: the hunter, for example, was deprived of his bow and arrow and provided with a harquebus and, later, with a rifle. To-day, the canteen where the pilgrims are taking their refreshment is embellished with two gamblers who are playing cards!

The dolls are called collectively *Pastori* (shepherds). Heads, hands, and feet are made in painted terra-cotta, while the body is a wire skeleton, stuffed with tow and dressed with astonishing elaboration. Many famous artists of yesteryear have made of Presepii real masterpieces, but they have ever retained their traditional character and have never corrected the anachronisms in dress.

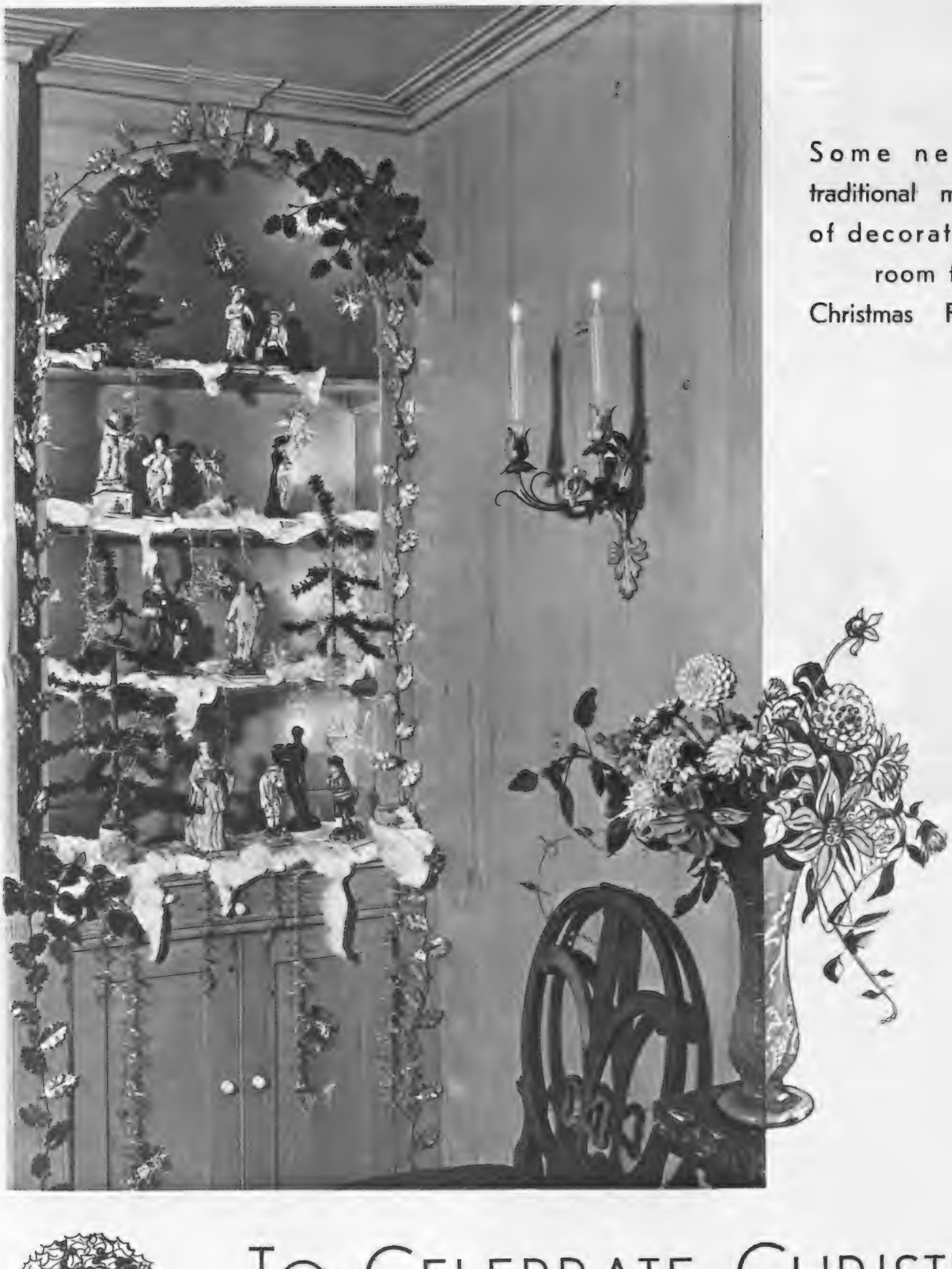
IN the Museum of San Martino at Naples, a huge Presepio of striking beauty is preserved, but consider, rather, the Stable within reach of all. Certain streets in Old

(*Continued on p.* 96)



From the private collection of F. Matania

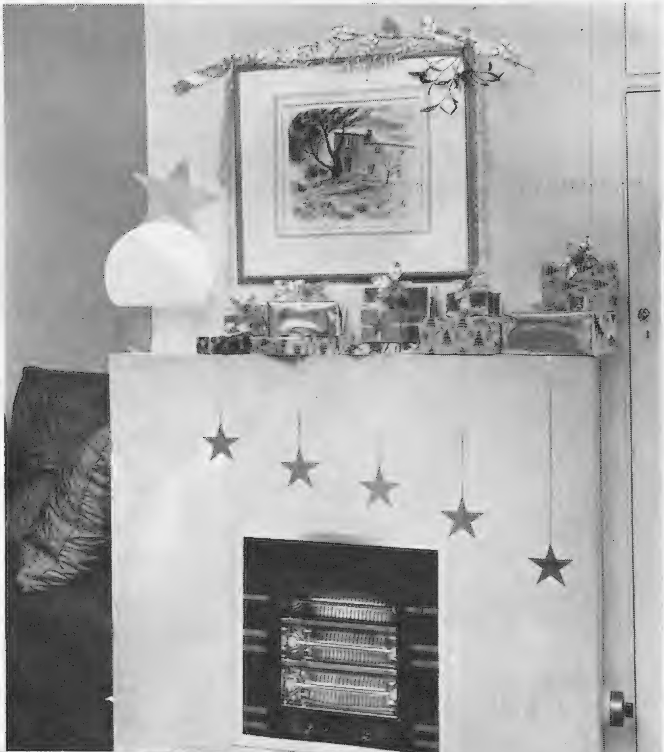
PASTORI OF NAPLES: Figurines which, deriving ultimately from the ancient festival of Sigillaria, are now used to celebrate the Neapolitan and Southern Italian Christmas



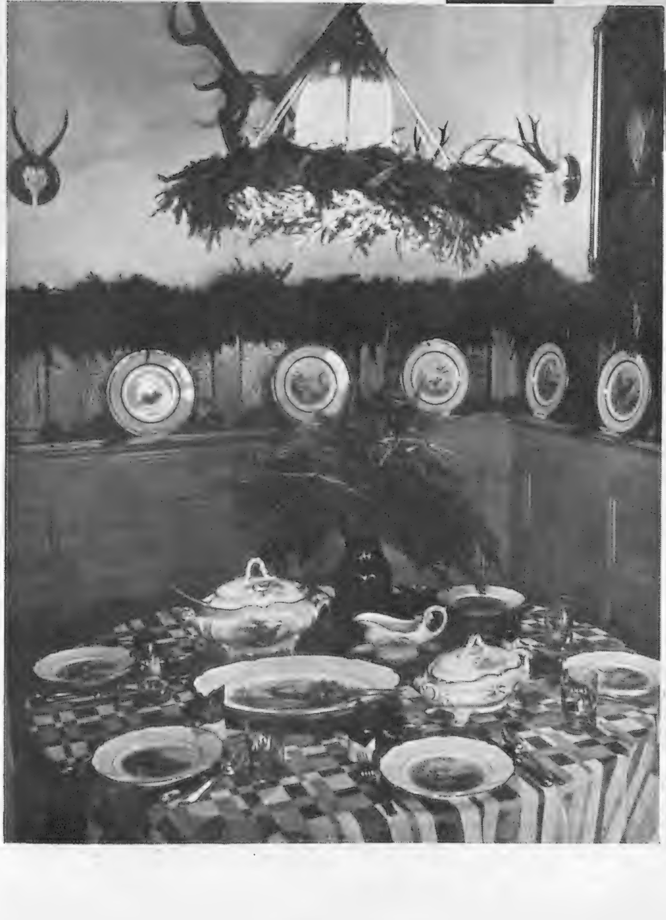
Some new and
traditional methods
of decorating the
room for
Christmas Festivities

TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

THE problem of adorning one's house in accordance both with the spirit of Christmas and the decoration of the room is becoming increasingly difficult, for how can one balance sprays of holly over pictures where there are no pictures? The massed paper streamers and heavy bunches of holly and mistletoe have given place to more imaginative, if more restrained, decorations. A charming substitute for a table laden with presents would be to stage the gifts in a niche, such as are to be found in a number of small houses. An exquisite example is shown above, where Mr. Alexis ffrench has arranged silver holly, cotton-wool sprinkled with silver snow and silver stars in a small niche lit by hidden lights. On Christmas morning the ornaments could be replaced by the presents (which should *not* be wrapped up), to each of which a card bearing the name of the intended recipient should be attached



A modern room which does not lend itself to the conventional Christmas type of decoration looks charming with silver and scarlet holly gleaming against its white walls. All the parcels are massed on the mantelpiece and are wrapped either in silver paper or scarlet patterned paper. Silver stars with the names painted on them have silver ribbons leading to the gifts destined for the different members of the family



For a country house decorations of fir branches are in keeping and bring a really old-fashioned air to even the newest rooms. Here branches are arranged around the walls and a wreath is hung by scarlet ribbons from the centre lamp, which is shaded with scarlet paper. Some more branches stand in a scarlet glass vase and the service is in white and gold china painted with gaily coloured birds

TAKE this business seriously and dispense hospitality in the old-fashioned way . . . a cup of steaming chocolate for the carol singers, for instance. Who knows but what its excellence may react upon the quality of the performance? Hot milk jug and china by Hamptons

An Old-fashioned CHRISTMAS

In which we take the opportunity means of staging a really appropri

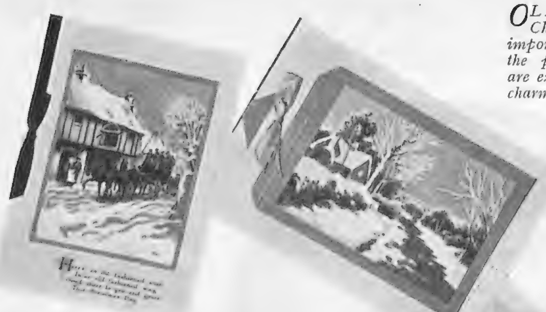
AFFAIRS, it seems to me, are shaping themselves into an excuse for a really old-fashioned Christmas. Even if the proposition were less attractive for its own sake there is the certainty that the immediate present demands some revival of the true spirit of Christmas and of the simple pleasures which surround it. Pretentiousness is certainly out of place in our rejoicing just now, and, in any case, what need is there to be grand to be gracious? Thoughtfulness for one's friends, good cheer and a little ingenuity in dispensing the traditional pleasures of the season are the main ingredients of an old-fashioned Christmas, and to be clever in entertaining is less important than to be kind.

From the point of view of organising it will help immensely in the ultimate comfort of the occasion to plan everything to the very smallest detail well ahead and, as far as possible, to lay in the necessary supplies. Last-minute flusters, so characteristic of Christmas, are avoided in this way and one finds time to devote to the subtler touches which add so substantially to the character of one's entertaining. Moreover, the fact that expenses are more equally distributed throughout the season is one to be reckoned with. Past experience has more than proved the economy of shopping well in advance for Christmas, since prices have a most regrettable tendency to rise in the last few days.

One is all too familiar with the Christmas hostess, poor thing, who flounders in a morass of belated preparations and figures at the party after a few days of concentrated frenzy rather more like the ghost at the feast than otherwise.

WEEKS before, if you are wise, you will plan the decorations upon which so much of the atmosphere of an old-fashioned Christmas depends. Take pencil and paper and, determinedly, work out an orderly scheme of decoration for each room, with lists of the things you will require to carry them out. In doing this you will achieve some sort of character in the decorative scheme and also avoid the familiar rush on the night before Christmas when the family, suddenly realising that the house has yet to be decorated, proceeds to perpetrate a nightmare of paper-chains which practically extinguish all subsequent proceedings.

Chinese lanterns (lacquered and weighted with damp salt for greater safety) are quaintly in keeping with the old-fashioned spirit of Christmas, while quantities of evergreen intelligently arranged have an unfailing appeal. At one home I visited small, brightly coloured tubs were set at suitable points about the house with laurels growing therein. On to the branches of this evergreen, coloured glass "baubles" had been tied, while the leaves, lightly smeared with vaseline and dusted with mica "snow," twinkled delightfully in the lantern light. Everywhere the house had been stripped of its usual ornaments and invaded by a company of convivial wooden people. Santa Claus and a supporting company of friendly but obscure creatures were in possession of the mantelshelf; a gawky clown occupied the coveted seclusion of the window seat with a fairy doll, while a host of decorative revellers straggled in wooden confusion across the piano top. Everything fragile in this house that exuberant spirits could possibly threaten



OLD-FASHIONED Christmas cards play an important rôle in creating the proper spirit. These are examples of traditional charm by **Raphael Tuck**

By Winifred Lewis

AND now a venerable recipe for punch: One pint of rum, a half pint of brandy and a wineglassful of **Cointreau***; one sliced orange and one lemon with the peel of both. Mix with three pints of boiling water, stir well, and sample generously*

Helen Macgregor

to suggest the
ate celebration

had been thoughtfully removed to some safe obscurity, and the result was comfort in the extreme.

PLANS for decorating completed, a programme of entertainment should be devised. Nobody will conform to it, of course, but the main thing is to be always prepared for the moment that flags. Mechanical games are a traditional stand-by and seem to exist in tremendous variety this season, while facilities for "dressing-up" are certain to add immensely to the conviviality of the gathering.

Quantities of crêpe paper can be adapted to all kinds of uses in this respect, while masks, wigs and amusing old clothes are an inspiration in themselves in the proper atmosphere.

If children are of the party the wise organiser will provide some special literature. This should be carefully reserved for the moment when a little relaxation from the more strenuous forms of entertaining is sought. Produced at the right moment, this will create a diversion and, better still, a most appreciable interval of quiet.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas productions are worthy of mention in this regard as certain favourites, having all the festive atmosphere of the season at a moderate price, which makes them quite practicable as souvenirs of the occasion. *Alice in Wonderland,* among others, appears in an appropriate binding with delightful illustrations and a special "Come-to-Life" panorama for the special delight of small people.

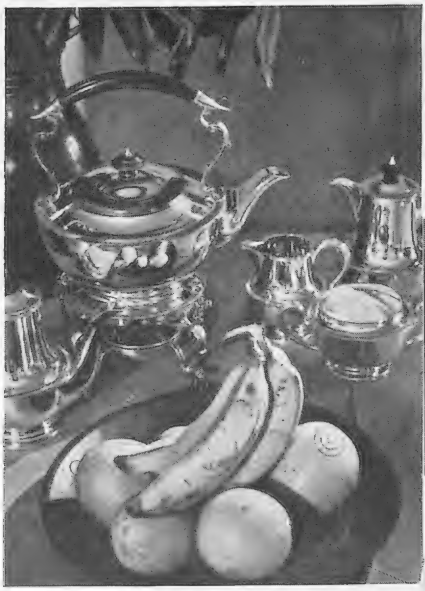
BEING not the very least part of the proceedings, the drinks take an appropriate place among suggestions for the occasion. **Schweppes' Ginger Wine** *and* **Haig's Whisky** *as a combination in equal quantities are excellent for the "one in between," while* **Heinz Stuffed Olives** *and* **Pearl Onions** *are the supreme accompaniment*

MODERN games adapt themselves perfectly to the spirit of the old-fashioned Christmas. This is a selection of the season's newest. Electric Speedway brings the dirt-track into your home, Babylon is a flutter for the old and young, while Zodia, on the left, will read your horoscope with discreet accuracy. **British Games Ltd.**

AN indispensable feature of Christmas hospitality is the running buffet, sparkling with colour and heavy with good things, which, besides acting as a useful offshoot of the main feast, offers the added convenience of regaling the casual visitor. Fruits and crackers, sparkling decanters and lustrous silver fulfill the decorative purpose of the buffet to perfection, while such traditional delicacies as pumpkin pie, mince and lemon cheese tarts, port wine jelly, preserved fruits and delicate savouries ensure its further success.

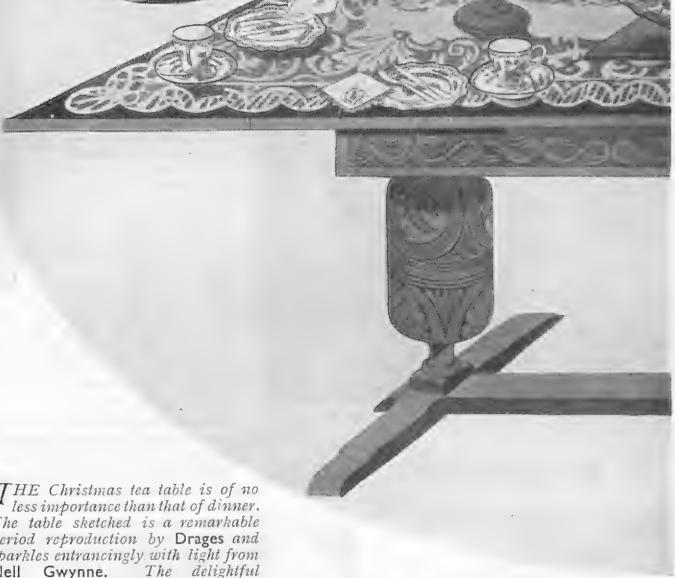
In older days the wassail bowl, steaming invitingly, awaited the frozen traveller who dropped in to bring good wishes, and the brew is still excellent enough to revive for its own sake as well as for the lesson in hospitality it conveys. To make it, mix a quart bottle of old ale with half the quantity of white wine. Heat the mixture and add a little brown sugar, together with a pinch of nutmeg. Float some roasted crab-apples in it and serve piping hot!

An Old-



A SILVER service of fine reproduction which somehow suggests itself for the Christmas tea table. This service, one of the fine productions of **Messrs. Drage,** *is an example of the plain style which preceded the more ornate Georgian and Victorian. Perfect fruit for the tea table is exemplified in the South African* **Three Ring Oranges** *and also in bananas by* **Elders and Fyffes**

A CHRISTMAS cake in the likeness of a giant snowball, generously decorated with holly. This cake was specially baked by **Messrs. J. Lyons** *for "Britannia and Eve"*



THE Christmas tea table is of no less importance than that of dinner. The table sketched is a remarkable period reproduction by **Drages** *and sparkles entrancingly with light from* **Nell Gwynne.** *The delightful galleon of* **Tom Smith's Crackers** *is splendidly in harmony with the scheme and brings the essential note of gaiety with its colouring*

Little need be said about the actual fare for the Christmas table—the schoolboy appetite which mainly prevails on these occasions being particularly easy to accommodate. The decoration of the table, however, is a different matter. Cheerful but simple table arrangements are most suitable, and, since effects must necessarily give way to food, colour alone should be relied upon for the most part. An all-over tablecloth of coloured damask seems appropriate for this season of substantial things. Small Christmas trees cut out from green baize cloth can be applied at intervals to the edge of the cloth for this one occasion, while a miniature tree, electrically lighted, together with coloured glass and china harmonising with the general scheme, will complete an appropriate effect. Gaiety should be the keynote at all times, but intricate table schemes are definitely out of place on an occasion when everything is subordinate to the food.

FRUIT is an unfailing means of decoration for the table, and at Christmas, particularly, carries into the general scheme a further suggestion of abundance. At this time of year one will be tempted to indulge the luxury of some rarer fruits, though some discrimination in the choice of familiar ones is equally to be desired. A good deal of indifference exists on the subject of quality in fruit and to a great number of people one banana is as good as another, while oranges are distinguished mainly by the extent of their sweetness or otherwise.

A professional discrimination is not, of course, to be expected, but the average purchaser would find the quality of the fruit she buys infinitely improved by sheltering, in her purchasing, behind the better known "brands." South African oranges, for instance, which are distinguished by the familiar Three Ring sign are an absolutely reliable choice, as, in buying bananas, one is certain of the finest fruit by asking for the Blue Label brand familiarised by Messrs. Elders and Fyffes.

But to return to the table and its decoration. Fruit, as I have said, can be relied upon exclusively if necessary for decorative purposes, and arranged in a glass bowl of harmonising colour makes a rich and delightful centrepiece for the Christmas dinner table.

SPEAKING of glass reminds me of some that I saw at the famous Lalique Glass Galleries just recently. These were some exquisitely moulded glass birds, destined to occupy positions of prominence at each corner of the table. Arranged thus, they would provide just the right note of restrained decoration for the traditional scheme of snowy damask and silver, particularly if used in conjunction with some of the exquisite glass service plates and finger bowls which are also the work of this famous designer.

The Christmas tea table offers perhaps even greater scope for the imagination in matters decorative. Candlelight, colourful china, fine lace and lustrous silver, as well as all the paraphernalia of gay crackers and gayer food, are at our command.

IN the sketch which appears on this page an appropriate setting is pictured for the Christmas tea. A delightful reproduction table has caught the spirit of the occasion with its fine lace covering. China of festive design and tall candles in ancient copper brackets carry on the tradition, while the *pièce de résistance* is a noble galleon which bears crackers to

Fashioned Christmas

(*Continued*)

the feast. Designed by Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers, the galleon in its original person flaunted the gayest combination of silver, red and blue. It is a worthy centrepiece and a welcome contributor to the liveliness of the occasion, since crackers are an indispensable item of the Christmas tea.

Various designs figure among the many delightful productions for which Tom Smith's Crackers are responsible this year. Baskets, brimming with colour and crackers, can be had for the table or for the additional decoration of the sideboard or buffet on the festive day, while boxes of crackers can be had in every imaginable variety of seasonable design.

Some originality in the food itself is likely to be as much appreciated as inspiration in presenting it. Christmas turkey, plum pudding and all the traditional delicacies of the occasion, though, in their excellence, requiring little assistance from other things, are often given the final touch of perfection by the subtle accompaniment. Unusual perhaps with turkey, but perfectly delicious and enhancing to its flavour, is banana stuffing, which the less conventional will, if they are wise, hasten to sample.

Using the largest bananas—Blue Label Brand—slice the fruit and mix with breadcrumbs. Add just sufficient stock to enable the two to "mix." Season and stuff the bird in the usual way.

Orange salad is also delicious served with turkey, though perhaps only the most venturesome will care to include two such unconventional items in the Christmas menu.

EVERY expedient to save work for the harassed caterer is worth considering at this particular season, and canned foods should not be scorned as inappropriate to the occasion. An excellent chicken soup, tinned by Heinz, might reasonably head the menu of the Christmas dinner with an agreeable minimum of trouble. In any case, roasting the bird and contriving the remaining delicacies are trouble enough, and one is grateful for one course which can be produced with such ease.

Pearl onions and stuffed olives—both excellent products of Messrs. Heinz—should be at hand during the festivities for serving with cocktails and other drinks. A great deal of effort can thus be saved by eliminating the making and baking of these savoury delicacies.

The further success of the occasion will, after one has ministered so lavishly to the "inner man," depend upon the ease with which the proceedings pass off and those smaller items of comfort which the hostess has thoughtfully contrived to include.

From the point of view of the guest, the comfortable bedroom, the interesting book and the interval of quiet are important comforts, and if these are forthcoming with the other festivities it will be a happy Christmas indeed.

CHIVERS
PEAS
HEINZ
CHICKEN SOUP

GAIETY invades the pudding basin above, which has a coloured design, and even the Chivers *jelly is contrived in festive colouring. Both the tinned articles are supremely worthy of a place at the board, and banana stuffing is a delicious accompaniment to turkey*

CHINA for the tea table in suitable colouring. Green and cheerful red upon a cream background is the ideal combination for the Christmas table. From Hamptons Ltd.

Suggestions *for the* Classic Feast

By A. H.

It is a very significant fact that nothing can really destroy the Christmas spirit. Whatever happens to trade, to finance, to international politics, English people are willing and anxious to forget all their troubles and enjoy the festive season.

It is, however, a little difficult for the housewife to think of something new for the Christmas dinner, and although nobody expects anything but the most traditional fare on this great occasion—it would almost amount to a crime to attempt a change in the menu—the modern hostess is always anxious to make her parties just a little different from other people's.

One would not, of course, interfere with the principal items of the dinner—the bird, the pudding, the mince pies; these must remain in the places they have held for centuries, but we could certainly take a little more trouble with the rest of the meal, trying to balance it carefully so that the main dishes stand out more than ever as symbols of the occasion.

In the old days the Englishman was ready to eat too much and risk the after-effects of his indiscretions at Christmas time, and his wife or the cook would cheerfully spend days of hard work in making all sorts of elaborate preparations. In modern times, however, not only are conditions changed, but also our appetites, and while still prepared to enjoy a certain amount of rich food, not only because of what it stands for, but because we happen to like it, we certainly care more for quality than quantity.

To please the modern taste, therefore, the meal should be reduced to a minimum number of courses, and the dishes which come before and after the bird and the pudding should be of a spicy and "un-rich" nature. In the accompanying menu the soup is a fish one; clear and well seasoned, it prepares the palate for the rich things to follow and does away with the necessity for a fish course.

A salad follows the bird and should be eaten by itself, for it is intended to stimulate the appetite again and lead up to the plum pudding; and the meal itself is finished with just a mouthful of a hot spicy savoury, after which we would almost feel ready to start again instead of wanting to go to sleep!

Clear Fish Soup

Take one whiting, a half a pound of cod and a few mussels. Clean and cut up the fish and put it in a large saucepan with the mussels, an onion, a carrot, a leek and the outside stalks of a head of celery cleaned and cut into small pieces. Add a good piece of butter or two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, salt, pepper and a heaped teaspoonful of curry powder. Fry all this together for five minutes and then add boiling water. If you are making soup for four people, add an extra portion of water to allow for evaporation. Simmer gently for one hour and pass the soup through a very fine strainer. Taste it to see that there is enough salt and pepper, and serve with tiny dice of bread fried very crisply in butter or bacon fat.

Menu for Christmas Dinner

Clear Fish Soup.

Roast Turkey.
Baked Potatoes.

Salade Lorette.

Plum Pudding.
Mince Pies.

Anchovies on Toast.

Salade Lorette

Clean and prepare some corn salad ("lamb's lettuce"), also a cooked beetroot and a head of celery, the two latter ingredients to be cut into dice or long thin slices. Put for each person a handful of corn salad, a tablespoonful of the prepared beetroot and the same quantity of celery into a salad bowl, mix well together and pour over a dressing made with one-third vinegar, two-thirds of olive oil, salt and pepper. Mix in the dressing thoroughly and serve on small plates. If corn salad is not available any green winter salad such as curly chicory or Belgian endive can be used. Watercress also would go well with beetroot and celery.

Anchovies on Toast

Take a tin or a bottle of fillets of anchovies in oil; chop them and pound them to a paste; add chopped parsley and put this mixture into a saucepan with a tiny piece of butter, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg pounded up, and pepper. Add a dash of Worcester sauce, make the mixture thoroughly hot, spread it on fingers of bread very crisply fried and serve as hot as possible.

For those who do not like anchovies, a good alternative can be made with mushrooms, soft roes and fried bread. Cook these separately; put the roes on the mushrooms, placing this on the bread. Red pepper should accompany this savoury.

and an *Informal* Party Buffet

THIS lovely embroidered tablecloth sets off the scarlet and mauve flowers arranged in a blue vase. It measures 54 in. square and together with six napkins to match costs £2/19/6. From Walpole Brothers

Adair

It is not suggested that in the accompanying supper menu all the items are necessary; the number of dishes and the amount of food would depend on the size and the nature of the party, so that one can choose a few of the things from each section.

On the other hand, if the party were a big one it would be just as economical to have a little of all of them, as none of the things are expensive and many of them are made from left-overs.

To begin with the *Canapés*. These are little pieces of toast or fried bread (or dry biscuits may be used) buttered and spread with a mixture of pounded sardines mixed with butter, pepper and a little of the oil from the tin, or shrimp paste, which can easily be made at home by shelling and pounding the shrimps and mixing them with melted butter, pepper and nutmeg; a good ready-made paste can be used if you have not time to spare, and the same remarks apply to anchovy paste. The *canapés* should be small, so that they can be eaten in two or three bites, and can be nicely arranged on dishes or large plates and decorated with pieces of tomato, chopped parsley, beetroot, etc.

Hot Clear Soup

It is a very good plan to have available a supply of hot soup, which can be served in cups to avoid the use of superfluous silver.

Cold Grilled Sausages

These are always a success at a party. They should be very crisply grilled or fried, and, if large, cut into small pieces. The best kind are really the small Italian Chipolata. Drain them well before arranging them on their dishes.

Turkey Stuffing Sandwiches

Make these by pounding any stuffing which is left over from whatever bird you have had; add a little butter and a dash of a spicy sauce. Mix to a smooth paste, and use brown bread for the sandwiches.

Ham Cream Sandwiches

Take a slice of cold ham, chop it finely and pound it with a fork. Add a little butter, Worcester sauce to taste, and bind the mixture with mayonnaise sauce or salad dressing. Add a few chopped olives, mix well together and spread between nicely trimmed pieces of fairly thick buttered toast.

Cold Turkey and Ham

If you have some remains of turkey, chicken or goose, these can be trimmed and cut into little cubes and put in a dish with cubes of ham. Have ready some small rolls of bread cut into halves, also some butter, and people can then help themselves.

Russian and Potato Salad

A bowl of each of these salads should be on the buffet. The former is made with already cooked cold vegetables cut into dice and seasoned with mayonnaise sauce. The potato salad can also be dressed in the same way, but for a change one can dress it with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, adding a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Cubes of Cheese

A few small dishes of cheese are useful; the best cheeses for this purpose are the hard ones, such as Cheddar, Cheshire or Gruyère, cut into small neat cubes.

Cheese Fingers

Take a stale brown loaf—for this purpose it must be the "tin" shape—cut off all the crusts and cut the loaf into slices about an eighth of an inch thick. Meanwhile prepare a mixture of Rocquefort cheese and butter in equal proportions, and mash them to a smooth paste. Spread the bread with the mixture, placing the slices on top of each other, and finishing with a dry slice. Press down firmly and cut down the other way with a very sharp knife. You will then have slices of layers looking like a pale chocolate layer cake. Cut these again into small fingers, and arrange on a dish.

Menu for an Informal Supper Buffet

Canapés:
Sardine Butter.
Shrimp Paste.
Anchovy Paste.

Hot Clear Soup.

Cold Grilled Sausages.
Sandwiches of Turkey Stuffing.
Sandwiches of Ham Cream.
Cold Turkey and Ham.
Russian Salad.
Potato Salad.

Cubes of Cheese.
Cheese Fingers.
Celery Cheese.

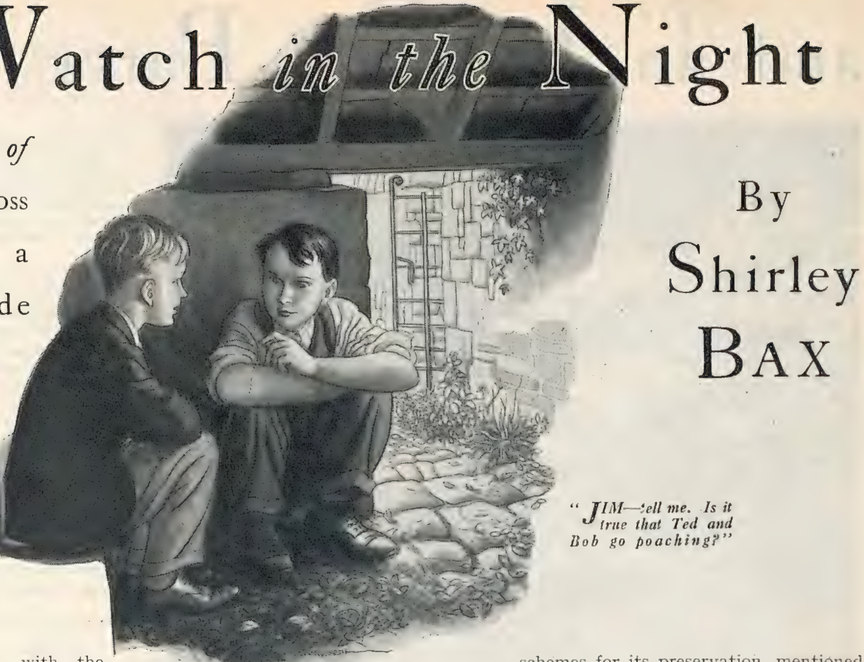
Sweet Biscuits, Pastries,
Cold Plum Pudding.
Salted Almonds. Olives.
Chocolates.

A Watch *in the* Night

How *the* Shadow *of* Drama *fell* across *the* end *of* a Boyish Escapade

By Shirley Bax

Illustrated by Illingworth



"*JIM—tell me. Is it true that Ted and Bob go poaching?*"

BREAKFAST time; with the slatey pencils of the February rain thrashing the Manor's window panes. Lady Adela, fluttering prettily behind the coffee cups, looked anxiously across the table at her thirteen-year-old nephew, and her air of flustered concern deepened.

"Darling—*don't* you think you'd better go *straight* back to bed and let Dr. Reid come and have a look at you?"

Blaise, heavy-eyed and unwontedly silent, shook his aching head.

"No, *really*, thank you, Auntie. I'm quite all right. *Truly* I am." He gulped a mouthful of coffee, ungratefully avoiding her eye. Lady Adela turned helplessly to the butler.

"*Such* a morning, Briggs! One thing on top of another! First that poor, poor girl—and now I'm *sure* Master Blaise is ill."

Blaise rose, apathetically. "I'm not, Auntie, honestly. I'll go back to bed if you like, but there's not the slightest reason to send for Dr. Reid. There's nothing the matter with me. I didn't sleep much last night—that's all." And, evading, with less than his usual grace, the sympathetic hand stretched to intercept him, he made for the door.

UPSTAIRS, snugly tucked in with a hot water bottle, he shut his eyes and listened to the cheerless drizzle of the rain against the glass. The clock on the mantelpiece, drearily detaching the seconds from Time and slipping them off into Eternity with a muffled click, showed that it was only half-past nine. Less than six hours since he last went to bed! And, at the thought, Blaise buried his head under the bed-clothes in a desperate effort to exclude alike the shaping fantasies of the night and the grey realities of the day.

Before his mind's eye the events of the past twenty-four hours paraded themselves in shadowed pantomime, already faded and unconvincing in the morning light. Snatching at any distraction, Blaise reviewed his birthday presents, mentally arranging them in order of acceptability. A pair of ferrets, buck and doe, with unmistakable prospects, from Higgins, the stable man . . . two volumes of Stevenson, *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, bound with severe masculinity in neat red leather, from Uncle Hugh . . . a set of gramophone records, the incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—providently angled for in advance—from Lady Adela . . . and finally, at the end of a more than creditable list including a range of donors from the Vicar to the kitchen-maid, a sovereign from Uncle Edward. This last, to be perfectly frank, had not been acquired without a little delicate jogging of Sir Edward's memory—an unobtrusive display of Blaise's other presents and the expression of a few discreet, suggestive aphorisms on the responsibility of attaining one's 'teens—but, to do Sir Edward justice, directly he grasped the implications of the situation he produced the sovereign with handsome promptitude, merely accompanying it with a suggestion that it should be "put by" towards the purchase of a cricket bat for next season. Blaise sniffed. Next season he would be at school—and, anyhow, a sovereign's chances of survival in his custody from February to May were remote to the point of being negligible. But . . . and here realisation, retarded but not evaded, forced itself back on to his reluctant consciousness . . . except for that sovereign, he would never, never, have embarked upon a stream of episodes so extraneous to the normal current of his life as to seem, from the comfortable security of his own bed, utterly beyond the bounds of credibility.

THE sovereign was presented at breakfast. Blaise thanked Sir Edward with his usual air of confident charm, and, forestalling any alternative schemes for its preservation, mentioned that it would come in very useful for the discharge of one or two pressing debts. There was, it seemed, a bill of one and fourpence-halfpenny outstanding for rabbit-food; the ferret commissariat would have to be provisioned; and a bi-annual subscription of ninepence was due to the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Then, having kissed his Aunt, he made his way to the kitchen. The Cook was rolling out pastry.

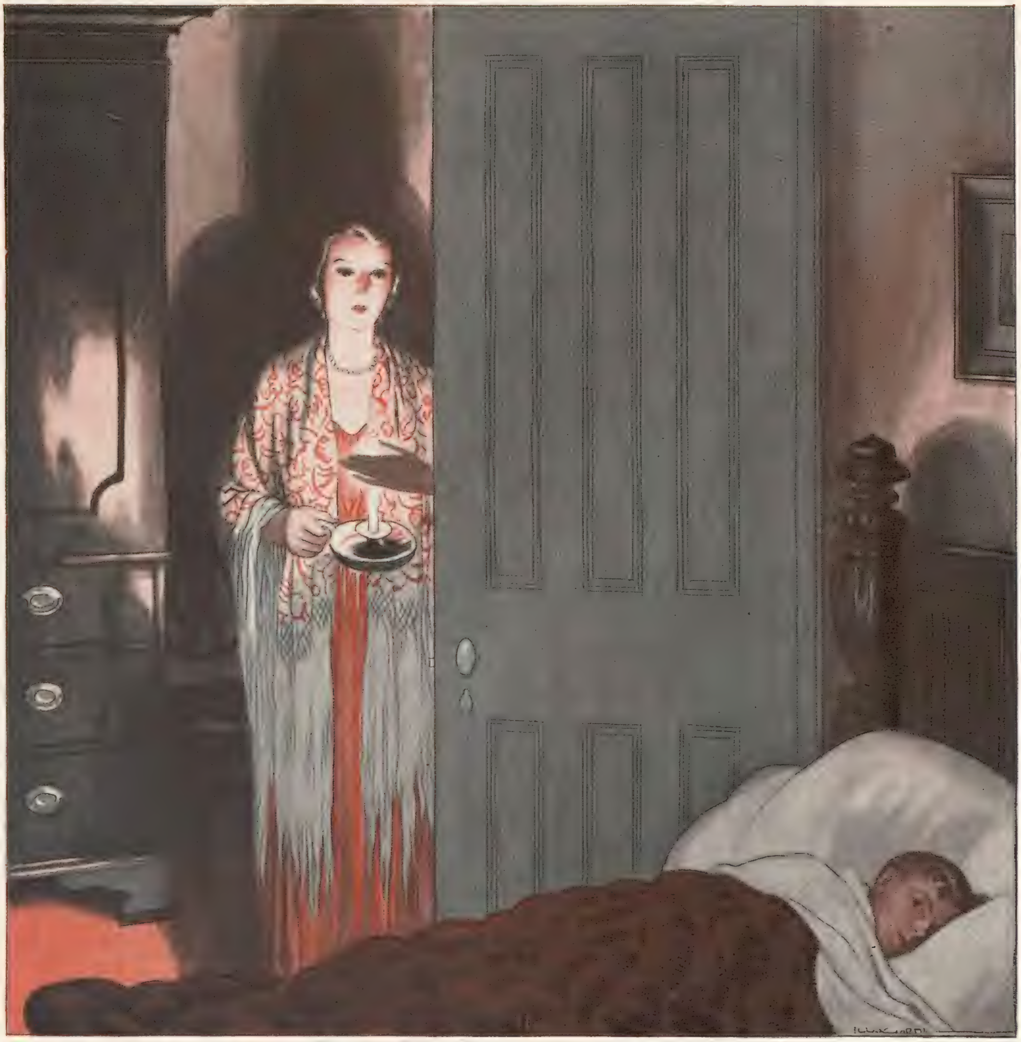
"Good morning, Mrs. Dyer. Thank you *so* much for the beautiful photograph frame. It was *just* what I needed. Did you collect the shells yourself?"

Mrs. Dyer admitted apologetically that though the frame came from Southend, where she had once spent a most enjoyable day with her brother Archie's second cousin Rose, she had not personally amassed the variegated shells which lent it such an air of tasteful distinction. An excursion by boat it had been, she said, all the way from London Bridge, and she hadn't been able to help herself but laugh at the number of people who had found themselves indisposed, though the water was that smooth you wouldn't of thought it could of upset a fly—but there, she added tolerantly, it was all how you were made. Some were like that and some weren't.

Blaise perched himself on the side of the table and obligingly licked the spoon which had ladled golden syrup into the treacle tart.

"And how's the baby trade, Mrs. Dyer?" This was an old joke between them, and it was Mrs. Dyer's honoured boast that, though she herself could lay claim to no connection with the infamous murderess, a great aunt of hers had once narrowly escaped dealing with that grisly lady in the way of business. Not on her own account, of course, Cook explained, for she had been an irreproachable spinster, but acting with the authority of a friend who unexpectedly found herself with a baby to dispose of.

"It was what you might call the



LADY ADELA crept in, shading the candle so that its beam should not fall on Blaise's face

Intervention of Providence—neither more nor less," announced Cook impressively. "She'd exchanged a couple of letters with the old lady, and then she went along to see her at her house—and a pleasant enough body she seemed to be, by all accounts. Well, I mean, my aunt was quite taken with her, and she wasn't by any means the sort of person who took to just anyone. Very particular, she was, and always kept herself to herself. Well, they sat down and had a glass of porter together, as friendly as could be, and she was just on the point of handing over the money, when, all of a sudden like, she heard a Voice. As plain as I'm talking to you she heard it. 'Clara Barnes,' it said, 'don't you have nothink to do with it.' Just like that! It was the Voice of Heaven, that's what it was, as events proved. Now, dearie—what do you fancy for your birthday dinner?"

Ten minutes solved this gastronomic problem, and Blaise set off down the lane to call on the Vicar. He found him closeted in his study with the Parish Worker, tut-tutting distressedly over the misdemeanors of his parishioners. It appeared that Miss Tump had very good reason to suspect two of them of poaching Sir Edward's preserves.

"Of course, Mr. Twistleton, one doesn't want to be suspicious, and I hope you know me too well to accuse me of saying *anything* against *anyone* without cause—but, as I always say, one can't help noticing things, and though she covered it up ever so quickly with her apron when I went in, there were some feathers on the floor, and I'm perfectly certain they were pheasants' feathers. Ted was in the room at the time, and he made an excuse to pick them up when he thought I wasn't looking. Well, after all, it does look bad, doesn't it, especially with both Bob and Ted being in the choir. In fact, as you know, Mr. Twistleton, Bob's our best tenor. But the Cardock's are all the same—one can't trust any of them."

"Oh, Miss Tump!" Blaise's tone was reproachful. "Jim Cardock's our stable boy, and my own particular friend. I'd trust him anywhere."

Miss Tump smiled. Blaise was a favourite of hers and often helped her to deliver the Parish Magazine on hot afternoons when even her ancillary piety was defeated by the area of her "district." Besides, a worldly streak in her got a certain kick out of the fact that Blaise was Heir, as she put it, to a Titled Baronet. Often, writing to her sister at Peckham, she would mention casually how charmingly natural he was—just like any ordinary boy, she always said.

"Well, dear—perhaps you're right. I dare say Jim *is* different, but then, you know, it's the exception that proves the rule. I often tell Jim he ought to be very grateful to Sir Edward for taking him in under Higgins directly he left school."

The Vicar duly thanked, Blaise doubled back to the Manor, entering by the stables.

"Hi! Jim!"

Jim appeared, carrying a bucket. He made a friendly grimace at Blaise, conveying by a sign, half wink, half frown, that Higgins was inside and could overhear anything that might be said. Blaise went in.

"Oh, Mr. Higgins—I simply can't thank you enough. I've wanted a pair of ferrets all my life. They're *too* beautiful."

Higgins grinned in gratified embarrassment.

"I can't make up my mind what to call them. What would *you* suggest, Mr. Higgins? I thought of Fish and Chips, and Gin and It, and Fortnum and Mason, and Sodom and Gomorrah. I want a really *good* name—you know, something you can get hold of."

Higgins considered. "What about Bath and Wells?" Blaise capered enthusiastically.

"The very thing! That'll sort of put them under the protection of the Church—won't it? Thank you ever so much, Mr. Higgins. I'll go and bed them down now." Then, with guile, "*Do* you think you could *possibly* spare Jim for five minutes to bring me down some hay? I'm going to put them in the guinea-pigs' old hutch."

TEN minutes later, keeping a wary eye lifted for spies, the two boys skirted the wall and went to ground in a disused pigsty.

"Jim—tell me. Is it true that Ted and Bob go poaching?"

Jim, though bound to Blaise by a thickly welded chain of shared escapades, hesitated.

"Promise you won't tell?"

Blaise drew himself up as far as his cramped quarters permitted.

"As if I should."

"Well, then—they're going out to-night after rabbits. I happen to know. Roper's away—his sister's ill." Roper was Sir Edward's keeper.

Blaise drew a deep breath.

"Listen to me, Jim—you've *got* to help me. It's something very important. You will, won't you?"

"Depends on what it is," said Jim cautiously.

"Well—you know it's my birthday? Oh, yes, of course you do—and, by the way, Jim, thank you *so* much for the lovely water pistol. It was just what I needed, and I thought we might go out together one evening and try it on the Confirmation Class as they come away from the Vicarage. It's quite dark by half-past four. Well, as I was saying, Uncle Edward's given me a sovereign, and I want you to nip down to your home in the dinner hour and tell Ted and Bob that if they'll take me with them to-night I'll give them ten shillings of it. They know I won't split. The other ten shillings," added Blaise magnificently, "I'll divide with you, if you arrange it for me."

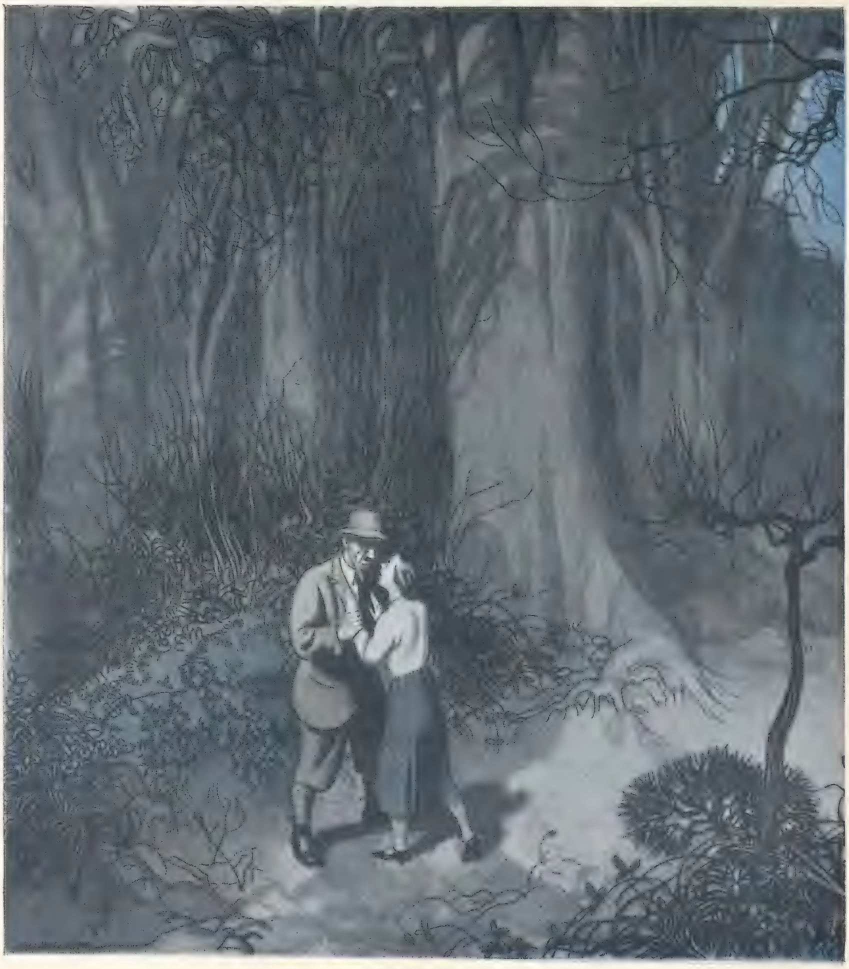
Jim's eyes widened. "But, for the Lord's sake, Blaise—whatever do you want to go after the rabbits for? They *belong* to your Uncle!"

"I know—that's just it. They'll be mine one day—they and their children's children—so I shan't feel that it's stealing. Be a sport, Jim—remember the time I let Higgins think it was me that lamed Starlight."

"You'll have to let me come along too."

"Of course—that'll be half the fun. You needn't worry about the provisions. I'll bring them. I can get pretty well anything to-day, being my birthday. Now, let's make plans. Where shall I meet you?"

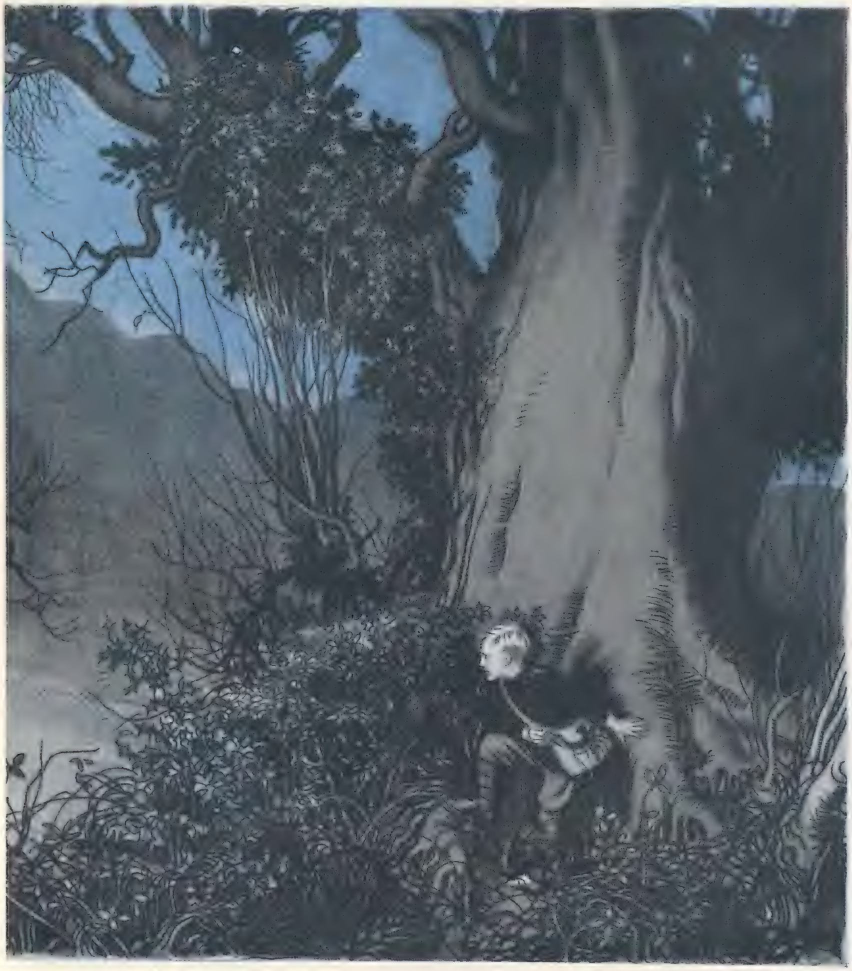
THAT evening, after a birthday Olympically rounded off with *Poulet en Casserole* and a *Bombe Glacée*, Blaise retired to bed at the unusually dissipated hour of ten o'clock with the liveliest of anticipations. Half an hour's dawdling in the bath, followed, in recognition of his assumption of the responsible 'teens, by three minutes' toothbrushing—with a complicated amalgamation of his own toothpaste with that of his uncle's—brought his tryst with Jim—fifteen minutes after midnight at the bottom of the lower Hanger—appreciably nearer; and Blaise lay wakefully in bed, listening to the tearing wind racking the old bones of the Manor and clattering the bare branches of the ash tree outside his window. Between the gusts, snatches of Chopin from the distant drawing room informed him that Lady Adela had not yet gone to bed, causing him anxiously to deplore the French streak in his aunt's blood which led to this keeping of cosmopolitan hours. Every light in the village, Blaise knew, would have been extinuished long ago. Suppose, he thought, his blood running cold at the suggestion, *suppose* she stayed up till after midnight! Jim had promised a maximum of ten minutes' grace. "Women!" grunted Blaise, tossing himself



"*BUT you can't throw me over now swear it." She clawed at his coat.*

impatiently to a less tumbled corner of the bed.

He felt for his watch and struck a contraband match. A quarter past eleven. Probably Sir Edward had lapsed into a fireside doze, and his wife, oblivious to time and tide, would go on regardlessly working her way through the classics into the small hours. It would be hopeless to attempt to slip out before Briggs had performed his nightly ritual of locking up and putting out. Blaise seethed with disapproval of the whole feminine sex. They oughtn't to learn music—they oughtn't to be educated at all—above all, they ought to be trained from childhood to go to bed at a decent, reasonable hour. The clock in the hall pinged half-past eleven.



If you do, I'll never go home alive, I Rogers gave a hunted look round him

A stealthy step outside the door heralded a crack of light on the wall and the appearance of a gigantically shadowed hand. Lady Adela crept in, shading the candle so that its beam should not fall on Blaise's face. He sighed loudly.

" Not asleep yet, darling ? " enquired his aunt, sympathetically.

" Not quite, Auntie dear," he replied, with conscientious understatement.

Lady Adela approached the bed, and Blaise, now secure in the knowledge of half an hour to spare, pulled her towards him.

" Stay a minute—do ! It *is* my birthday."

" Darling, you ought to be asleep. Besides, poor Uncle Edward will be waiting for me."

Blaise twisted the sapphire on her finger.

" You *do* look so beautiful, Auntie dear. You know, I can never *think* why you didn't marry a Prince or something."

" I don't know that a Prince ever asked me."

" Well," persisted Blaise, " perhaps not a Prince exactly, but somebody most frightfully rich and handsome. You *can't* expect me to believe," he added, gallantly, " that Uncle Edward was the only only person who ever proposed to you."

Lady Adela rose hastily. " You go to sleep, my *enfant terrible*, or you won't be fit for anything in the morning."

TEN minutes later Blaise slid noiselessly out of bed and opened the door. The stillness of years hung heavily over the old house, and, as he stood at the bottom of the stairs leading to the servants' quarters, the last flicker of light puffed into nothingness under Brigg's bedroom door. Two minutes more served for the donning of a disreputable pair of breeches, cached for just such an occasion as this, and a blue jersey twice rescued from Miss Tump's Jumble Sale. Then with his blue eyes dancing, his bright curls tousled into a mat worthy of Struwwelpeter, and with Bath and Wells in tight duress in an old fishing bag, he slipped out of the larder window, slithered inconspicuously round the shadowy borders of the lawn, and arrived at the wooded outskirts of the shrubbery.

In spite of the bluster of wind and clouds, the February night was soft, and a faint tang from the sea, ten miles south, gave promise of rain to come. Underfoot, the thick carpet of beech leaves rustled to his tread and the pale swathes of the snowdrops swept down the woodland rides in milky phalanxes half a mile long. The gusts whipped his curls and slapped his face into a warm glow. Suddenly grateful for their warm, living comfort, he drew Bath and Wells from their prison and cuddled them comfortingly under his chin as he penetrated further and further into the inky fastnesses of the trees. All at once both ferrets froze, and one gave a faint whicker. Blaise, arrested in his stride, caught his breath, scarcely knowing what unacknowledged alarm thumped his heart and sent the blood flying to his cheeks. To the right of him and well up wind, an enormous beech tree, hollow with age and weather, threw its netted protection of roots over a sandy bank. Blaise, his eyes by now attuned to the darkness, stood motionless as one of the bushes behind him, while a black, pig-like form glided tentatively from its hole and, after a second's silent reconnoitre, slid stealthily away into the shadows, lulled by the treacherous wind into a false sense of security. Blaise was not the only raider out that night. The badger, too, was abroad on his nocturnal occasions.

Standing under the compacted shade of an old holly tree, the boy leant back and gazed up through a rent in its density to where the battered moon rode clumsily upon a swell of ragged cloud. Fixing his consciousness with a deliberate effort of will, he tried, as he had so often tried before, to measure the immensity in which he and she alike were spinning—and, in a recurrent experience already familiar to him, Time and Space receded further and further from his perceptions, leaving him, an unidentified atom, on the verges of infinity. Then, with a plunge, he was back again in the wood, desperately anxious for the reassuring sound of human voices. He quickened his steps, broke into a run, and then stopped abruptly. He had missed his way.

For a minute he hesitated. It was a question whether it would be quicker to go back and look for the turning which he must have passed in the darkness, or whether there was any chance that by striking across country he might be able to converge on the Hangar from another angle. A cock pheasant exploded suddenly at his feet, causing Bath and Wells to nuzzle frantically in his jersey for protection. Then he remembered that if he went on a high, barbed-wire fence, barely negotiable by daylight, would intersect his line of approach. There was nothing for it but to retrace his steps. In a lull he heard the church clock, far away below, strike the half hour. Damn! Jim would have gone. Swearing heartily under his breath he bent to detach an adhesive bramble from his stocking. Then he spun round. He had heard a man's voice behind him.

A figure, palely limned against the glimmer of moonlight, came swinging up the ride towards him. Even before he recognised the forbidding features of Bert Rogers, some undefined instinct made the boy draw himself further into the shade. What was Rogers, Head Keeper to the neighbouring estate of Lord Tillingworth and the leading light of the local Baptist community, doing on Sir Edward's land, alone, and obviously out of breath from running, half an hour after midnight? Blaise's plot was not the only one afoot in the woods that night.

Rogers stopped and peered into the bushes.

" Lucy ! " he called, hoarsely. Then again, in tones barely subdued by caution, " Lucy ! "

There was a movement in the bushes, and Blaise narrowly repressed a sound as Lucy Riddle crept out. Blaise knew her well enough by sight, and maintained, moreover, a well-established feud with her father, whose biting Puritanism he found personally unsympathetic. It would certainly not be with the parental cognisance, he reflected, that Lucy would be abroad at this hour.

Lucy's face, ordinarily comely enough in a bucolic way, was now distorted with a mixture of tears and fright. Her heavy brown hair was tangled and disordered, and Blaise noticed that one of her front teeth was missing. Rogers grabbed her arm.

" You stupid little fool! What's the good of rushing off like that? You get yourself lost and there'll be more trouble. Now then—that's enough of that." He shook her roughly, as her sobs rose in a sharp crescendo. " You get along home."

" I can't, Bert—you know I can't. I daren't. You don't know what Father is—especially when he gets the drink and the religion into him. He'd kill me as soon as not. One day last week I thought he'd got hold of something. He began talking about you—asking all sorts of questions and throwing out hints. I managed to put him off—but I shan't be able to put him off much longer. *You* know that, Bert. You can't throw me over now. If you do, I swear I'll never go home alive. I swear it ! " She clawed at his coat.

Rogers gave a hunted look round him. Then he spoke in a different tone.

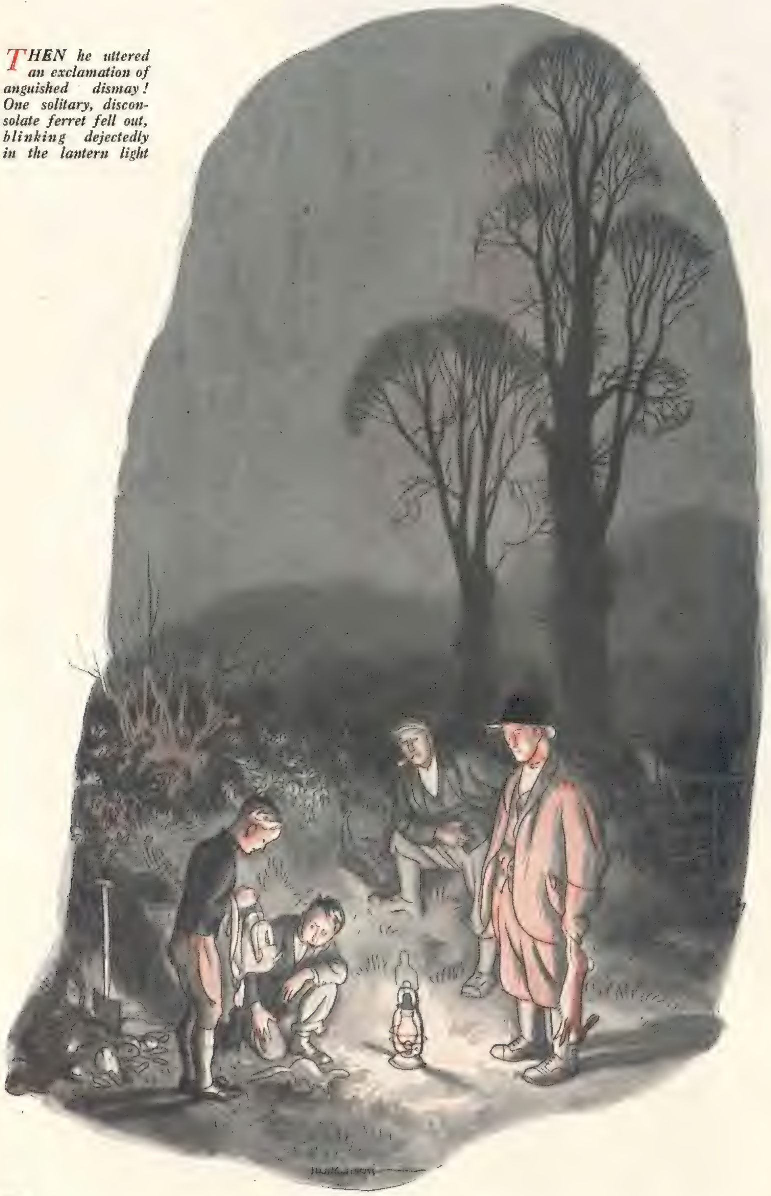
" Now, look here, my girl—you know as well as I do it's no good kicking up a scene like this. If I don't get back the old mare'll start a hullaballoo after me." Blaise recognised a not inapt soubriquet for Mrs. Rogers. " Then we shall be in a worse mess than we are already. Now—I'll tell you what. You get along home, and to-morrow we'll talk things over and see what we can fix up. I'll see you through. Don't you worry." His voice was persuasive.

" That's what you always say, Bert. Every time I ask you you say you'll do something—but you never do. And you don't mean to. I know that as well as you do—I'm not such a fool as you think. You'll just go on and on, putting me off till it's too late—and then where shall I be? Take me with you now—it doesn't matter where—I'll do anything you tell me. Only don't leave me, Bert. Let me come with you." She grovelled beside him.

The man looked round with a haunted expression. Then, without sign or warning, a vigorous push sent Lucy sprawling in the dewy bracken, and he dashed away through the undergrowth, regardless of whipping branches and tearing thorns.

As his footsteps died away in the distance Lucy sat up cautiously, her face half idiotic with grief and terror. Blaise slipped out.

" Lucy ! " he screamed. " Lucy, it's all right ! It's only me."



THEN he uttered an exclamation of anguished dismay! One solitary, disconsolate ferret fell out, blinking dejectedly in the lantern light

She peered at him in the darkness.

"Master Blaise! What on earth . . ."

"I came out with Jim, but I lost my way, and when I saw you and Rogers I hid."

"You saw Rogers!"

"Yes—but you needn't be afraid, Lucy. I won't tell anyone. I never do. But I think you'd better let me see you home."

For answer, Lucy hid her face in her hands and began to cry again, but quietly this time, as if with an effort at control. Blaise put out his hand timidly. "Poor Lucy! Don't cry." Then, with sudden fire, "I *always* hated Rogers."

She shook her head. "Rogers is all right. It's not his fault. But don't you fret yourself, my dear." For Blaise's voice had quavered. "You get along home now. It's beginning to rain." Sure enough, a few heavy drops pattered down between the twigs. Lucy stood up, clumsily knotting her hair. "You don't want to get wet."

"Aren't you coming?"

"Not your way. But don't you worry. I'll be all right."

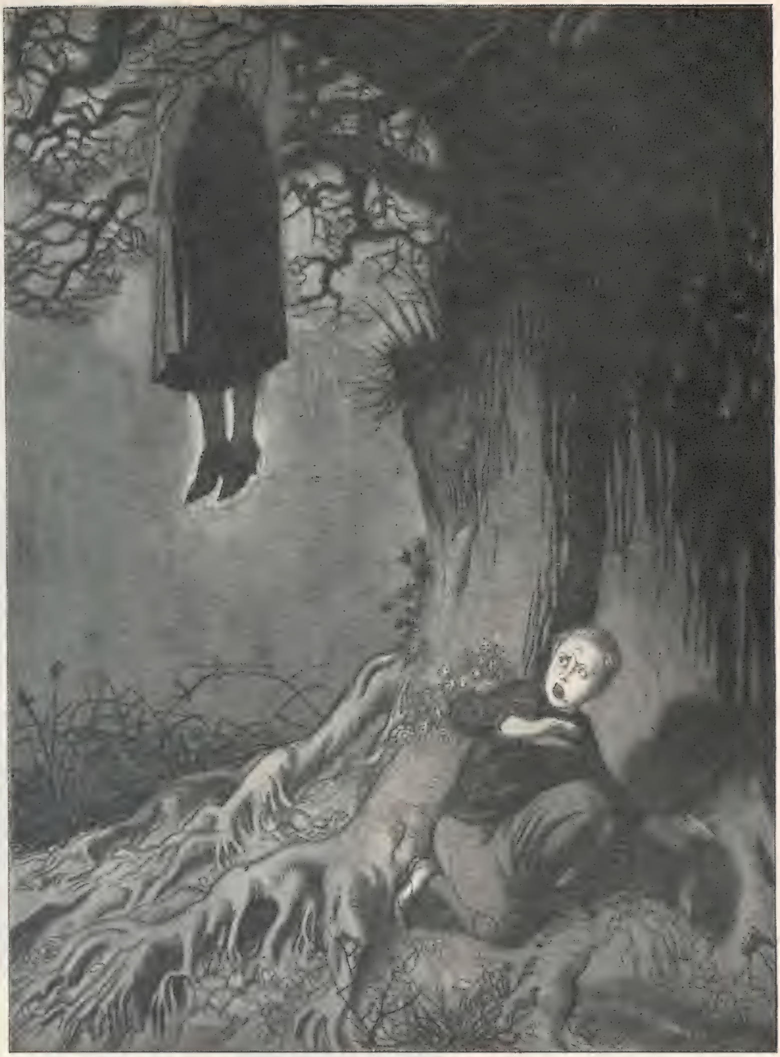
"Truly?"

"Truly." He turned. She called him back. "Don't forget, you promise you won't never tell anybody you saw me here, not whatever happens."

"Of course not—I've said I won't."

"That's all right then. Good night."

"Good night."



THEN he jerked back his head, and his shriek, echoing through the silence of the wood, resolved itself into a flap of wings and a scurry of feet as it roused every bird and beast within earshot

WITHOUT looking back he set off at a brisk trot, the ferrets bumping protestingly in their satchel. Before long he found himself in a wide clearing. He recognised the giant oak standing in the middle. It was a frequent rendezvous for Jim and himself, and many an unlawful project had been conceived under its venerable shade. Blaise stood on tiptoe and slipped his hand into a hollow just within his reach. Yes! There they were—the reassuring items of a hoard amassed against exactly some such emergency as the present. He drew them out lovingly. A box of matches, unfortunately sodden with damp; a couple of antique candle ends; a map; a ball of string; an incredibly blunt knife; and lastly, in case of famine, two large dog biscuits, wrapped in an obsolete sponge bag and smelling pungently waterproof. Stretching to his utmost he explored the further recesses of the cavity. There should be . . . yes, there *was* . . . a bottle of ginger beer. He withdrew it eagerly. A suspicious lightness increased his thirst to the point of torture, even before his fears received ocular confirmation. It was empty!

"Thieves," he said. "Well, I'm damned!"

Sitting on the trunk of a fallen birch he remembered thankfully that his provisions included an orange. Two oranges, in fact—one for himself and one for Jim. He opened the pocket of his satchel and extracted two cold sausages, a slab of chocolate, a piece of gingerbread, a large lump of mouse-trap cheese, and half a dozen jam tarts in the last stages of disintegration. "From now onwards, my hearties," he announced aloud, "the rations of each man aboard this ship will be reduced to half a pint of water and one small biscuit *per diem* until we strike land or Davy Jones's locker. Shiver my timbers. Selah." He attacked the sausages, looking about him with interest. The wind had dropped and the moon was sinking to the watery horizon. The rain still held off. Thanks to the mild weather, the primroses already showed bunchy green rosettes above the leafy carpet. He poked his finger into the earthy depths of the plant nearest to him to feel the furry flower buds pushing their way up towards the spring. A sharp whistle on a three note fall brought him to attention.

"Jim!" Jim flopped, panting, beside him. "Did *you* drink the ginger beer?"

"Yes. When you never turned up I came along here. I thought perhaps you'd got caught getting out or something."

"No—I got lost, and then I . . . was delayed. Where are the others?"

"Gone on over. They couldn't wait. I say, Blaise—that Rogers has been on the prowl. Must have got wind of something. Not that it's his Nosey Parker business what goes on here, anyhow. Have you got anything to eat?"

Blaise rootled apologetically in the ruins of the greaseproof paper. "Not very much, I'm afraid. You see, I didn't expect you'd be coming now. There's some chocolate."

Stretched face downwards, Jim munched ruminatively. "I say, Blaise—you know that Lucy Riddle?" Blaise started. "They say Rogers has got her into trouble. She's cleared out. Her old masterpiece of a father came round to our place last night, carrying on like a lunatic. Said he'd thrash the life out of her if he ever set eyes on (*Continued on page* 96)

Big Business—No. 11

Concluding *a* Series *of the* Romance *of* Great Enterprises and *the* Men *behind* them

THE modern woman has been credited with the accomplishment of many social miracles since she won her freedom during the war; but the story of how she has kept the over-taxed cigarette manufacturer immensely rich seems to have been omitted from the usual list of her achievements.

Twenty years ago the feminine smoker was a negligible factor in the tobacco market. Mr. Charles Garvice, and novelists of the same highly coloured class, had established a tradition that only wicked women smoked cigarettes. And was it not only twelve years before that Queen Victoria's ban at Buckingham Palace had resulted in the clandestine spectacle of visiting Monarchs and dignitaries lying on their backs on the floor of their bedroom with their heads in the grate?

All that might have occurred a hundred years ago, so distant does it seem. To-day, with typists and shopgirls each with their packet of cigarettes, it has been possible for the manufacturing companies to survive, and prosper, even after a tax which takes 3d. from every sixpenny packet sold.

In considering the miracle of the Imperial Tobacco Co. this figure must be particularly stressed. Out of every sixpennyworth sold the company only receives one penny—for its tobacco and its often elaborate box! Threepence goes to the Exchequer, and twopence to the wholesale and retail distributor.

What is the Imperial Tobacco Co.? Well, roughly, it is Players, and Wills, and Ogdens, and Three Nuns, and Churchman's, and Lambert and Butlers, and so on, to the tune of about £42,000,000 capital.

It was born in 1901, during the height of a battle-royal between the invading American hosts and the disorganised English manufacturers. After all, the United States grew the best tobacco in the world; why should she not also sell it to the world? It seemed a logical development to Mr. J. B. Duke, the American tobacco magnate. He plunged into the fray, and would have had the British Isles market in his hand had it not been for the sudden alliance between the old-established Bristol firm of W. D. and H. O. Wills and the Nottingham firm of John Player and Sons, together with a baker's dozen of other independent British companies.

A truce was reached, and the British-American Tobacco Co. formed by the two warring parties to handle the export business of Imperial Tobacco outside Great Britain and the United States.

Tobacco was largely smoked in pipes in 1901—and by men! The leaf that they smoked came from the font-head in Virginia, from which the first dried specimens had been brought to—not, incidentally, by—Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom a schoolboy once wrote that he exclaimed, at his first historic smoke, "We have this day, Master Ridley, lit such a candle in England as, by God's grace, will never be put out."

Cigarettes were expensive because of the manual labour required in making them. Moreover, they were not filled with Virginia tobacco, but of leaf from what was then the Turkish peninsula, and is to-day Greece and Jugo-Slavia. They seem to have made their first appearance in this country at the time of the Crimean War, probably having been

IN the Players factory at Nottingham. Trays of cigarettes just out of the machine being transported to the packing room

Im

LORD DULVERTON, Chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd.

THE modern woman can be credited with keeping the cigarette manufacturer rich, in spite of the high tax on tobacco

By Gordon Beckles

perial Tobacco

brought back by officers from Constantinople.

SUCH was the situation when Imperial Tobacco set out with a £12,000,000 capital to conquer its markets. Like the Cadburys—whose story was told in a previous article in this series—the factor of attractive wrapping played an important part. Turkish cigarettes had been sold by the ounce in bulk. It was quickly seen that an attractive box helped to standardise the brands and could also claim to preserve the contents in a fresh state. This process has gone on for thirty years, until to-day we have the pampered cigarette, which not only has its "card," but is wrapped in so many coverings that it is often a minute's work to reach the cigarette through the barrage of waxed paper and tinfoil.

Coincident with this development in the art of salesmanship came a concerted effort towards maintaining the sources of supply free from foreign control. The middleman who is not also a producer of raw material stands in a risky position. Imperial Tobacco began to expand its buying side, until to-day it has 35 factories abroad engaged in handling the raw leaf. These factories are largely concentrated around the head office in Richmond, Virginia. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that most of the cigarette tobacco does not actually come from the State of Virginia, but from the neighbouring North and South Carolina. Kentucky grows a great deal of the full-flavoured smoking tobaccos.

The company also began to expand in other parts of the world. It experimented in Syrian tobacco, it developed the Canadian leaf, and has put great faith in tobacco from Nyasaland and Rhodesia. The growth of Empire tobacco has, indeed, been very considerable. Three years ago the import from Imperial sources into Great Britain was forty-three million pounds as compared with 171,000,000 pounds from the United States; and it has been growing steadily ever since. Experts say that some years must still elapse before the particular sweetness and flavour of the Virginian plant can be imitated. Tobacco, like wine, is a commodity that depends upon good breeding for its excellence.

IT is difficult to put a finger on any one man dominantly responsible for the growth of the Imperial Tobacco Co., quite as difficult as apportioning the praise (or blame) for the success (or failure) of the Five Year Plan in Russia, a country run by a council of seventeen. The present head of the firm is a member of the Wills family, Lord Dulverton, and all the various companies—each one of which pursues a speciality product—have been represented on the board. It has been essentially a concern run on careful financial lines. To-day it has a cash reserve of over fourteen million pounds.

Yet, successful as it was before the war, no member of the board would have dreamed of the strides that it would have made in the post-war decade. The duty on imported tobacco was then 3s. 8d. a pound; that it would ever have leaped into the neighbourhood of nine shillings can never have occurred to the directors save as a fantastic nightmare.

THE war came, and with it a sudden demand for cigarettes. Men who had never been tobacco smokers before found solace in the hastily snatched "fag." Millions of cigarettes found their way to the front lines.

By 1917 the women workers had begun to succumb to the habit, and the sight of a woman smoking a cigarette in the street was no longer a cause for wonder. In 1914 the amount of tobacco—of all sorts, including snuff—was ninety-nine million pounds, or 2·2 pounds per head. By the time the Armistice had been reached, this figure had leaped, despite the difficulties presented by disorganised transportation of raw material, to 123 million pounds, or 3·1 pounds per head.

Even the optimists of the tobacco world realised that this was scarcely a natural jump, and that the future of the newly acquired taste for smoking was doubtful.

The future—as (*Continued on page* 108)

THE Old Bailey was not crowded on the second day of Queenie Grey's trial for the murder of her husband. Other more spectacular cases had satiated the British public's half-sentimental, half-sadistical lust for this sort of sensation. Queenie was in no way a celebrated person, and although it had been alleged that her husband had once been a film star, no one had ever heard of him.

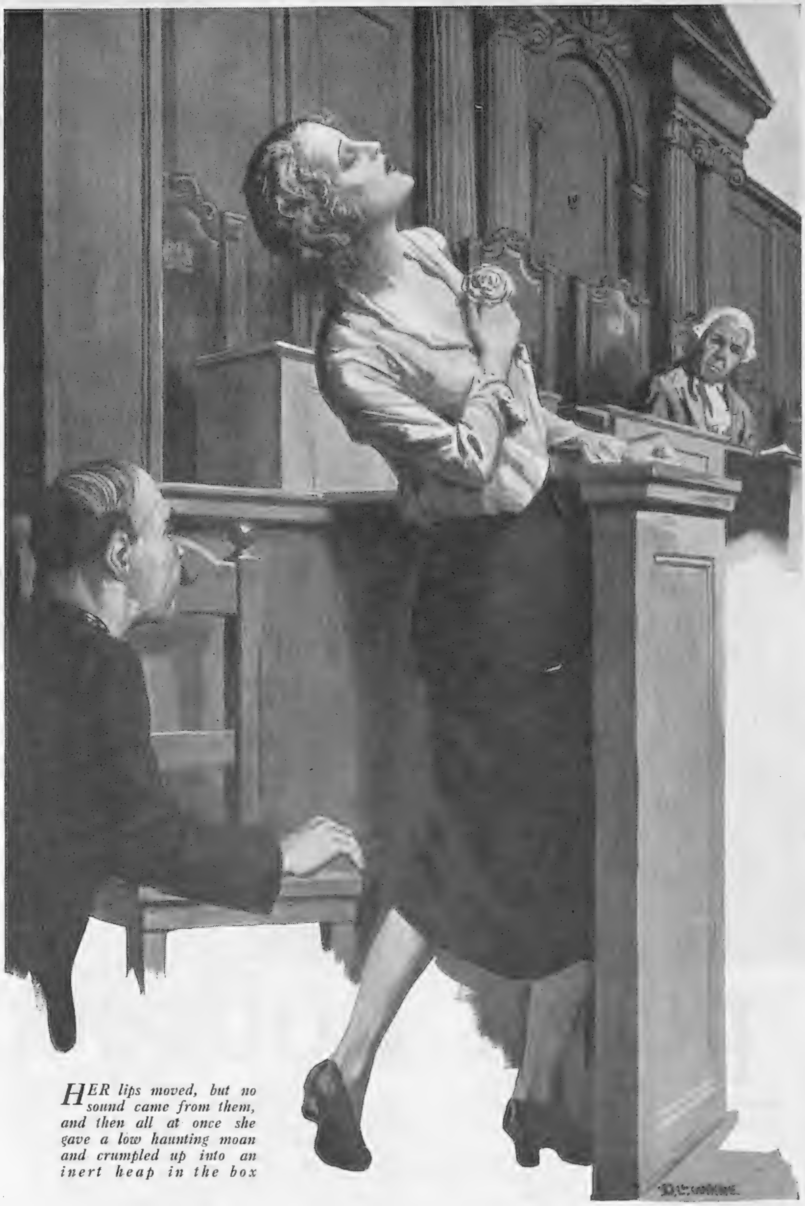
Besides, it was a very warm day, and the Old Bailey is a long way from being the coolest place in London in the middle of August.

Roger Verny, a popular young novelist with a rising reputation for the rather highbrow type of crime story, sat almost alone in the Public Gallery.

He noticed a queer slanting streak of sunshine pick out the gold in the tousled, matted hair of the prisoner at the bar, and wondered just what she was and why she had come to this.

Almost condescendingly that sunbeam rested upon her for quite a quarter of an hour, and then, as though repentant of the merciful gesture, it seemed all at once only to show up the devastating poverty—no, that was too kind a word—the slatternliness of the girl's appearance. That bright green, grease-stained satin blouse, so rent across the front that she had to hold it with her hand; the bedraggled skirt of some dull black silk material; her clumsy brown leather shoes, which somehow did not go with the patrician slenderness of her stockingless ankles.

From his seat Roger had full view of her profile. It was a strange face—the face of a child who had in some manner been cheated of the tender period of awakening womanhood. It was as though by some scurvy trick of fate she had been thrust from her nursery right into a brothel. Yes, reflected Roger, that's what she looks like—half nursery, half brothel. He liked the simile and made a note of it to use in his next novel.



HER lips moved, but no sound came from them, and then all at once she gave a low haunting moan and crumpled up into an inert heap in the box

Examining her more carefully, he observed that she was holding a pink rose in one hand—a fully blown flower of the more old-fashioned category—and he knew a sense of warmth that someone had had the humanity to present her with a rose. "For luck," possibly; well, with Mr. Justice Lane judging and Sir Vernon Vexton appearing for the prosecution, by gad, she needed it!

His interest quickening as he watched her strange, sullen face, he sought in his memory for what he knew about her case.

The papers had not made a big story of it. Why should they? After all, there was nothing so very unusual in this type of young woman killing her husband, in a storm of drunken frenzy, by hitting him on the head with an empty beer bottle. A bit sordid, perhaps, but not in any sense spectacular. This kind of thing was an everyday occurrence in Marseilles and the poorer parts of Paris.

There was only one aspect about it which had intrigued Roger to the extent of tearing him away from his restful flat overlooking the river at Hammersmith on a grilling hot day to the nervy stuffiness of the Old Bailey.

Naturally, the judge and his jury, counsel for the prosecution and counsel for the defence were there to prove or disprove one fact.

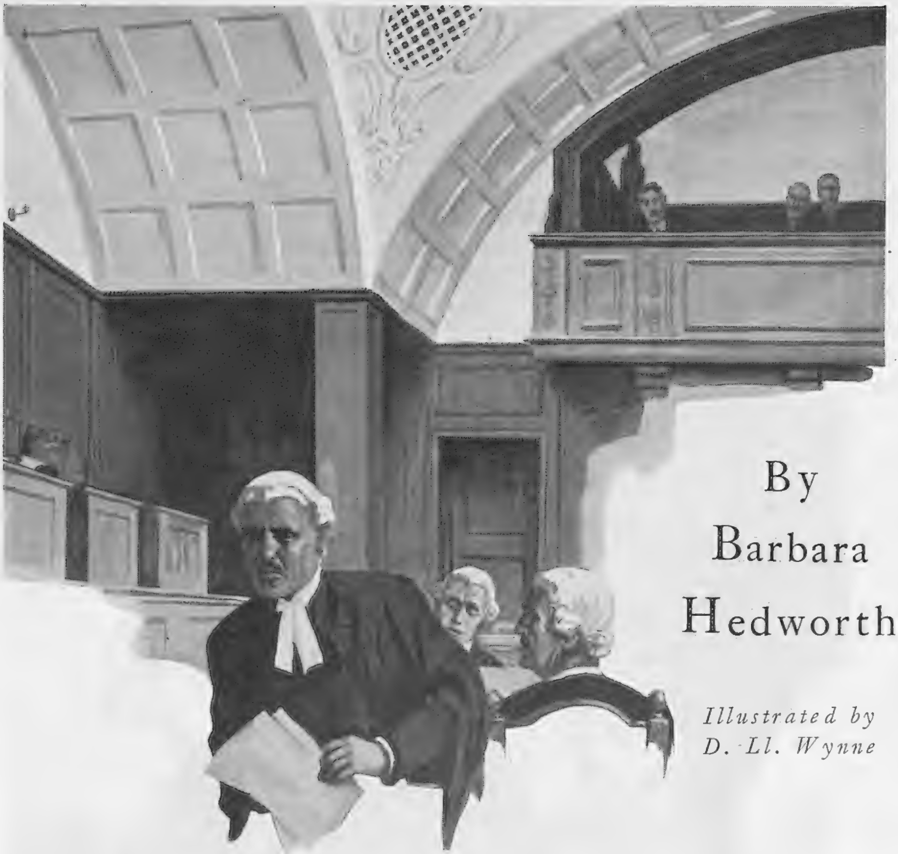
Had Queenie Grey intended to kill her husband? Would the verdict be wilful murder or manslaughter?

No one, according to the reports, had been able to discover the girl's intentions. And, what was more, it was this which had brought Roger Verny to Newgate Street to-day. The girl herself was vaguer than anybody about what had actually happened.

When the leading question was put to her, not once, but several times, "Did you hit your husband with the intention of killing him?" she answered always in the same diffident, puzzled, lifeless tone of voice, "I don't know."

To-day, her nerves strained after a whole day in court, she replied to it with sudden exasperation: "I've told you—*I don't know.* I was tight."

ROGER was stirred by the quality of her voice. The voice of a lady it



By Barbara Hedworth

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne

A Gay Pink Rose

The Drama *of a* Butterfly *on the* Wheel *at* the Old Bailey

was, even though she was on the verge of losing her temper—a voice which somehow belied her slovenly appearance, and went, in a queer sense, more with the light-hearted majesty of the rose she was carrying.

He thought, a trifle whimsically, she might be the Du Barry after the fall of the Bourbons. She's frightened to death, but she's terribly game.

There was a certain sad splendour about her, an inborn fastidiousness despite her matted hair and torn blouse. Her eyes, burning like two dark smouldering fires in her small pinched face, were the eyes of a young girl steeped in some tragedy she did not understand; yet her mouth, large and badly painted, was a vicious mouth—the ordinary cheaply voluptuous mouth of a woman who has set a price on her body.

Then, again, Roger could not make up his mind how her ordeal was affecting her. At one moment her sagging, listless attitude suggested a weary indifference towards life, and the next she'd be standing erect, in a fighting position, her eagerness to live subconsciously tautening her wasted body.

"You have admitted that you and your husband were not on good terms?" The judge put the question.

"I admitted that we quarrelled a lot, m'Lord."

Roger smiled. He understood the subtle difference, though the counsel for the prosecution leaped to his feet, demanding that the accused should give straightforward answers to straightforward questions.

"And you did not intend to kill him. Think, Mrs. Grey. You loved your husband dearly once. I suggest that you loved him until his death. But he made you angry. Owing to lack of food, you were unduly affected by alcohol, you lost your temper, and because you were not in full possession of your faculties——"

Counsel for the defence was smiling paternally at his client. Putting the words into her mouth which might have saved her from the gallows, but she ungraciously ignored his assistance.

"I don't know, I keep telling you. I don't know. I was tight." She spoke in the toneless voice of resigned apathy now. Yet her eyes, those young, tragic eyes, seemed to be searching for something. Eagerly they scanned the court. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them, and then all at once she gave a low haunting moan and crumpled up into an inert heap in the box. The judge frowned in her direction as though she had deliberately planned this interruption, and adjourned the court for lunch.

OUTSIDE in the cold grey stone passage Roger ran into his friend Lord Arthur Iffingley. They greeted each other a little shamefacedly:

"Good God, Roger! what are you doing here?"

"'Copy,'" lied Roger. "But what about you? I never suspected you of sordid tastes."

"Quite rightly."

Lord Arthur shivered as though he had been touched with a finger of ice.

"Then why," persisted Roger, "are you wasting a perfectly good summer's day, my dear Arthur?"

He was not really curious, but that girl and her unexpected collapse had produced a queerly depressing effect on him, and he was hoping that Arthur Iffingley would suggest their lunching together.

Before meeting Arthur Roger had almost decided to go back to the flat, although his inner consciousness warned him that he would not fulfil this instinctive cowardly urge. No, that girl—how he wished he could toss her carelessly aside in his mind as one of those unfortunate women, a woman who hadn't been very lucky !—was going to hold him spiritually at her side until the end. She had fired his imagination—whetted his curiosity. Who, for instance, had given a flower—a lovely old world rose—to this woman of the streets ? Would she allow her life—the poor draggled remains of it—to be taken from her without putting up a fight ? Or had she already decreed in her own mind that it wasn't worth while—even though she had betrayed every now and again how dearly she still clung to it ? Would she maintain until the end that she " didn't know " ?

Voicing his thoughts aloud, he said irritably to Lord Arthur : " She's too young to die—that girl."

Then he noticed how grey and strained was his friend's usually imperturbable handsome countenance. His eyes were haggard as though he had been sleeping badly.

" If you can lunch with me "—Lord Arthur spoke with suppressed tensity—" I'll give you the best 'copy' you've ever had in your blatantly successful career, and I shan't be betraying confidences, because two of the chief characters are dead, the third soon will be, and as for the others"—he shrugged his shoulders—" it doesn't matter. I'm going to tell you the story of that girl."

Roger replied warmly : " I should like to hear it."

Then, remembering those haunting, tragic eyes, he added : " But I don't think I'd care to use it."

A quarter of an hour later the two men were sitting in the most secluded corner of a restaurant near by.

Arthur Iffingley was discussing the political situation and asked Roger what he thought about Russia. For a time the latter suspected that his friend had regretted his first impulse to tell what he knew of Queenie Grey. He wasn't altogether surprised. He knew Arthur Iffingley fairly well. A remote, reserved sort of chap. Might be any age from thirty to forty-five. Outwardly conventional and almost dourly unemotional according to his caste. Played a good game of bridge, hunted and attended all the important social functions. Oh, yes, Roger had summed him up some while ago, a trifle contemptuously, as a very ordinary chap, " dear old Arthur."

There was only one thing which puzzled him, when he bothered to think about it, and that was Arthur Iffingley's celibacy. It seemed almost incredible that a man of his position, wealth and good looks should not have been ensnared by some enterprising mamma or an ambitious revue actress. Especially as Arthur had so obviously the makings of an ideal husband. And he was frequently heard to say how fond he was of small children.

The waiter had cleared the table of plates and breadcrumbs and had brought coffee and liqueur brandies before Lord Arthur reopened the subject of Queenie Grey.

Sipping his brandy, he asked of Roger : " I suppose you know who she really is ? "

" Who ? "

They had been discussing the merits of Mr. Cochran's latest discovery, and Roger did not know whether Arthur was referring to her or to the girl on trial for her life.

" Queenie Grey, of course."

Lord Arthur spoke impatiently. " Not that Queenie is any more her name than it's mine. That girl, the poor drink-sodden, frowsy creature, was Sheila de Guerdon, granddaughter of Margaretta, Duchess of Waye."

Roger drew in his breath. For a second he knew a sense of snobbish elation in that he had recognised the voice and ankles of the aristocrat. Frightened that Arthur might still decide to withhold the story, he recalled aloud :

" She died a year ago, didn't she, the old Duchess ? "

" Yes."

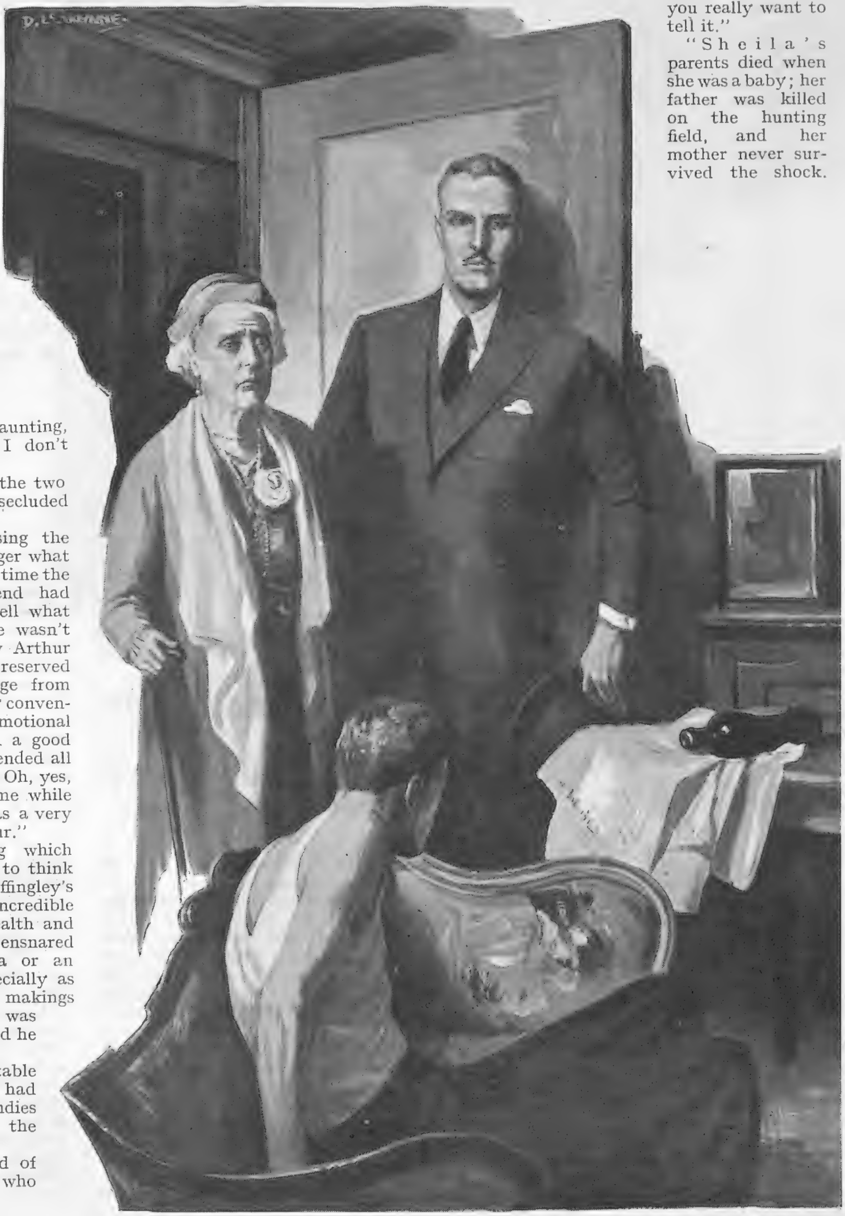
A SHADOW passed over Lord Arthur's tired features—a spasm almost as if he were suffering acute physical pain. He drank more brandy and lit a cigar. Roger had an idea that he was making a very stern effort to control his emotions : that one part of him, the one which was suffering so intensely, was anxious to unburden its grief, whereas the other, his natural reserve, resented the confidences he was going to make.

He said at last begrudgingly :

" I'll start from the beginning and tell the tale in my own way, as I saw it, if you have plenty of time, Roger."

" Loads, old chap—that is, if you really want to tell it."

" Sheila's parents died when she was a baby ; her father was killed on the hunting field, and her mother never survived the shock.



They were very well suited to each other and the Duchess considered that the Conte de Guerdon was a perfect match for her daughter, so it was all very happy to start off with."

"Good old French family, the de Guerdons. I know one of them slightly." Roger was prone to boasting in a mild way about his distinguished acquaintances, and had a very tender spot in his heart for a title.

"And rich," emphasised Arthur. A cynical glint hardened his eyes. "The Duchess attached great importance to money, as you will see later. Anyhow, she took young Sheila in hand from babyhood, gave her everything money could buy, and when the girl came back from her finishing school in Paris she lived with the old lady down at Maidenhead. The Duchess had a grand old Georgian place. The kind you write about, Roger. Lots of lovely panelling and the most beautiful garden I have ever seen in my life. The Duchess adored it. It was in a way her kingdom, and the flowers her loyal subjects."

He paused a moment as though trying to recapture a memory.

"In order to tell my story properly I must try to describe that garden."

He called for more brandies. Roger noticed that his usually steady hand was shaking.

"Try to imagine the greenest lawn you have ever seen in your life sloping down to the river by way of the most gorgeous masses of roses. She would not have any other flowers. Just the roses, and I should think every conceivable type was there. But the pink ones always predominated—the old-fashioned full-blown pink roses, which are hardly seen now, except in cottage gardens. She always wore one pinned by an exquisite cameo brooch.

"There was a path cut down the centre of the lawn, so that if you were sitting on the terrace or at the drawing-room window you had full view of the river through the roses. There was a weeping willow at the bottom, a treacherous sort of tree in that, while it appeared to be a kind of lovers' sanctuary, it grew so that one could see perfectly all that was going on under its drooping branches from the house.

"It was under that tree that Sheila and her young man did their courting. The Duchess used to watch them from the terrace windows. But Sheila never knew this until it was much too late."

Roger sympathised: "Bad luck that!"

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "God knows. I don't believe that it would have made any difference if the Duchess had warned the boy off the course from the start. Sheila was determined to marry him from the moment she set eyes on him, I believe, just as her grandmother was equally determined that she should marry me."

"*You!* Arthur, old man, I'm damnably sorry." Roger spoke with genuine sympathy. So that was why Lord Arthur was present at the trial of Queenie Grey, and why he was drinking many brandies and looked so exhausted.

"No need to pity me, Roger."

Arthur gave his slow, inscrutable smile. "And if you want to hear the rest, don't interrupt me. I never can tell a story when people butt in. I only mentioned my part in it to show you how it is I know a good deal about Queenie Grey. She was an incredibly glorious child of eighteen when I was first introduced to her. Vitally lovely, with the features of a Greek goddess. Yet from the beginning I sensed a recklessness—one might almost call it a vagabond streak—in her, though, of course, she was outwardly terribly *jeune fille*. The Duchess had seen to that, and I think that if young Darcy Grey hadn't turned up, Sheila would have married me, and it is possible we should have made a good show of it. She liked me quite a lot in spite of the fact that I'm ten years older than she is. Besides, she was used to obeying her grandmother blindly in those days, and I imagine the Duchess lost no time in telling the girl that I had been selected as her future husband.

"Luckily for everyone's sake, it hadn't got so far as a formal engagement when Sheila fell in love with Darcy."

"Who," Roger wanted to know, forgetting he had been asked not to interrupt, "was Darcy, and why wasn't the unfortunate girl allowed to choose her own husband?"

"She did. That was the tragedy. She told her grandmother that either with or without her consent she intended to marry Darcy Grey. The Duchess never believed she would go through with it. You see, she did not admit the vagabond in Sheila. She didn't realise that her seemingly docile, well-behaved granddaughter had inherited her own iron will—her own ruthlessness.

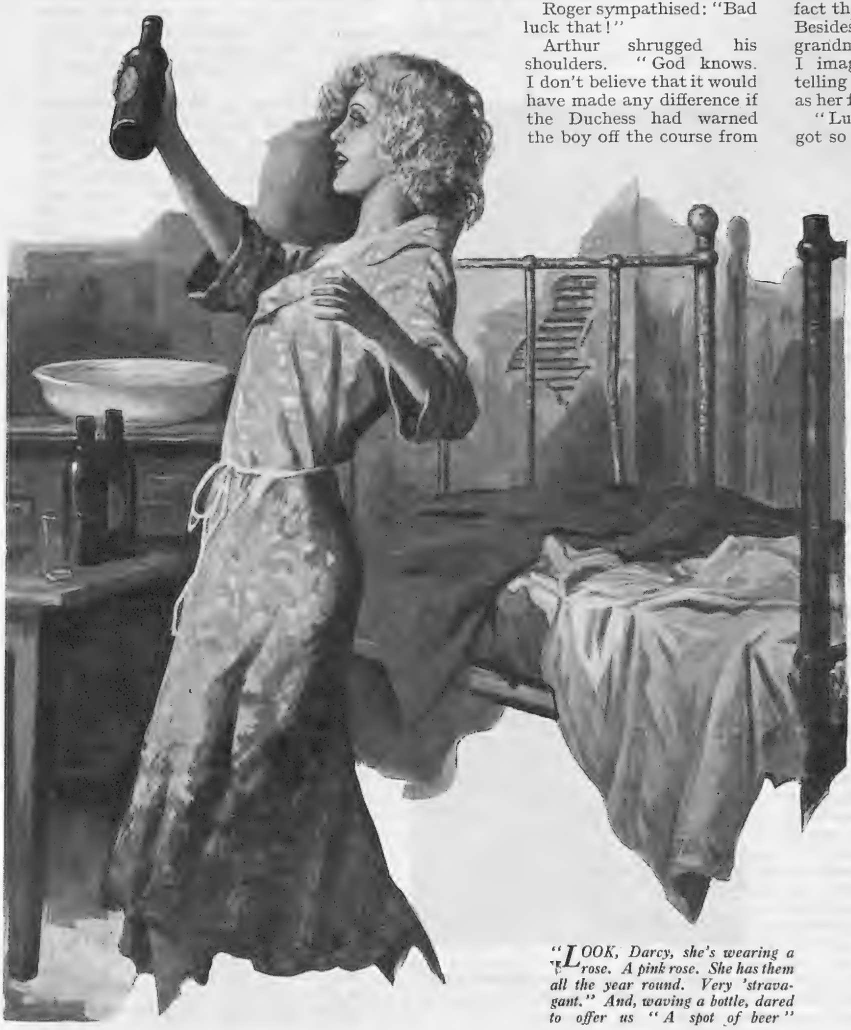
"Actually Sheila was stronger than the Duchess had been at her age. Her courage never faltered where her grandmother's had failed—I imagine for the only time in her glamorously grand life."

"But who was Darcy? What had the Duchess against him?" Roger asked again. "And where did the young woman pick him up?"

As a novelist he deplored the roundabout manner in which Arthur was telling his story.

"Darcy was a film actor. A perfect Apollo to look at, and I must say the first time I met him I thought him rather a charming lad. I only saw him twice in my life, so I'm not really in a position to judge."

Again that spasm shadowed Lord Arthur's handsome features. (*Continued on p. 127*)



"LOOK, Darcy, she's wearing a rose. A pink rose. She has them all the year round. Very 'stravagant." And, waving a bottle, dared to offer us "A spot of beer"

"Please . . . Father Christmas"

An Appeal for Fancy

By Winifred Lewis

MAKE the good fairies of their young imaginings the propounders of a philosophy you would wish to endure

I MAY be an incorrigible sentimentalist, I may even be guilty of obstruction to progress, but I HATE this ascetic movement to strip childhood of its illusions.

There are arguments in favour of realism which I respect—the gooseberry bush, for instance, must go, and soldiery ruthlessly stripped of its glamour, for such things are dangerous, but leave us, in the name of beauty, the fancies of childhood and the sweet refuge of make-believe.

In my childhood we had a real capacity for joy. Our entertainments were few in the strict sense, a party here, a toy there, otherwise our pleasures were in make-believe, and there was always Christmas. Oh, the magic of it!

" Sloppy sentiment . . . " is what the realists call it now. Well, let 'em. I denounce this feverish realism that is killing fancy, exchanging fairies for films, fragrance for sophistication and replacing the star-dust with a tinsel trimming. Our children are losing their capacity for joy. They are becoming satiated at seven; a fairy bower is a boudoir, and Santa Claus will soon be ousted by Capone. They pronounce Christmas a bore and have no eyes to see the magic that we knew.

My memories of Christmas are woven into a pattern of joy. Twinkling lights, wet streets, toys and tea in a restaurant . . . a certain bazaar where a canal meandered between toy palaces and through dim archways where we floated in a fairy boat. It was magic! Even the measles I contracted had a festive quality because, as my mother tactfully pointed out, " Santa " had sent the treat first! That was philosophy, if you like.

Indeed, it is hard to realise how much later philosophy is bound up in the influences of childhood. Good fairies peopled my small world and, through the discreet medium of my parents, propounded a philosophy in which I recognise the basis of the present one. Once yearly, the beneficent influence which operated upon my affairs assumed a beard and whiskers for the purpose of distributing happiness and of thoughtfully granting the less ambitious demands I had previously whispered up the chimney. I believed heart and soul in its capacity to grant my most extravagant wish and—with inevitable reluctance—in its complete wisdom in withholding the gratification of some. It was a sweet philosophy and I respect it still.

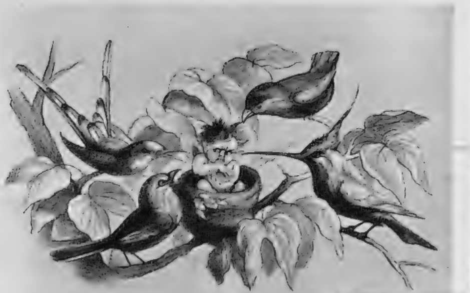
"*PLEASE, Santa Claus, send me a train and a horse and cart and er . . .*"

All absence of neurotic reaction to these childish interpretations I attribute to the exercise of common sense on the part of my parents. Our childish illusions were cultivated in as far as they operated for good. Our kind fairies were shrewd little people; they weren't out giving something for nothing. Their good offices had to be worked for, and we knew it. Thus they had a very practical value in our upbringing.

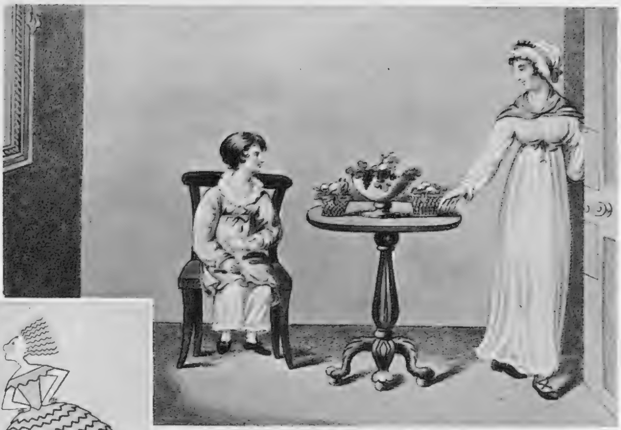
WHILST believing in the cultivation of illusion and of all those happy prerogatives of childhood which afford me, personally, such happy memories, I disagree emphatically with the exercise of unnecessary sacrifice by the parents in order to indulge them. By this means one is merely fostering selfishness and erecting a false fabric which must inevitably collapse when the realities of life have to be faced. Indulgence on the part of parents is only commendable when in the best interests of the child.

Give them their illusions as a *refuge* from the disappointments of living not as a magic source of indulgence which must inevitably fail. In doing so you will have given them a weapon which will adjust itself to their development throughout life.

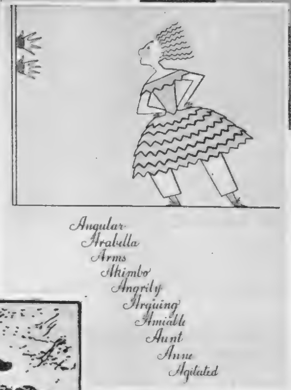
Make the good fairies of their young imaginings the propounders of a philosophy you would wish to endure. Give the bad fairies a hearing, too, and for safety make the young philosophers familiar with their winning ways. At Christmas, teach them the fundamental happiness of giving as you instruct them in the art of receiving. Through the medium of Santa Claus and his immortal associates reveal the true spirit of charity. Play softly upon the aspect of self-indulgence, and make it the least significant of Christmas joys. Let the fairies come to your fireside, keep open house for the great company of sprites and religiously censor the lessons they bring to your children. Both you and they will be the happier for their coming.



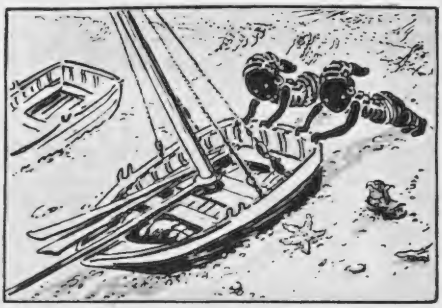
WHAT a Baby! How absurd to be bullied by a Bird! From "Princess Nobody," with illustrations by Richard Doyle



AN illustration from "The Elegant Girl, or Virtuous Principles, the True Source of Elegant Manners," an edifying book published in 1813



ANGULAR ARABELLA is only one of many lovable characters from Ruth Sandys' enchanting and original book entitled "Numerous Names Nimbly Narrated"



BEN NICHOLSON'S excellent drawings of the black-faced "Pirate Twins" make this book a popular nursery companion

Are You going to Give them a Book?

If so, you will be interested in the following Notes and Suggestions

By

BERYL FREEMAN

A VERY fair reflection of the tendencies of a period is to be found in the books prepared by each generation for the next, and the recent exhibition of children's books held at the Victoria and Albert Museum was a somewhat startling reminder of past manners and present methods. The mildly nauseous mixture of learning and moral precept of the eighteenth century seems to have given way, via the prettiness of Kate Greenaway and the sweetness of Walter Crane, to an almost determined effort to avoid instruction, but to offer amusement, and many of the more recent volumes for the very young are merely a collection of humorous illustrations—often of a very high standard. On the other hand, older children appear to demand books of an almost technical nature, particularly those relating to animals and their care, but it is sad to note a gradual falling-off in favour of fairy tales, and of these old favourites, Hans Andersen and Grimm alone survive.

A book much in demand is "To Whom the Goddess," by Lady Diana Sheddon and Lady Apsley, containing detailed instruction on hunting and the care of the horse; and other popular books on horses are "The Midnight Steeplechase," by Mona Charlton, the young fifteen-year-old authoress; "The Older Mousie," by Golden Gorse, and another instructional book, "The Young Rider," by the same author.

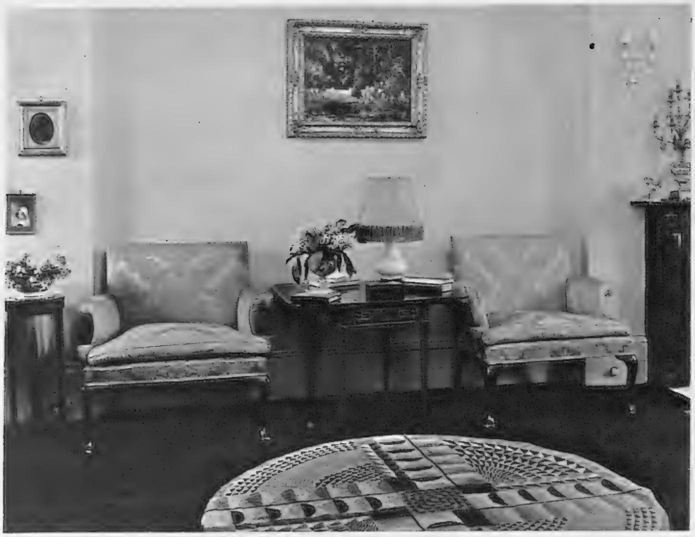
Animal stories which should not be missed are "The Bunch Book," by James Douglas, illustrated by Cecil Aldin; "Fishes and Sea Animals," by Eric Fitch Daglish, famous for his nature books, written in a simple language understood by children of twelve and over; and "The Library of Animal Friends." For children of five and six I recommend "The Bedtime Stories" and "The Story of Noah," attractively illustrated by Clifford Webb, and the series of Sambo books which were for some time out of print, but have now been republished by Chatto and Windus at 1s. 6d. each. "Kit the Cat," illustrated by A. Mowbray Leigh, is another inexpensive and delightful rhymed book. I feel no Christmas budget of books is complete without a copy of Ruth Sandys' enchanting "Numerous Names Nimbly Narrated," or Mr. William Nicholson's "The Pirate Twins"; while the Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children, edited by Kenneth Graham, should be included in every juvenile library-list. Seekers of novelty should ask to see the new photographic books published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson.

In a short article complete classification is not possible, but for general information I can safely say that in order of popularity fiction comes first, with animal stories a good second. At the age of about fifteen, historical stories of the Stuart and later periods claim attention, while those semi-classics, Merriman, Quiller-Couch and Gilbert Parker, never fail to please adventure-lovers between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Younger children are often interested in Roman history, but Greek mythology will only appeal to the more intelligent child.

MANY stories not written specially for children are quite suitable and there is no reason why children should not, by way of a change, read harmless detective stories, which, in my opinion, are preferable to the average school story. Francis Beeding has written a series of Secret Service stories which are eminently suitable, and "The Sons of the Forge," by H. M. Anderson, is a good historical novel with a plot of strong interest laid in eighteenth-century Scotland.

New fiction stories which will undoubtedly give pleasure are the Twins' Series, "For the Moon," by Ella M. Monckton, and "The Dragon Farm," by D. G. Williamson. "Good Afternoon, Children," a collection of stories told on the wireless, is also popular, and so are "High Days and Holidays," told by Eleanor Graham, and "Kings and Queens," by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon. Naomi Mitchison's "Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," although containing much invaluable information, is only a book for children whose parents have chosen to acquaint them at a very early age with the biological and physiological facts of life.

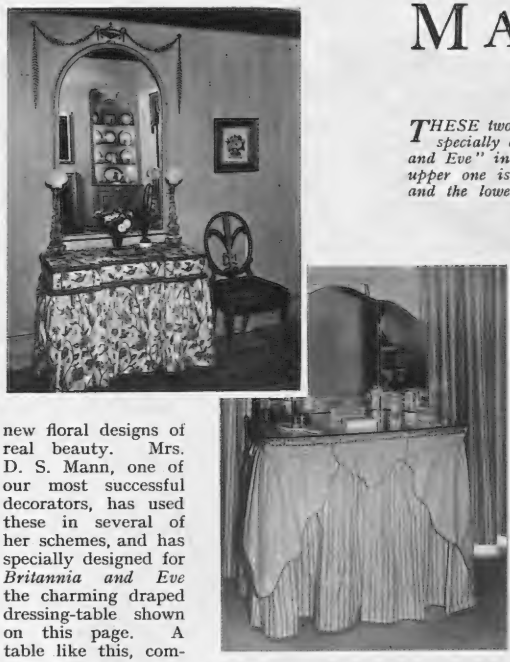
Those of us who lack confidence in our own judgment will find invaluable help awaiting them at the Children's Book Club, 17, Connaught Street, which has a circulating library for children only, and where is to be found a really entrancing collection of books for the young. Mothers will be glad to learn that all books are carefully disinfected!



In the drawing-room of Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander's house is an exceptionally fine pair of 18th-century love-chairs, covered in yellow brocade. The circular rug, in tones of yellow and brown, was designed by Marion Dorn

Sofa and chair covers in shades of old gold, Marion Dorn in pale shades of yellow, beige, a harmonious corner in Mrs. Aspinall-

MAKING



These two dressing-tables were both specially designed for "Britannia and Eve" in Rosebank chintzes. The upper one is by Mr. Alexis ffrench and the lower by Mrs. D. S. Mann

Many people suppose that if you have chosen a typically modern décor for your house you cannot possibly appreciate the art and furniture of bygone centuries, and that you certainly cannot include antique pieces in your new scheme of furnishing. Conversely, if you are the proud owner of a charming eighteenth-century house, you are assured you can never contemplate textiles or furniture of modern design, or, if your furniture is antique, that you must create a background of the corresponding period. Rubbish! It is not until we have learnt to wear our modernity lightly and with humour that we shall live comfortably and becomingly. A clinic is all very well in its place, and so is a museum, but one's home should be one's home and resemble neither. Modern furniture and textiles blend perfectly with the finest old pieces if they are worthy of their companions; it is not their modernity which is in question, but their quality, and, given such harmonious and beautiful designs for rugs as those created by Marion Dorn, there is no antique piece which would not gain by their close juxtaposition. A very good example of this is afforded by the photographs of Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander's drawing-room, in which beautiful Queen Anne and Chippendale pieces and old Chinese lacquer are set off to advantage by modern rugs designed by Marion Dorn. Another example is to be found in Fortnum and Mason's new department where white walls and a scarlet Chinese lacquer cabinet are worthily partnered by a beige, brown, and scarlet rug by the same designer.

Modern chintzes look well in period rooms, as do many early nineteenth-century designs in contemporary settings; and glazed chintzes, with their delightful floral designs and soft colourings, have the additional advantage of being very inexpensive and of washing perfectly. By far the best are Turnbull and Stockdale's Rosebank designs, which include copies of several old chintzes to be found in great museums, and some new floral designs of real beauty. Mrs. D. S. Mann, one of our most successful decorators, has used these in several of her schemes, and has specially designed for *Britannia and Eve* the charming draped dressing-table shown on this page. A table like this, complete with a glass top, can be made to order in any colouring for approximately five or six pounds.

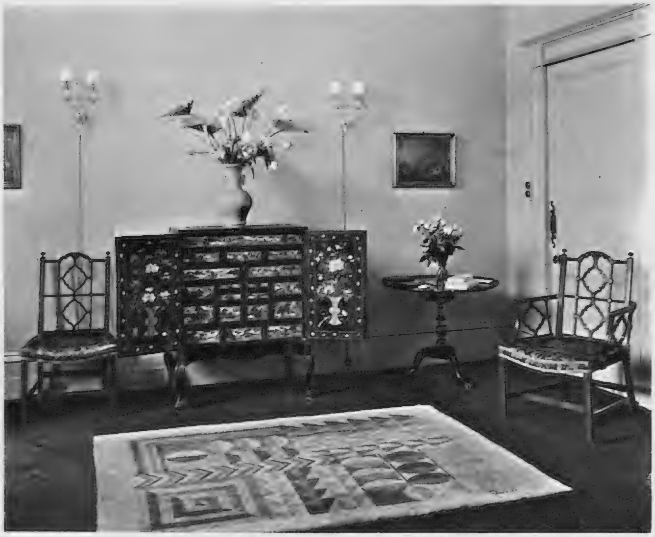
Mr. Alexis ffrench has also designed a dressing-table, in a delightful floral design of dull reds and pinks on a coffee colour ground, and has made to accompany this a bed-head padded and covered with the same material and a really beautiful quilt to match. The latter costs £7 : 10 : 0.

A modern touch can be added to your period room by effecting just a few simple alterations which will cost practically nothing: the following is a typical example. If it is a sitting-room, it will probably contain several arm-chairs and a large, comfortable settee covered in a floral cretonne, while elsewhere in the room are perhaps some old pieces of furniture, a writing-desk, several small Chippendale tables, or some high-back chairs. But it is more than likely that the walls have been papered a dark brown or dull green, the chairs covered in plain dull material, and the effect of the room is rather depressing and dowdy. Yet it is an easy matter to smarten up such a room.

In the first place, the colouring of the walls must be changed, since brown or green provides a very bad background for any kind of furniture, especially antiques, as well as absorbing all the light. The walls should be distempered or papered pale yellow or a mushroom pink, and the ceiling done the same colour, or perhaps in a shade darker, and varnished in order to reflect the light.

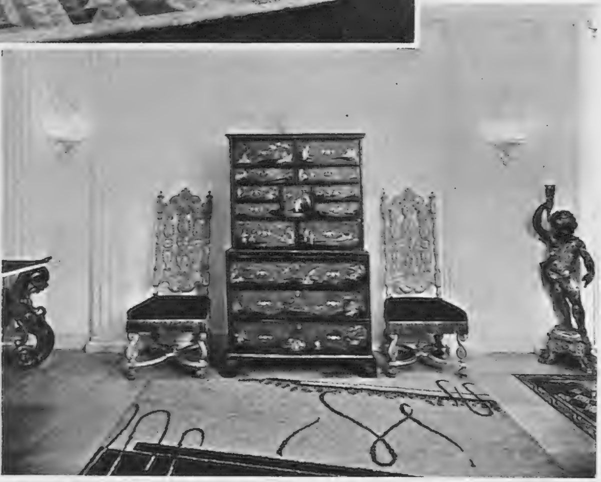
Then a modern note can be introduced by re-covering the chairs and settee in one of the new fabrics—an Allan Walton artificial silk fabric in chocolate, beige, and grey would look well. It is quite surprising how effective modern fabrics

and a rug designed by
and grey, combine to make
Oglander's drawing-room



A THIRD view of Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander's drawing-room shows a magnificent lacquer cabinet and two fine Chippendale chairs. The rug by Marion Dorn is a leaf design in yellow, green, and beige

DEAD-white walls in Fortnum and Mason's new decoration department show off to advantage a scarlet and gold lacquer chest of drawers. The Marion Dorn rug is in beige, dark brown, and scarlet



the Best of BOTH WORLDS

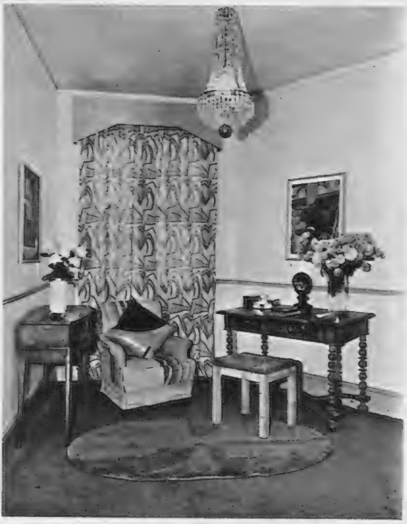
An appreciation of the past should in no wise prevent us from enjoying the pleasures of the present

By Derek Patmore

look against old woods, and how happily they consort with antique sofas and chairs. Curtains made in the same Allan Walton material will add another smart note to the room, and, since they are designed by artists of such repute as Duncan Grant, can be relied on to hold their own with the most exquisite examples of the past. Undoubtedly, the new and the old " marry " well in the home—as the French say. In a house in Hyde Park Gardens this experiment has been carried out with marked success, and the lovely sitting-room with its ivory walls makes a perfect setting for armchairs covered in delightful chintz, a rare old lacquer cabinet, and exquisite Chippendale tables, whilst a modern note is struck in the great built-in bookcase and the modern rug in black and white on the light-brown carpet, and the fine picture by Dégas hanging on one of the walls.

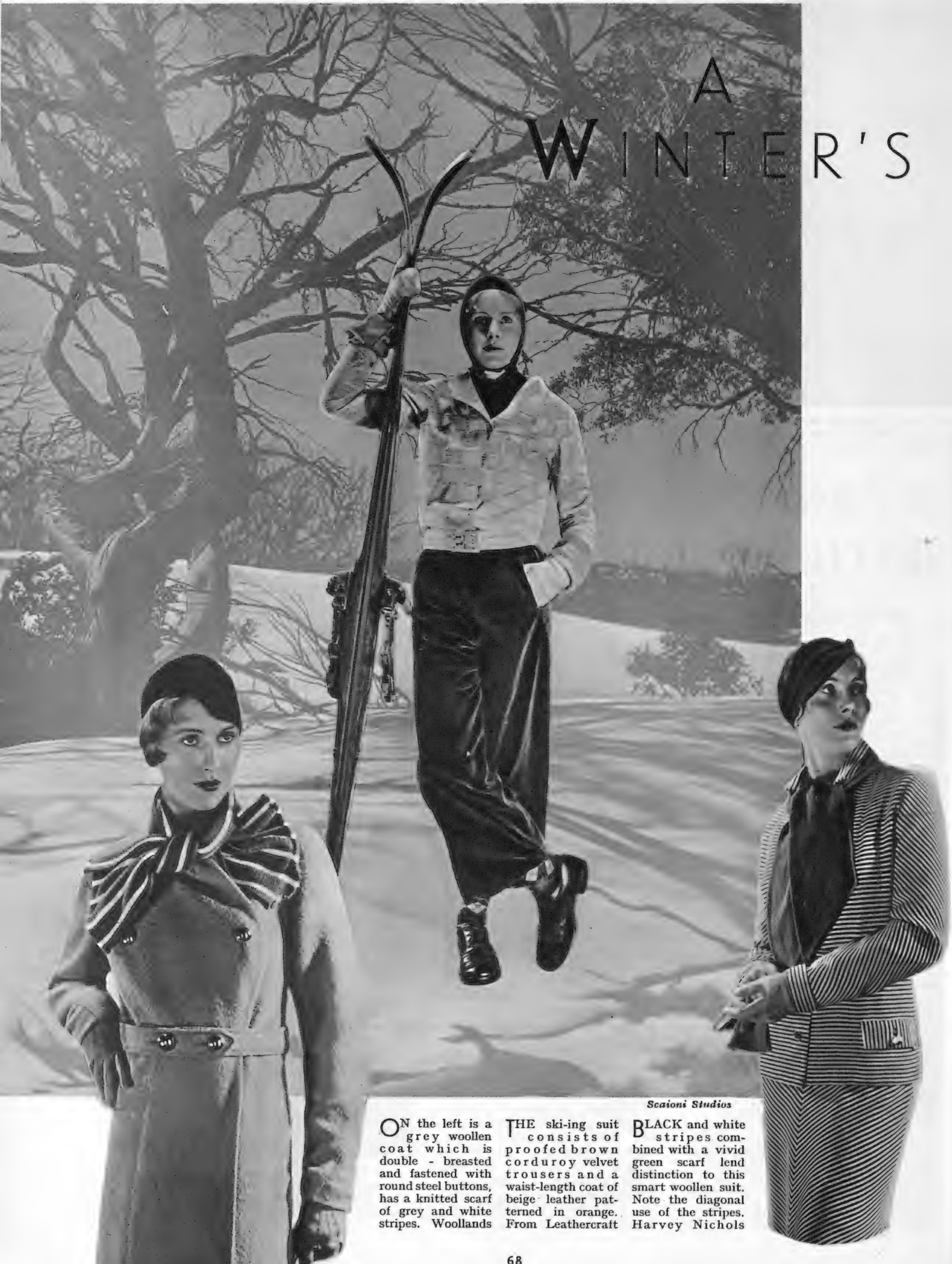
The entrance hall, designed by a brilliant modern decorator is yet another example of how to mingle the old and new in furniture without destroying the harmony between the two styles. Against walls painted a light canary yellow has been hung a magnificent old gilt mirror, and below this has been placed a fine carved gilt table. A set of sporting prints preserve the old-world flavour of the decoration, whilst an effective contrast is provided by the modern rug on the polished oak floor. This rug, with its soft design in pale pink, grey, and cream, looks particularly lovely against the gold and pale yellow of the walls and furniture.

Then there is the question of floor coverings. In these days of flats, the noise of one's neighbours becomes a problem, and either in a modern or period room old floors with an uneven surface present difficulties. Both these difficulties, and the very serious disadvantage of damp, can be overcome by using a new floor covering called Linovent. This floor covering is made of a pliable and waterproof base, and is thickly coated on both sides with granulated cork. It costs very little, and amongst other things deadens sound, and, placed under either your carpet or linoleum, it prevents damp, smooths away any unevenness, and adds considerably to the wear of your floor coverings. Over such an underlay one can use a comparatively thin and inexpensive felt, which is a perfect background for modern rugs of brilliant colour.



CURTAINS of an abstract design in brown and natural colour linen harmonise well with rose-beige varnished walls, against which both modern paintings and antique marqueterie tables look their best

A WINTER'S



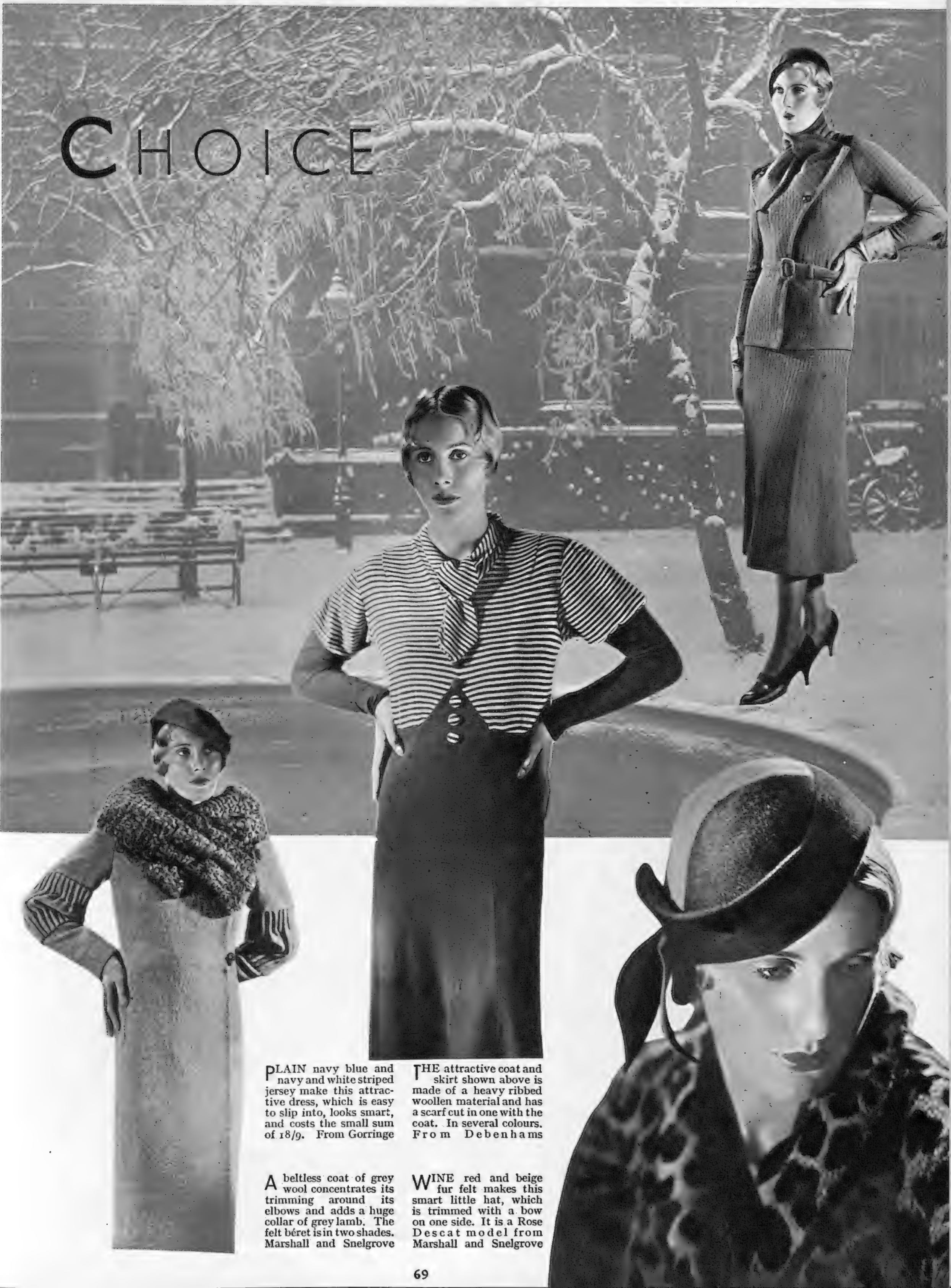
Scaioni Studios

ON the left is a grey woollen coat which is double - breasted and fastened with round steel buttons, has a knitted scarf of grey and white stripes. Woollands

THE ski-ing suit consists of proofed brown corduroy velvet trousers and a waist-length coat of beige leather patterned in orange. From Leathercraft

BLACK and white stripes combined with a vivid green scarf lend distinction to this smart woollen suit. Note the diagonal use of the stripes. Harvey Nichols

CHOICE



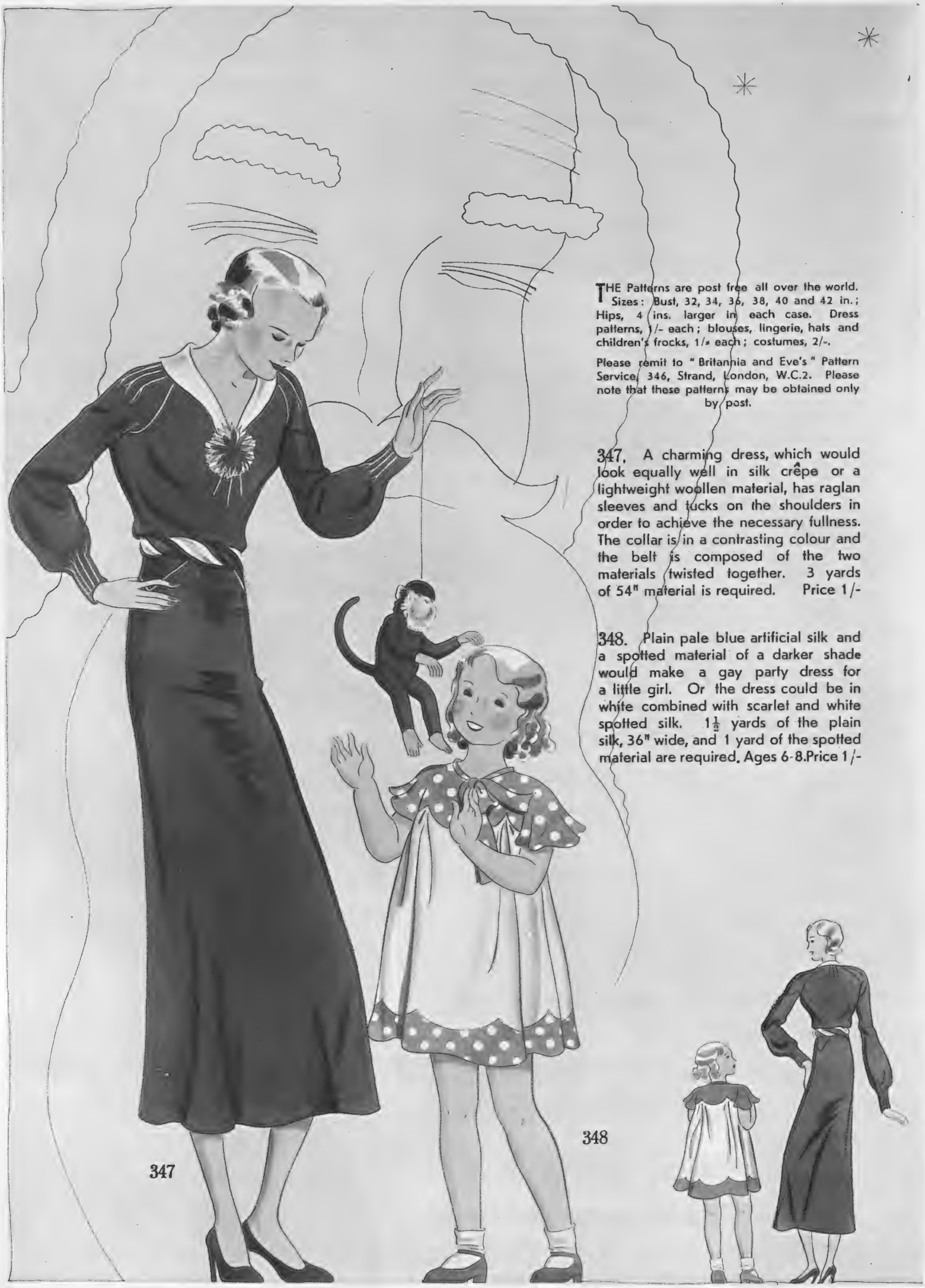
PLAIN navy blue and navy and white striped jersey make this attractive dress, which is easy to slip into, looks smart, and costs the small sum of 18/9. From Gorringe

THE attractive coat and skirt shown above is made of a heavy ribbed woollen material and has a scarf cut in one with the coat. In several colours. From Debenhams

A beltless coat of grey wool concentrates its trimming around its elbows and adds a huge collar of grey lamb. The felt béret is in two shades. Marshall and Snelgrove

WINE red and beige fur felt makes this smart little hat, which is trimmed with a bow on one side. It is a Rose Descat model from Marshall and Snelgrove

FESTIVE DESIGNS FOR



THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 ins. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-.

Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

347. A charming dress, which would look equally well in silk crêpe or a lightweight woollen material, has raglan sleeves and tucks on the shoulders in order to achieve the necessary fullness. The collar is in a contrasting colour and the belt is composed of the two materials twisted together. 3 yards of 54" material is required. Price 1/-

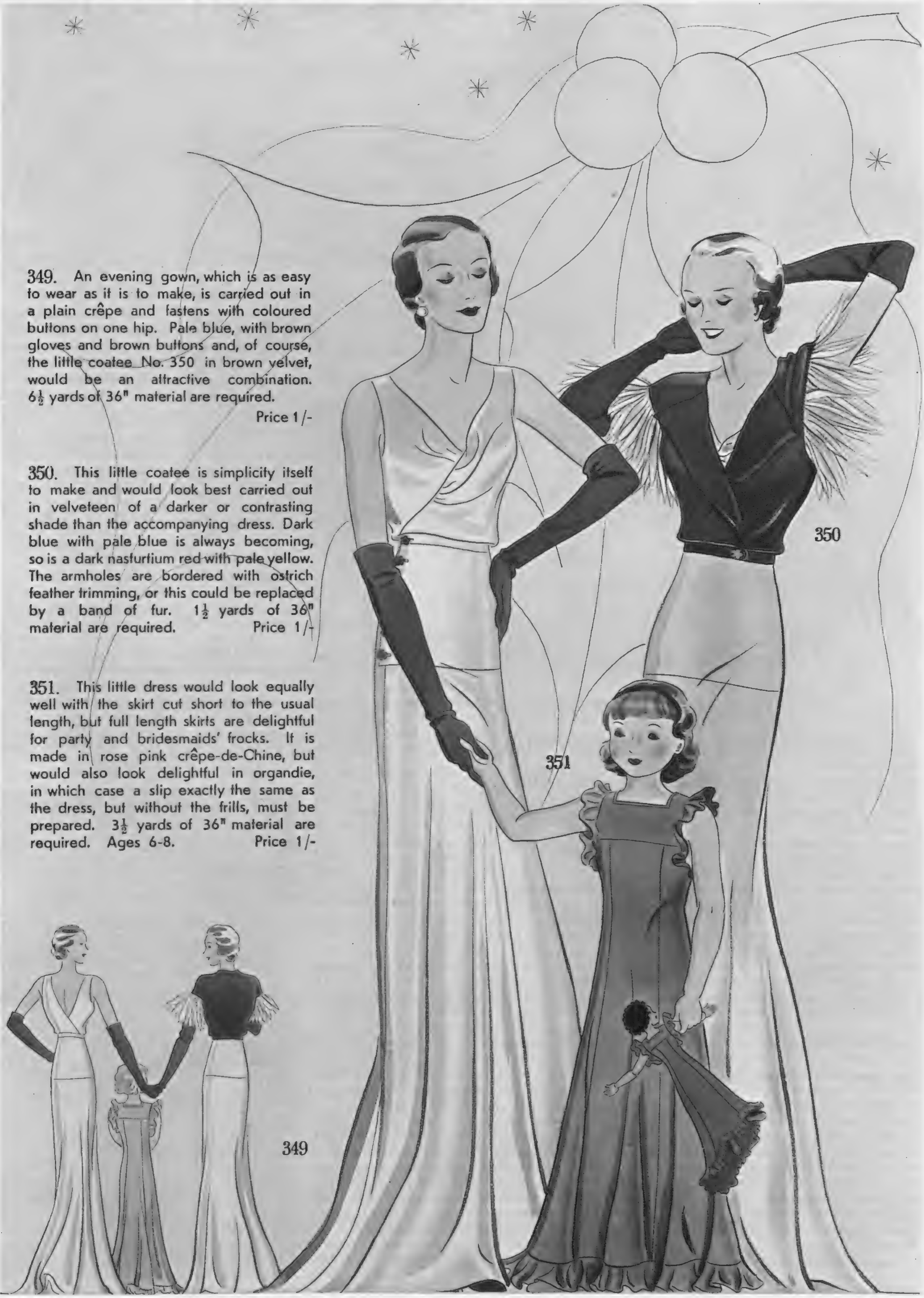
348. Plain pale blue artificial silk and a spotted material of a darker shade would make a gay party dress for a little girl. Or the dress could be in white combined with scarlet and white spotted silk. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the plain silk, 36" wide, and 1 yard of the spotted material are required. Ages 6-8. Price 1/-

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

349. An evening gown, which is as easy to wear as it is to make, is carried out in a plain crêpe and fastens with coloured buttons on one hip. Pale blue, with brown gloves and brown buttons and, of course, the little coatee No. 350 in brown velvet, would be an attractive combination. 6½ yards of 36" material are required.
Price 1/-

350. This little coatee is simplicity itself to make and would look best carried out in velveteen of a darker or contrasting shade than the accompanying dress. Dark blue with pale blue is always becoming, so is a dark nasturtium red with pale yellow. The armholes are bordered with ostrich feather trimming, or this could be replaced by a band of fur. 1½ yards of 36" material are required. Price 1/-

351. This little dress would look equally well with the skirt cut short to the usual length, but full length skirts are delightful for party and bridesmaids' frocks. It is made in rose pink crêpe-de-Chine, but would also look delightful in organdie, in which case a slip exactly the same as the dress, but without the frills, must be prepared. 3½ yards of 36" material are required. Ages 6-8. Price 1/-



Venus rises Again from the Foam

By "Chrysis"

John Dew's
Milk Soap
for Facial and Toilet use
John Dew

JOHN DEW'S Milk Soap constitutes a complexion treatment in itself. It costs 1s. a tablet

A BATH worthy of the most beautiful woman is set in a tiled and mirrored room. It was designed and executed by Froy of Bond Street

Milk, historically and romantically associated with Beauty, emerges from the modern Laboratory in Saponaceous Form

ONE is tempted to be lyrical and full of quotations when considering milk in connection with beauty culture. A pageant of lovely women from the past invades one's mental vision: Poppæa, whose beauty secret was the daily ritual of her bath of asses' milk, the beauties of the French Court in the eighth century, who received visitors while they lay in their baths, veiled from public eyes by the opacity of milky water. . . . In her book, *The Elegant Woman*, which has been described as "a history of feminine seduction," Gertrude Aretz tells us that, at the time the du Barry reigned, ladies put asses' milk in their bath water "partly to make the skin soft and partly to make the water opaque." We know that our grandmothers and even our mothers had faith in milk as a beautifying agent.

Even without scientific confirmation, there is something in the nature of milk itself, its purity and suavity, which makes the theory of its efficacy acceptable and the word presents itself as descriptive of exquisite complexions: "a skin like milk and roses" is an apt poetic simile.

And now the scientists bring us back to our *moutons*, or rather to our asses and milch cows, by affirming that milk has demonstrable dermatological value. Its natural cream is emollient, cleansing and nourishing, lactic acid acts as a tonic and preservative to the skin, and there are other beneficial elements, explicable by scientific formula.

The presence of milk in old beauty recipes and in modern lotions is an established fact, but its incorporation in a pure complexion soap is the result of recent successful experiment, and is an interesting movement in the progress of beauty culture.

AT one time it was thought harmful to delicate complexions to wash with soap and water, and many women relied entirely on lotions and creams for cleansing purposes. The reason for this prejudice was undoubtedly the fact that the majority of soaps available did contain alkali and other ingredients which irritated and dried the skin.

Recently there has been a distinct reversion in the world of scientific beauty culture towards the "beauty bath," which is partly the result and partly the cause of the great improvement which has taken place in the manufacture of what we may call "complexion" soaps, because they are prepared with the main object of eliminating all harmful ingredients.

John Dew's milk soap has unique claims and consideration in as much as it is more than a mere soap and, since it is made from pure milk, under scientific and exclusive conditions, it retains all the beneficial properties of milk itself and is therefore actually a beauty treatment as well as a cleansing agent.

This soap is not made in large quantities and the exact proportions of the various ingredients are carefully supervised and maintained and it contains no loose alkali or any other injurious element.

It lathers freely and leaves the skin meticulously clean, and therefore fair, as well as soft and smooth. In cold weather, and even when the water is hard, it will not only keep the complexion white and fine, but will prevent the hands from becoming rough or chapped. Its use for the bath is but an emulation of the successful beauty culture of lovely women in the past.

This milk soap, which has its headquarters in Bond Street, the Mecca of beauty's devotees, but can be obtained from all high-class stores and chemists, seems a simple solution to many toilet problems, and it is rather a pleasing thought that the beauty secrets, the legends and histories of "dear, dead women," should thus find confirmation in modern scientific discovery!

John Dew's
Milk Soap for Facial and Toilet use
John Dew's
John Dew's

"MORE, PLEASE!"

Digestive troubles which mar Christmas holidays for children and their parents could be avoided if Mothers were wise enough to say "No" at the right moment to their sweet-surfeited offspring

HOW many Christmas parties are the source of tears and tribulations . . . .!

HOW many Christmas parties are the source of tears and tribulation because poor little Peter has a pain and cannot go, or Penelope is fretful and Jane has been so sick! How many mothers are weary and nervous because they have been running up and down stairs with thermometers, pills and potions, or trying to keep peace between irritable and ailing children! The same children who are "never ill" in term time and are models of behaviour in school and with their companions on the playing-fields. . . .

The explanation is a prosaic one. Before the over-anxious modern mother consults a neurologist about her child's "moods," a dermatologist about its pimples or a specialist about its digestive idiosyncrasies, she should regulate its diet and see that it gets plenty of fresh air and exercise.

The children come back from school full of health and high spirits, but the chances are that before a week of the holidays is past they will be full of plum-pudding, cream caramels and liquorice "all-sorts" and a prey to nausea and ill-humour.

They are so delighted to be home. The food is so *good* after the plain fare at school. The mothers are gratified and flattered, and yield to demands for a second and even a third helping. The darlings have such good appetites! And then the sweets . . . grannies and aunts, too unimaginative or too lazy to think of any other present, have sent lovely boxes of chocolates. Just what the dear little things wanted, they write politely and veraciously. Uncles provide tips which are probably expended on less costly, but, to the youthful mind, even more attractive, highly coloured candies.

In place of the daily game of hockey or football or lacrosse in the fresh air, the youngsters wander round the crowded toy and games departments of the big stores, or sit enthralled at matinées or at the circus.

Such "treats"! What mother could deny them such simple pleasures?

The results are inevitable, and unhappily they are not as ephemeral as they may seem. A dose of castor oil may put matters right for the moment, but biliousness, acidity and over-loaded stomach may set up troubles of a lasting nature, and, apart from the physiological aspect of the matter, over-indulgence has serious psychological effects. Every child should be taught to exercise self-control. If it has never learned to resist even the temptation of a box of chocolates, what is the poor thing going to do if, in later life, it should be tempted to over-indulgence in alcohol or any other poison?

IT seems strange that ordinary, reasonable people, who would see that their dogs got a measured amount of food at regular hours and a reasonable amount of exercise, will sit fatuously by and assist their children, who should be their dearest, and therefore most carefully guarded, considerations, to poison their systems and debilitate their characters because they have not the wisdom or strength of mind to say "No" when they are importuned for "just one more chocolate, Mummie!" or "*Please*, another ice-cream!" at the end of a more than adequate meal.

Children need good plain food and plenty of milk, fruit and fresh air. If breakfast consists of a cereal food and a cooked dish, an apple or orange is an almost obligatory corrective. They should not be allowed to eat between meals. In the holidays they probably do not breakfast until nine, and can quite well and beneficially last until one o'clock luncheon. If the interval is longer, a glass of milk or some fruit may be allowed in the middle of the morning.

Luncheon should consist of fresh meat, or fish, or poultry (not made-up dishes), wholesome suet, farinaceous or milk puddings and stewed fruit, and after lunch is the best time for the indulgence in sweets, which will then be digested with the other food.

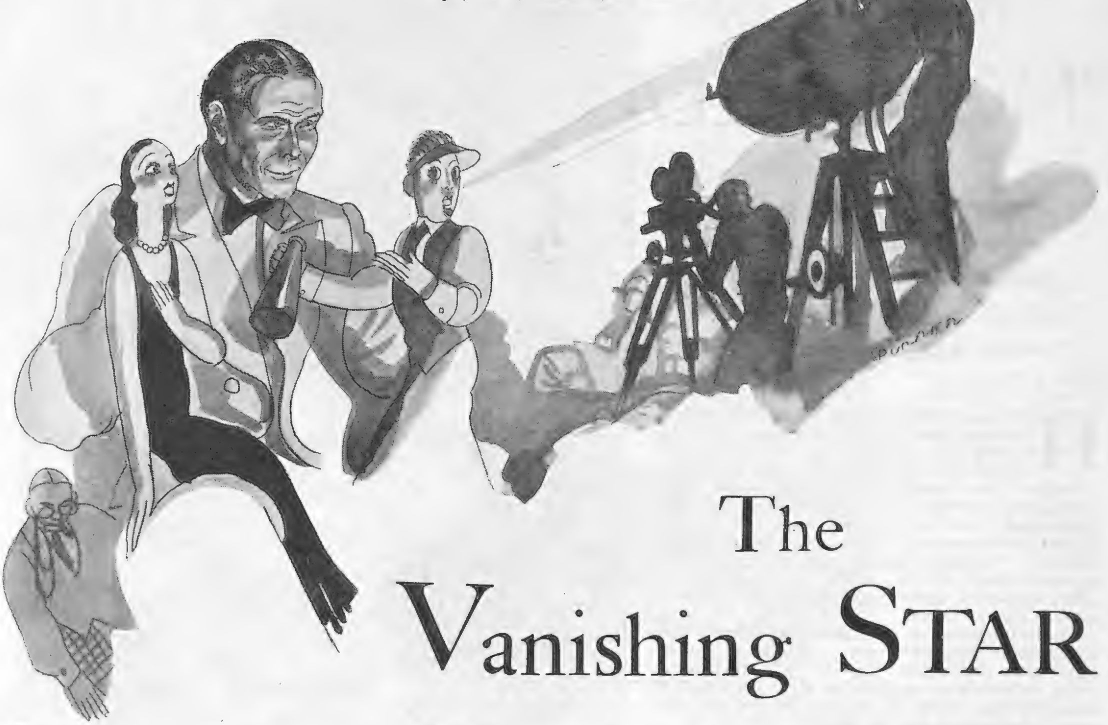
In the case of young children, "tea" (preferably milk or cocoa), if desirable, supplemented by a light dish of eggs or fish, should be the last meal.

Children should not eat within two or three hours of going to bed, and a supper of cocoa and biscuits, or whatever it is, "last thing" is a mistake: the food remains undigested or only partially digested during sleep and is a fruitful cause of internal derangement.

Again, the mother who listens to pleas to "sit up just a little longer" is foolish to the point of criminality. Children under twelve need at least ten hours sleep, and eight or nine hours should be allotted to their seniors, otherwise "nerves," dyspepsia and intractability will result.

The mother whose children are "difficult" and ailing deserves no pity. There is no necessity to be tyrannous. The children of parents who are reasonably firm in their management are invariably better beloved and respected than those who are indulgent. Constant "nos" and nagging, punctuated by punishment, show weakness and petulance of which children are generally fully aware. But a reasonable "no" which *means* "no," at the psychological moment, will ensure immunity from a hundred minor ills and make certain that "happy holidays were had by all"!

LIKE the ventriloquist, he poses dolls on his knees and makes them perform to stimulate public interest



The Vanishing STAR

A Comedy *of* Love *and* Strategy *in* Hollywood

By Reita Weiman

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

IF there were such a phenomenon as an ace among Hollywood press agents, Alec Morris would have been it. Of course, we know that this profession is no longer the mere outgrowth of ancient heraldry. Insufficient today is the gesture of carrying a banner and blowing a trumpet.

The press agent is heard but not seen. He is a cross between hyper-romanticist and super-detective. What many of us may not know is that, like the ventriloquist, he poses dolls on his knee—pretty dolls, ugly dolls, character dolls, comedy dolls—and makes them perform to stimulate public interest. Those who read confidences from he-man heroes, philosophy from old actors, advice from screen mothers and wisdom from the pouting lips of famed beauties have no hint that the press agent's is the voice behind the copy.

Alec, however, did more than stimulate public interest. He created stories about his stars, adventures into the fantastic, which put to shame the plots of Hollywood's most deft scenario experts. He had the additional advantage of standing aloof from his creations. He could generate the fire of enthusiasm in his employers while himself viewing some *tour de force* with cool, critical appraisal, making mental notes on how to improve the job next time.

Thus Mr. Morton Sanders, President of Important Pictures Corporation, would rather have parted with his right eye than with Alec Morris. As a matter of fact, Alec *was* his right eye—a shrewd all-seeing eye ferreting out the activities of other studios before the other studios were anywhere near ready to sound a blast on their own trumpets; an eye trained like a monkey's, to hold a bland look while its owner was up to tricks.

"Louis Lincoln's getting ready to ballyhoo that new Danish dame as a second Garbo," he informed Sanders one morning. "The thing in this game is to discover. Give 'em something new. Something to talk about. Make 'em sit up. Make 'em hot with curiosity. Make their tongues hang out. A new morsel—get me?"

"Sure, I get you," nodded Morton, and straightened the carnation in his buttonhole.

Morton Sanders always wore a carnation with stem in a tiny tube of water attached to the wrong side of his coat lapel. This artful contraption kept the flower as radiant as a movie star's smile. He likewise wore pince-nez on a black ribbon and a genial air of the Paris boulevards, aided by his *rue de la Paix* tailor.

He looked across an elaborate office desk at Alec, whose black, round eyes wore the habitual monkey expression. Alec had recently returned from a flying trip East.

"Sure," Morton repeated, "I get you." And being in no wise deceived by the other's casual manner, added: "Well, what have you got up your sleeve?"

"I saw her," mused Alec, "in a Broadway show. Just a chorus girl. But, cheese and rice, what personality! Walks like a cat. You know—slinks along. Black velvet hair and skin you want to bite. And has she a pair of eyes?"

"And has she a shape?" interrogated Morton.

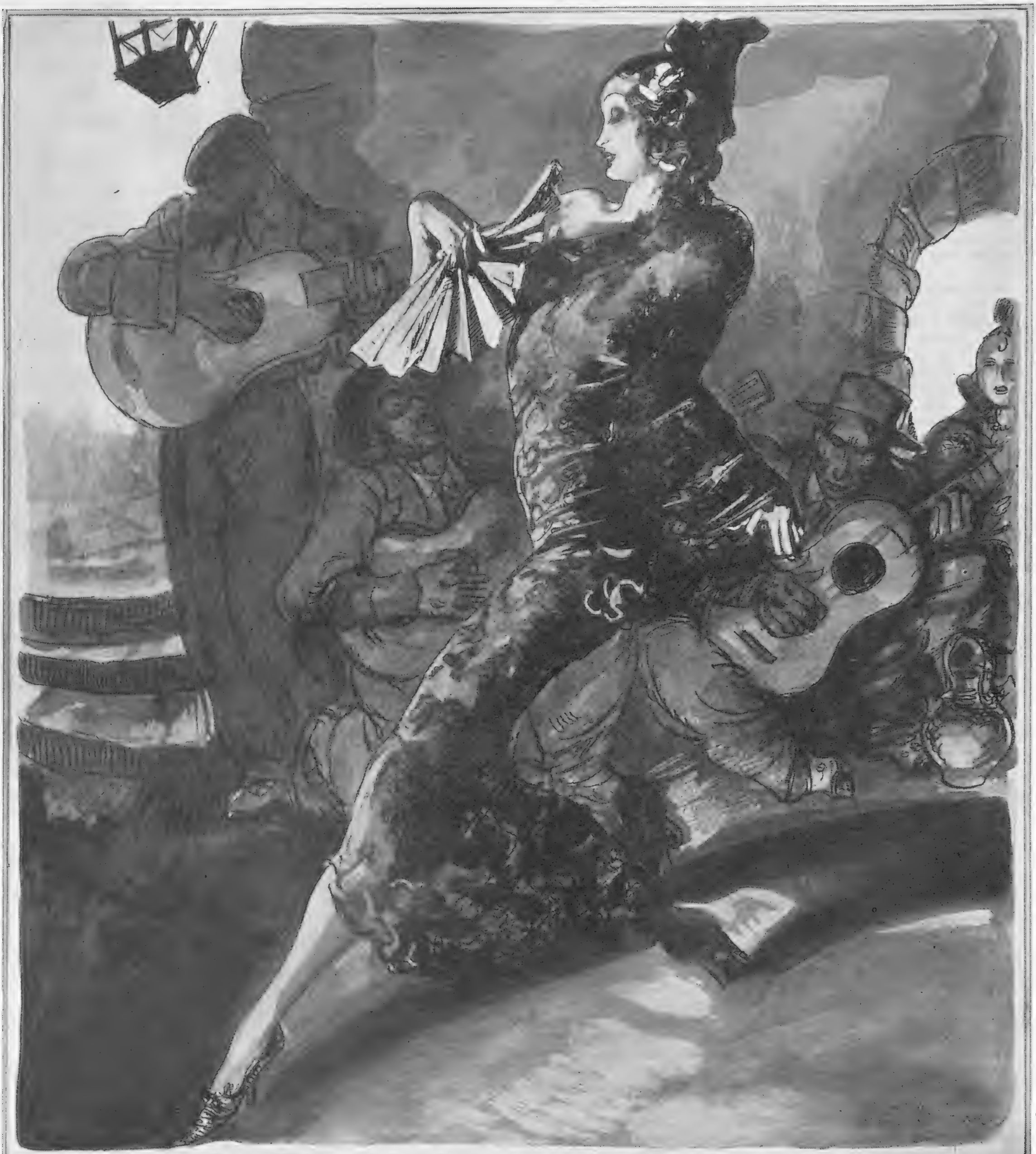
Alec kissed his fingers and let fly any further attempt at description.

"Stuck on her?" put Morton briefly.

"Don't make me laugh. She's so much putty to me. Material to be shaped up for the Company's benefit. I'd like a hand in the shaping, that's all. She's from New Orleans—a Creole."

"Nigger?" Morton stiffened perceptibly.

"You're thinking of mulatto," corrected Alec. "The Creoles are mixed Spanish and French blood. Oldest blood in the South. Aristocrat stuff, though



"I SAW her," mused Alec, "in a Broadway show. Just a chorus girl. But, cheese and rice, what personality! Walks like a cat. You know—slinks along

the stock's dying out. She did a number with nothing much on but a black lace mantilla. Over the head and wrapped round her body—get me? And boy—was she a knock-out!"

"What's her name?"

"Carlotta. Carlotta del Mores. Lovely—eh? Sounds like a fountain gurgling under the moon."

"Talk to her?" said Morton, not, mind you, as instruction, but as inquiry.

"Sure I talked to her. Went further. Signed her on a five-year contract."

"You signed her?"

"Sure. If you don't want to take over the contract, I can farm her out to another company."

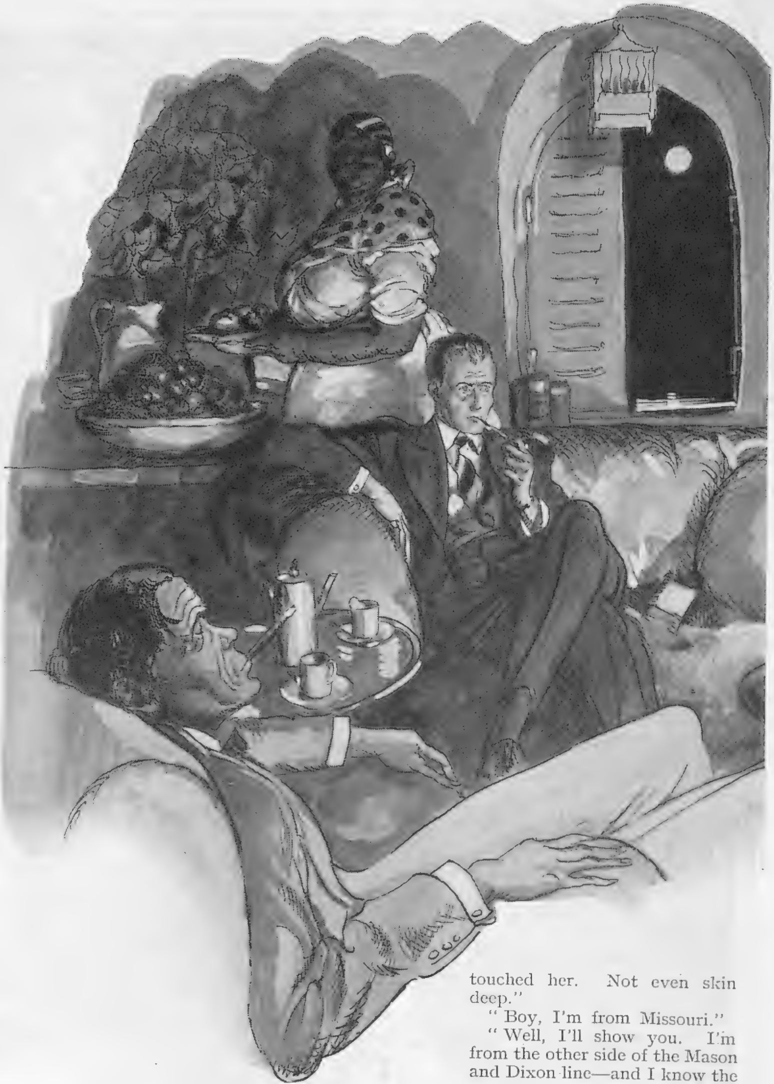
"Yeah—and if we do take her over, you get a bonus, eh?"

"That's up to you," shrugged Alec, knowing it flattered Morton to be put on his honour as a gentleman.

So Miss del Mores was lifted from the chorus of the Follies and transported to Important Pictures.

THE minute Morton set eyes on her, he knew Alec had picked something to be groomed as star material. A lovely thing, with the gliding step of the jungle and the sense of no bones under supple young flesh. She said "yes" or "no" with a look in her sombre dark eyes of imparting some treasured secret. And she said little else. Alec was her spokesman. He it was who chose camera man and director for her screen test;

he who supervised her make-up and lighting; he, of course, who planned the campaign attendant upon launching her as a new find. He wrapped the del Mores in a veil of timidity which dreaded publicity, shunned parties and clung to her fireside. He draped her with an ancestry hinting Queen Isabella's interest in Christopher Columbus might have included explorations to which the discovery of America was merely incidental. He succeeded in securing an authentic family tree supplied by an expert at digging up such botanical phenomena. A family crest was the next achievement, and Carlotta wore it in a signet ring the weight of which almost broke her finger. But her speaking voice needed neither grooming nor exploitation. There was no conspicuous Southern drawl to overcome. Rich, full-throated, with the range of a thrush, it held a sort of hypnotic charm.



Morton caught his hope and pride, Morton, jun., in the projection room the day her test was displayed, listening rather than looking. He lolled back in shut-eyed rapture.

“ Nothing adenoidal about that palate. We've got a fortune in her voice alone. And she tells me she can't sing a note.”

Morton, jun., was what his progenitor must have been at the same age, though his English was New York instead of the camouflaged Slavic variety. Slim, yet sturdy, somewhat undersized, with heavy-lidded, lazy blue eyes that concealed an enormous vitality. Young Morton, though only twenty-five, had as keen a grasp of the motion-picture business as any veteran. In addition, he had the courage which scorned imitation. Executives called him “ Kid ”; employees, “ Junior ” and Morton, “ Son.” All a little patronisingly. But they had immense respect for his opinion. With Alec Morris, he was the daring young blood of the organisation.

“ Bits first—maybe for three pictures,” suggested Alec, “ till she's screen broken. Then make her the latest sensation. How about it, Junior ? ”

Junior's eyes opened and he studied the lovely figure moving with such effortless grace across the screen.

“ Woman-with-a-past stuff ought to fit her like a glove. Tell Mac to check up on that Katharine Cornell show. You know —the one where she kills her lover to marry the man she loves. And when he finds out, he leaves her flat. Somebody bought it and lost their nerve.”

“ But, son, the censors—” protested his father.

“ We can get it cheap,” cut in Junior. “ Change name—have story revamped. European setting'll take the curse off it.”

In her first picture Carlotta attracted notices. In her second she proved the sensation they anticipated. She loved acting as a girl child loves parading in its mother's clothes. She was a strange person with her air of mystery under which reposed utterly unaffected simplicity. Looking at her, men raised eyebrows and wondered. Listening to her, the same brows furrowed in questioning disappointment. Was she the innocent she appeared, or just resorting to the ancient pastime of pulling the masculine leg ? And because she seemed so completely without guile she bowled them over like so many ninepins.

Even after the success which to-day is history, she remained unchanged. Alec was the only man who had access to her home and, by the same token, to her confidence. They lunched together. He dined at her bungalow several evenings a week. She clung to him as though his mere presence sustained her. Yet on both sides it seemed an unsentimental attachment.

When young Morton kidded Alec about the fall of the mighty, he laughed off the insinuation.

“ Say, listen—after a tough day at the studio, what could be sweeter than a dinner cooked by an authentic Mammy ? And opposite you, something easy to look at, with the additional talent of knowing when to keep quiet ”

“ So it's the home stuff racket, eh ? ”

“ Racket nothing.” Alec snapped. “ She's a lonesome sort of kid. And unsophisticated——”

“ Oh yeah ? ” whistled Junior. “ You'll tell me next that Follies girls think babies grow on rose bushes.”

“ I swear, s'help me—Broadway hasn't touched her. Not even skin deep.”

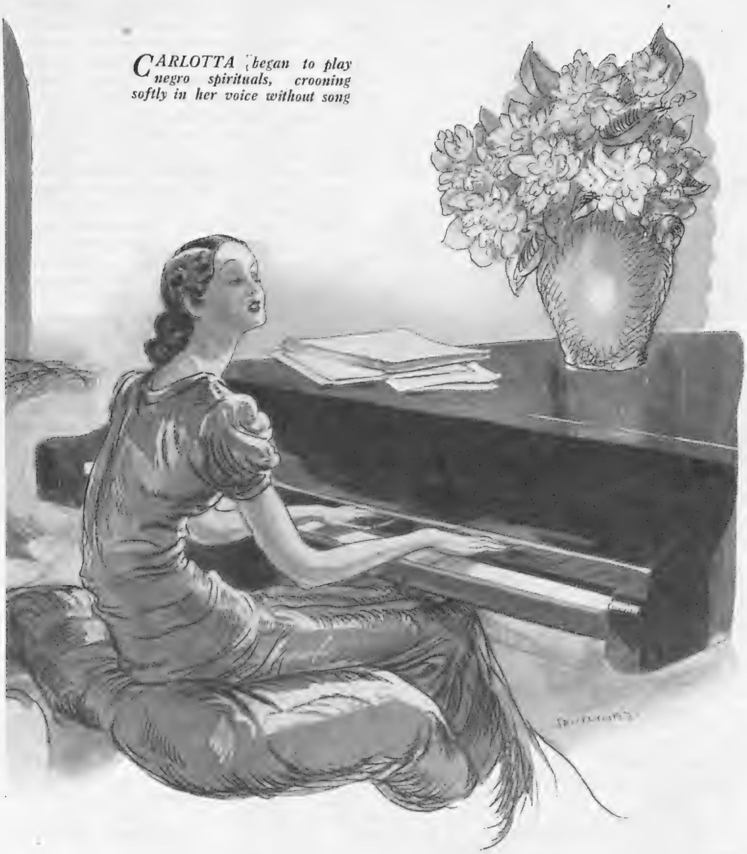
“ Boy, I'm from Missouri.”

“ Well, I'll show you. I'm from the other side of the Mason and Dixon line—and I know the type. It just don't penetrate—the hard-boiled New York stuff. Carlotta's still part of the dreamy south.”

Prompted by cynical intent to puncture his friend's gullibility and with tongue in cheek, young Morton permitted himself to be piloted across Carlotta del Mores' doorstep. The visit occurred on an insidious spring night. Perhaps had it been damp and chill or soggy and hot ; perhaps if the hazy scent of orange blossoms had not drifted from a tree in Carlotta's garden ; perhaps if the living-room had been pretentious as a motion picture set instead of airily draped in unostentatious cretonnes. . . . But no matter. We are dealing in actual events, not probabilities.

As Alec's roadster pulled up at the kerb and the two young men sprang out, to be met at Carlotta's door by a large black woman in bandanna and apron, they were pervaded with an unmistakable sense of home.

The combination living-dining-room was almost sparsely furnished. A piano with the rays of a lamp shining upon it ; a refectory table with candlesticks and



CARLOTTA began to play negro spirituals, crooning softly in her voice without song

an immense bowl of waxen yucca blossoms; a wide, deep, chintz-covered couch inviting relaxation; two matching armchairs; end-tables with cigarette boxes and ash trays; these were the essentials in a rather spacious area. The casement windows were open. The rising moon in a purple sky shone through soft fluttering net curtains.

CARLOTTA did not essay an entrance. Nor were her guests kept waiting longer than five minutes. The men had scarcely settled, Alec sprawled on the couch, Junior in an armchair, when she appeared. Not in languorous pyjamas nor prescribed hostess gown, but wearing a print dress the warm orange of California poppies. Carlotta's midnight hair, soft round her face was caught up at her neck in a loose knot as if she had looped it with the single shell pin which protruded at one side. Not a touch of make-up marred the skin whose tint might have been taken from the scented ivory of the yucca flower. She looked an altogether different woman from the familiar slinking figure of the studio. Hardly woman at all, in fact, but a girl whose eyes, minus the focus of camera angles, visioned dreams of romance rather than reality.

She welcomed Junior in the low luscious voice that was so much music.

" How nice of you. I told Alec I'd love to meet you away from the studio, but not to make you come if you didn't want to."

" Like to see anybody make Junior do anything he doesn't want to—or stop him from anything he does," Alec remarked.

" So this wasn't entirely the boy's brilliant idea ? " queried young Morton.

Carlotta smiled, a slow enchanting smile not more than faint parting of the lips.

" No—afraid I'm guilty. You see, Mr. Sanders, I don't make friends easily. I haven't any small talk and I can't wise crack. And you've been so kind from the start—"

" Kind ? "

" Yes. You paid me the compliment of forgetting I was a woman and remembering I was supposed to be an actress."

" So you want to prove now you're both," said Junior shrewdly.

" No—" The implication apparently had gone over her head. " It just seemed I ought to thank you for all you've done—giving me the chance to get ahead so quickly. And I knew I'd never have a minute to talk to you at the studio."

Junior's blue eyes narrowed as he studied her.

" Oh, that's all right," he replied. " You might be a combination of Bernhardt and the Queen of Sheba. If I didn't expect you to be a gold mine for us, I wouldn't waste a second on you."

With which emphasis on his purely impersonal attitude, he removed his rather puzzled gaze from Carlotta. Before dinner was over, however, the sheet iron scepticism dropped from him like discarded armour.

Baked ham punctured with cloves, candied yams, corn fritters, all are conducive to a state of confidence. By the time the final course of fluffy orange pudding was brought in to the accompaniment of the dark lady's urgent good humour, these three might have been youngsters on a picnic. The bars were down.

When coffee had been served, Alec slumped in an armchair and suggested that Carlotta play for them. Propped in half-reclining comfort on the couch, Junior took a pipe from his pocket. In a few minutes smoke was swirling gently round his head. Smoke in which the girl at the piano wavered like some vision about to drift away.

The servant vanishing kitchenward switched off the electric lights. Only the candles reflected in the gloss of the table and the lamp whose rays were like hazy sunlight illumined the dusky room.

Carlotta began to play negro spirituals, crooning softly in her voice without song. And somehow the rich recitative voice, keeping time to fingers that drew weird melody from the keyboard, was more potent than song could ever have been. It held a sort of drowsy hypnotism.

Easy to fancy a plantation beyond the windows whose curtains veiled all but great patches of liquid silver as it seeped through and formed pools on the floor. Easy to hear the drone of a negro chorus beyond Carlotta's crooning. Easy to catch the lazy lilt of the southland, the strum of guitar, the sensuous sway of yielding to rhythm. Easy to close one's eyes and forget responsibilities, problems, expenditures, mistakes.

Young Morton's heavy lids drooped. The pipe dropped from his lips, dropped from his hand. He did not stir to pick it up. Ashes wavered dustily in the streams of moonlight. Carlotta chanted on. Change of melody, change of rhythm. Yet always the same haunting monotone, languorous, wistful, strangely moving, like the moaning of a soul unsatisfied.

When she stopped finally, the man on the couch spoke scarcely above a whisper.

" Boy—that's wonderful."

Carlotta's head was thrown back. Under the lamp's radiance, her lashes lay like charcoal shadows against the warm pale skin. Her hands brushed the keys as if loath to leave them.

Young Morton got up with the dazed movement of one walking in his sleep, went over to the piano and sat on the bench beside her.

" Don't stop," he pleaded. " Go on—I could listen all night."

She glanced at the armchair that cradled Alec. He was fast asleep.

He slept through the hour during which Carlotta played to the hope and pride of Important Pictures. And the boy, forgetting the importance of both himself and his position, laid hard-boiled cynicism in grave-clothes. That which has caused strong men to tremble, thrones to totter, kingdoms to fall, stole into the room on the gauze of a moonbeam and wove its web round the two heads bent close together above the keyboard.

Long before Alec roused himself, young Morton had suggested coming again and alone. As Carlotta nodded, lashes raised to show eyes swimming with tenderness, he ducked down and his lips touched one by one the fingers resting on the keys. They answered by straying to his shock of brown hair. But only momentarily. Then Carlotta got up and whispered a bit breathlessly:

" It must be awfully late. Hadn't we better wake him ? "

" Not till you promise to see me to-morrow night."

" So soon ? "

" The sooner, the better. We'll have dinner here. Then go for a drive. I've got a little beach house at Malibu. The moon comes up from the Pacific like a ball of fire—"

" All right."

" Carlotta—"

" Yes ? "

" You're the sweetest thing in the world."

THREE weeks later, Alec Morris was summoned to the presence of Important Pictures' chief executive. He found Morton, Sr. stampeding the luxurious suite which comprised outer office, inner sanctum, and a bath that early Rome might have envied. Morton Sanders was anything but his accustomed immaculate self. Hair ruffled, pince-nez dangling from one ear, waistcoat open, he halted as Alec advanced.

" What's happened to that son of mine ? "

" Happened ? "

" That girl, del Mores, she's got him hipped."

Alec's monkey eyes widened. His lips pursed and from them issued a cross between a whistle and a chuckle.

" Not Junior ! He's too wise."

" I tell you, he's crazy about her. And I won't have her play him for a sucker. I won't have my son mixed up with any Hollywood star."

" Oh, come, Mr. Sanders," protested Alec. " Carlotta's a nice girl. I never heard a word against her."

Morton Sanders's hard grey eyes turned their contempt on the head of his press department.

" A girl should parade in nothing but a lace mantilla and stay a good girl ? I wasn't born yesterday."

" I've heard of bad girls who were brought up in drawing-rooms," Alec came back quietly. " Besides, if the thing goes too far, you've got the morality clause in her contract to fall back on."

" Sure," stormed Morton, " first I have to prove she is no good. Then I have to involve my son in the scandal. Then, when the contract's broken, some other company finds some excuse to grab her and makes the fortune we let go."

" Who told you he's crazy about her ? "

" Everybody. They're all over together. Everywhere but here at the studio. Then they act like they hardly know each other. When he's careful like that, it's a sure sign."

" Have you mentioned the matter to Junior ? "

" Last night—I tried to. But nobody can talk to him. Not even his mother. That girl's got him so rattled—you can't even reason with him."

Alec's lip twisted.

" Did you try to reason, Mr. Sanders, or did you just let hell break loose ? "

" What do you mean ? I kept my temper. I just told the boy not to be a damn fool."

" I see," said Alec and said nothing more.

" We always got along grand," moaned Morton, Sr., slumping down at his desk, both hands to his head. " He always listened to me until she came along." Then leaning across the desk, he pointed a menacing finger at Alec. " You brought her here—now you get him out of her clutches. You hear—I won't have my son— "

" Wait a minute," Alec interrupted and now he took to pacing the floor. Not in the frenzy of his employer, but with brows knit, lips chewing on a long black cigar that juggled from one side of his mouth to the other. " Don't get excited. We'll find a way out. The thing to do is bring him to his senses. You can't do that by arguing. She's got to be the one to chuck him."

" Swell chance ! "

" She leaves for location next week, doesn't she ? "

Sanders, Sr. fumbled in the desk drawer, brought out a schedule.

" In ten days. They're taking those Spanish scenes in the San Jacinto Mountains."

" Rotten ! " Alec's wave of the hand consigned the Southern California Mountains to limbo. " Phoney Spanards—phoney atmosphere. What we do is send her to Spain—see ? "

" Spain ? "

" Sure. And I get a big splurge in the papers. ' Important Pictures, intent upon an absolutely authentic production, sends its fascinating new star, Carlotta del Mores, to the land of her forefathers.' Get me ? "

" Gosh—what an expense ! "

" Worth it. The company can cut down on something else. I'll get you a million dollars worth of publicity. Pictures of her sailing—arriving at Gibraltar—delegations to meet her. I'll have her photographed with the whole Spanish cabinet. We'll show her dressed to the nines at a bull fight—then posing with a tribe of gypsies in the Pyrenees. By Jove—" the fount of inspiration reached its apex as he stopped short, snapped his fingers—" she vanishes—get me ? Vanishes in the Pyrenees Mountains—lost for days—maybe kidnapped by gypsies. Anyway, gone—vanished—no trace. Reward offered. Searching party finally organised—locates her in old peasant's hut. He's found her on a mountain ledge knocked out from a fall—half dead—carried her home—nursed her. Oh Lord," exploded Alec overcome with the immensity of the idea, " what a story ! "

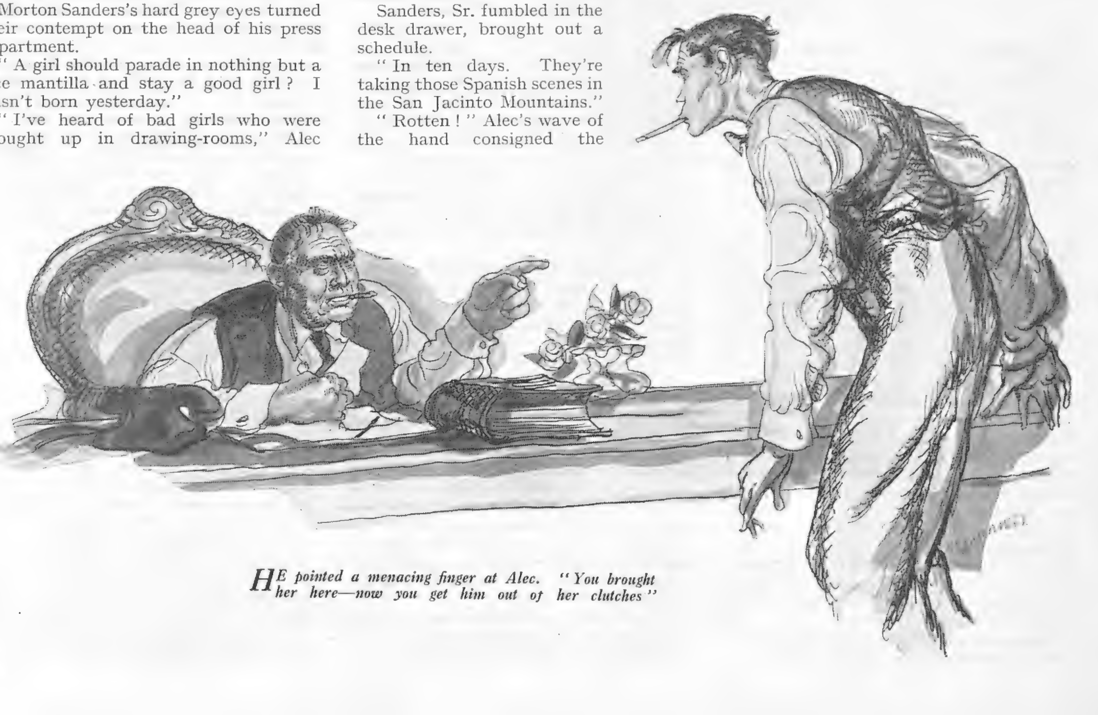
" Yes," Morton set his glasses judicially on his nose, " and what has it got to do with my boy ? "

Alec drew nearer, voice lowered to the note of a criminal planning abduction—" I sell him the scheme of shooting the scenes in Spain without saying a word about our vanishing star. I get his okay on the basis that it'll be swell ballyhoo for Carlotta."

" Sure. And with him on fire like an engine, you think he'll let her go ? "

" Leave that to me. If I tell Carlotta this is the chance of her life, you don't suppose anything can stop her ? Not if I know my onions."

" Listen, Alec," came with a note of



HE pointed a menacing finger at Alec. " You brought her here—now you get him out of her clutches " pathos from Mr. Sanders, "you think she's crazy about him, too ?"

"Not that crazy. She's smelled success and knows this is only the beginning. Carlotta's eye is on the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, I tell you."

Sanders, Sr., was unacquainted with the simile. But "pot of gold" had a familiar sound.

"You should have to tell *me* gold is what she's after !"

"I mean ambition, applause, old man—not money. The girl's no gold digger—I'll underwrite that."

"Um," shrugged his chief, still unconvinced. "And besides helping the picture, what good is it sending her away ?"

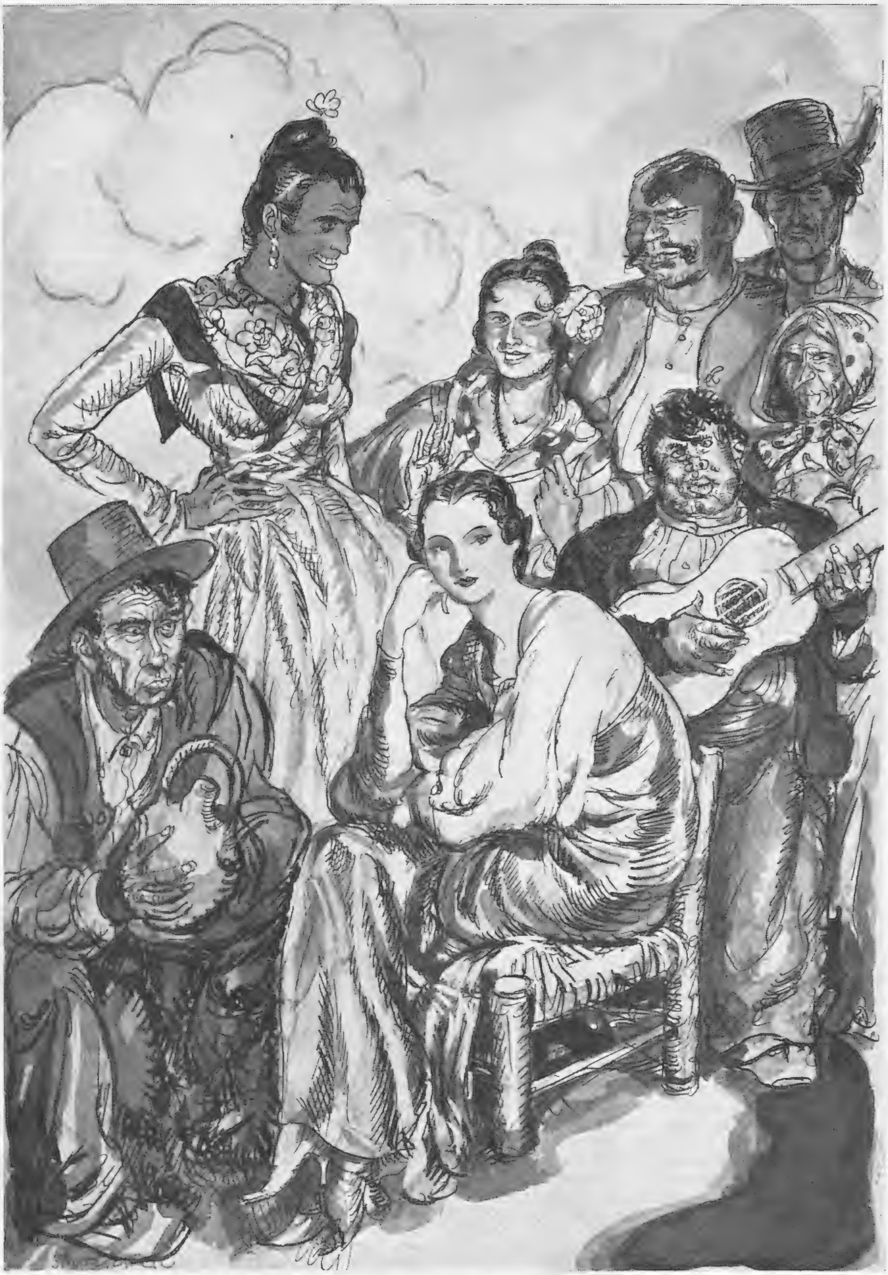
"Say—you know young people. Hot and bothered one minute—ice cubes the next. Once we get her three thousand miles away, they'll both have a chance to cool off. Carlotta del Mores in Spain, having the time of her life—and watch her come back so high that she won't know your boy's alive."

"Oh—she won't, eh ?"

"Emotionally, I mean, she'll be washed up."

So the plan went into effect.

At first young Morton, as anticipated, was absolutely against it. With strategic cunning he objected on all counts except the real one. Had they all gone mad ? Consider the expense, the obstacles bound to arise in a country recently in the throes of revolution, the risk that results might never justify the outlay. Even Alec's persuasive salesmanship while Sanders, Sr., kept in the discreet background, failed to budge him.



WE'LL show her dressed to the nines, posing with a tribe of gypsies in the Pyrenees

It was the pleading in a pair of tear-dimmed dark eyes which eventually melted resistance, eyes whose swimming loveliness drowned logic as well as reason.

"I've never been abroad," was all she said in answer to his objections.

"Honey," begged the boy in actual pain, "don't think I'm mean. I just can't bear to be separated from you all that time."

"Only a few months."

"Do you want to go ? Do you want to leave me ?"

"We'll have a chance to miss each other. And that's sweet—missing someone till it hurts."

"It hurts anyway. Not having you hurts," agonised young Morton. "Why do you put me off ? Don't you love me ?"

"'Sh"—They were in his office with only a wall between them and his father. "You know I love you."

"I want proof. Darling—look at me—I can't make you out—"

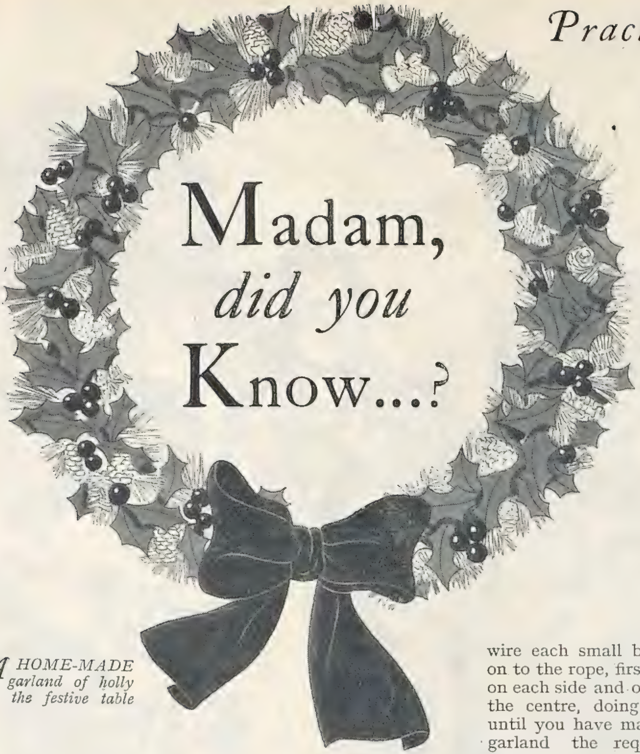
She looked up with her faint noncommittal smile. Then her rich lips went to his. They stood held close for a long throbbing moment.

"Maybe—when I get back—" she promised in a vague husky whisper.

So she sailed. With a retinue that would have done credit to a queen. It was not only the chance of Carlotta's lifetime ; it was the golden opportunity of Alec's. He accompanied the cortège to New York. His wizardry kept his star's name shooting across the firmament of the press with a recurrence that put to shame laws of astronomy. (*Contd. on page* 95).

Practical Suggestions for Simple Decorations

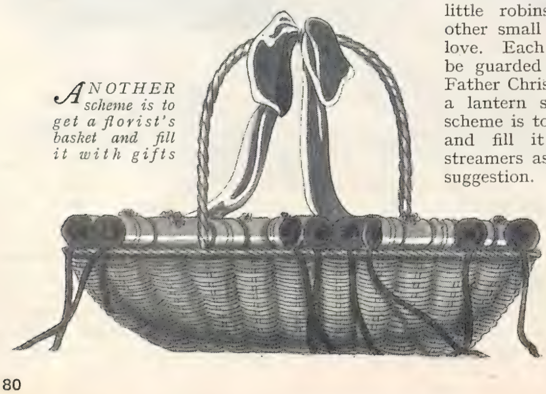
Madam, did you Know...?



A HOME-MADE garland of holly for the festive table

THAT you can manufacture some very fine-looking holly berries yourself ? This is very useful to know, because not only do berries sometimes drop off the holly, but artificial ones help with other decorations. You will need thin wire, dried peas, red sealing wax and methylated spirit—each of these you probably already have in the house. Parboil the peas so that you can fasten the wire into them. Now melt the sealing wax in methylated spirit and dip each pea into the solution.

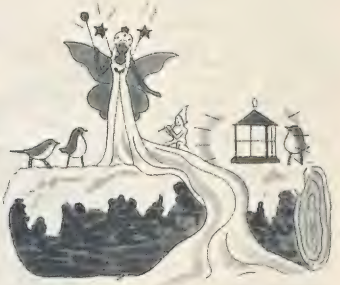
Speaking of these things, have you tried making a garland as a form of table decoration ? Small sprigs of holly, yew, berries (artificial or otherwise), fir cones and pine needles, all these should be wired together to form a circle in the centre of the table. First you must have a piece of rope as your base; then you fasten together small bunches of the leaves and berries you are using. After this you wire each small bunch on to the rope, first one on each side and one in the centre, doing this until you have made a garland the required length.



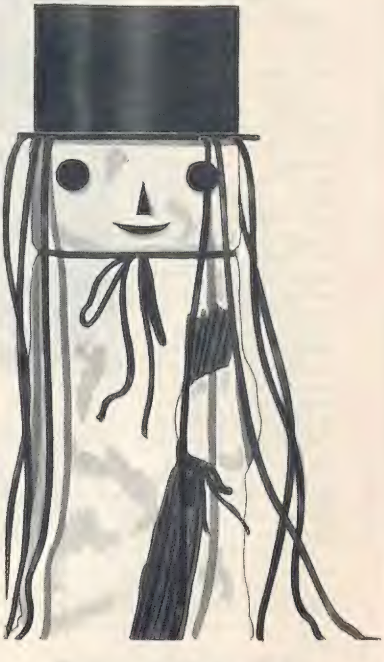
ANOTHER scheme is to get a florist's basket and fill it with gifts

DID you know that you can make the most attractive table decorations for the children's party for very little money ? Here are some suggestions that will save you buying an expensive centre decoration ; when you have read through these, no doubt some other ideas will occur to you. First there is the Snowman, which can be made to hold gifts inside him. This can be done by making a cylinder of cardboard and covering it with cotton wool. A piece of ribbon will indicate the neck, while the eyes, nose, mouth and waistcoat buttons can be indicated with the aid of black paper cut out and stuck on. The hat can be made either of material or paper, and his besom made of twigs. Inside the cylinder can be small parcels, each with a streamer of ribbon leading out of the Snowman to the plate of every small guest.

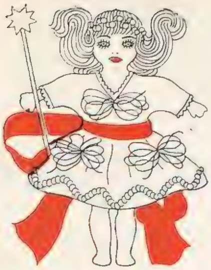
ANOTHER idea is to choose rather a nice-shaped log and cover it with "frost." On the log can be stuck little robins and gnomes, and other small tokens that children love. Each end of the log could be guarded with a Snowman, a Father Christmas, or a lamp with a lantern shade. Yet another scheme is to buy a florist basket and fill it with gifts having streamers as in the "Snowman" suggestion. These parcels can then be covered with prettily arranged crackers. Then there is the covered box idea. Cover the top of a box with cotton wool and sprinkle it with "frost." On the top arrange small houses and trees and other pretty objects in miniature, and have inside the box some surprise, either a present for each guest, each name carefully written on the parcel, or all the boys could have parcels wrapped in scarlet paper and all the girls white. If you do not wish to fill it with gifts, put balloons inside. This will cause great fun.

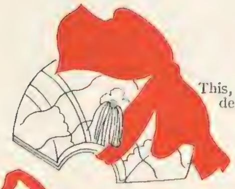


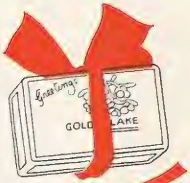
CHOOSE a nice-shaped log and cover it with "frost" and then place on top of it a miniature fairy or some tiny robins. Small "logs" are easily made from cardboard with brown paper pasted over each end. Each log could contain a present tied with a long ribbon, one end of which should be pulled through a hole in the brown paper end. To this should be attached a card with the name of the recipient written on it



THE Snowman would make an attractive centrepiece for the table of a children's party

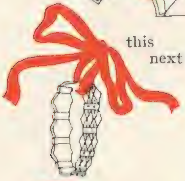


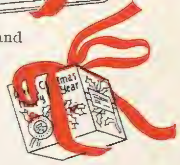




This, dear folks, is to wish you a very happy Christmas, and to add another wish, in which I am sure you will join.

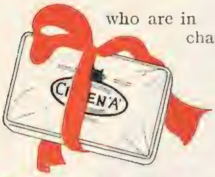
It is that

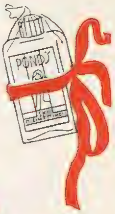




this next year will be one of unexampled prosperity and also a great time of rejoicing all over the world: that wars and strikes shall cease and

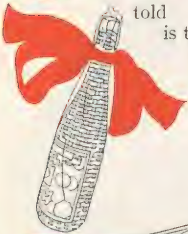
that those

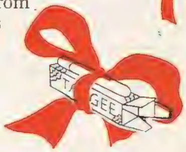




who are in charge of our international and national affairs shall forget to disagree, and endeavour to rule us with the good will

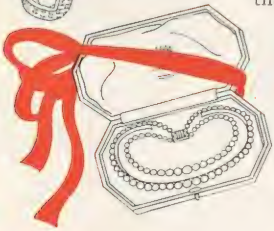
which we are

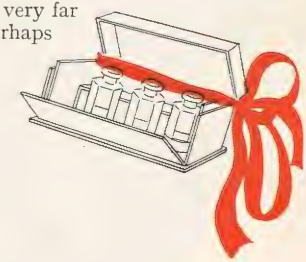




told is the true Christian spirit, but one, alas, too often forgotten. So on these pages you will find a large and attractive selection of gifts from

which you may choose,



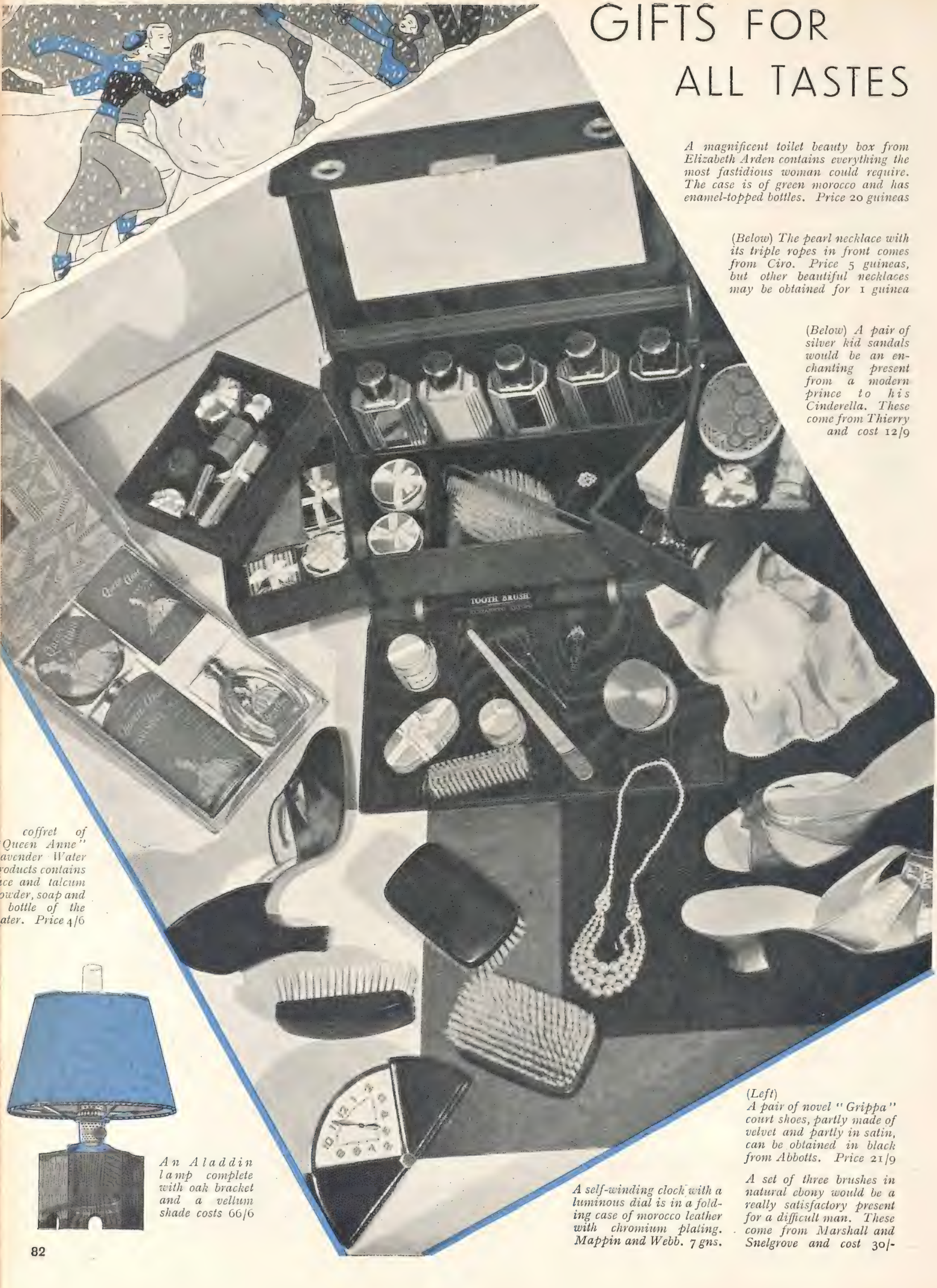


in order that you may give real pleasure to those who are dear to you, and to friends who are perhaps very far away.

Therefore do you not think you should study these pages?

the doll at the top of the tree comes from Gorringe's and costs 2/3. Rowntree's chocolates (top left) cost 6/6; the bracelet of brilliants beneath is an Omar jewel, price 10/-. Craven "A" in the popular red box cost 2/6 for 50. "4711" Eau de Cologne in the wicker-covered bottle costs 14/-. A fine string of Lotus pearls are priced at 42/-. (Top right) 100 "Gold Flakes" in a special Christmas packing cost no more than 4/10; the box of Player's Medium "Navy Cut," also in a special packing, costs 4/9½. Pond's skin freshener is an acceptable present; it is priced at 1/- or 2/-. The miraculous Tangee lipstick costs 4/6. A magnificent gift would be Houbigant's new set of perfumes "Pour le matin, pour l'après-midi, pour le soir": the coffret costs 25/-

GIFTS FOR ALL TASTES



A magnificent toilet beauty box from Elizabeth Arden contains everything the most fastidious woman could require. The case is of green morocco and has enamel-topped bottles. Price 20 guineas

(Below) The pearl necklace with its triple ropes in front comes from Ciro. Price 5 guineas, but other beautiful necklaces may be obtained for 1 guinea

(Below) A pair of silver kid sandals would be an enchanting present from a modern prince to his Cinderella. These come from Thierry and cost 12/9

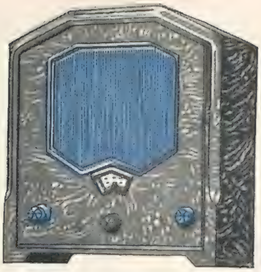
coffret of 'Queen Anne" avender Water roducts contains ice and talcum owder, soap and bottle of the ater. Price 4/6

An Aladdin lamp complete with oak bracket and a vellum shade costs 66/6

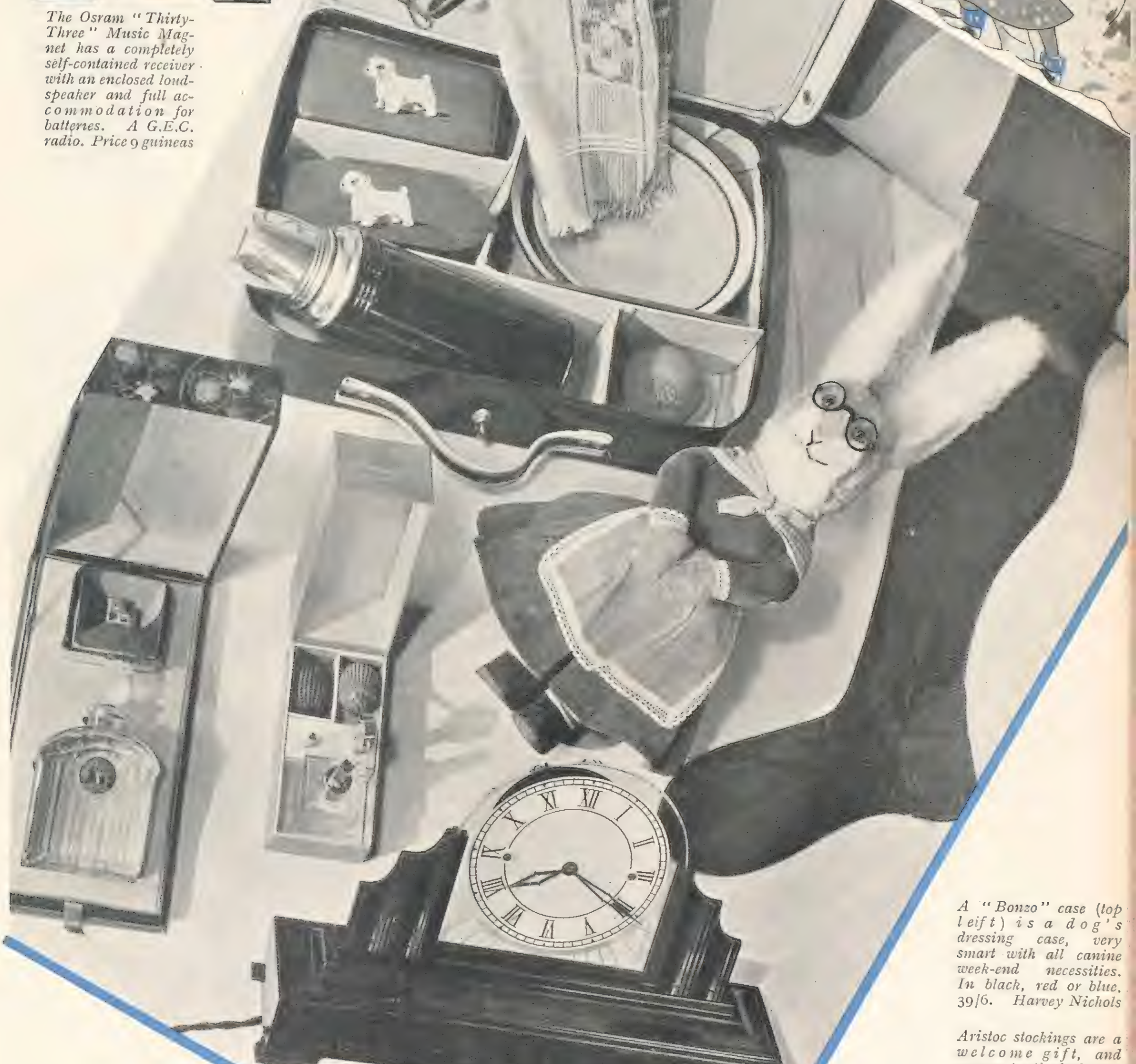
A self-winding clock with a luminous dial is in a folding case of morocco leather with chromium plating. Mappin and Webb. 7 gns.

(Left)
A pair of novel "Grippa" court shoes, partly made of velvet and partly in satin, can be obtained in black from Abbotts. Price 21/9

A set of three brushes in natural ebony would be a really satisfactory present for a difficult man. These come from Marshall and Snelgrove and cost 30/-



The Osram "Thirty-Three" Music Magnet has a completely self-contained receiver with an enclosed loudspeaker and full accommodation for batteries. A G.E.C. radio. Price 9 guineas



A "Bonzo" case (top left) is a dog's dressing case, very smart with all canine week-end necessities. In black, red or blue. 39/6. Harvey Nichols

Aristoc stockings are a welcome gift, and women particularly like their new low Cuban heel and dial finish. There are 36 shades from which to choose

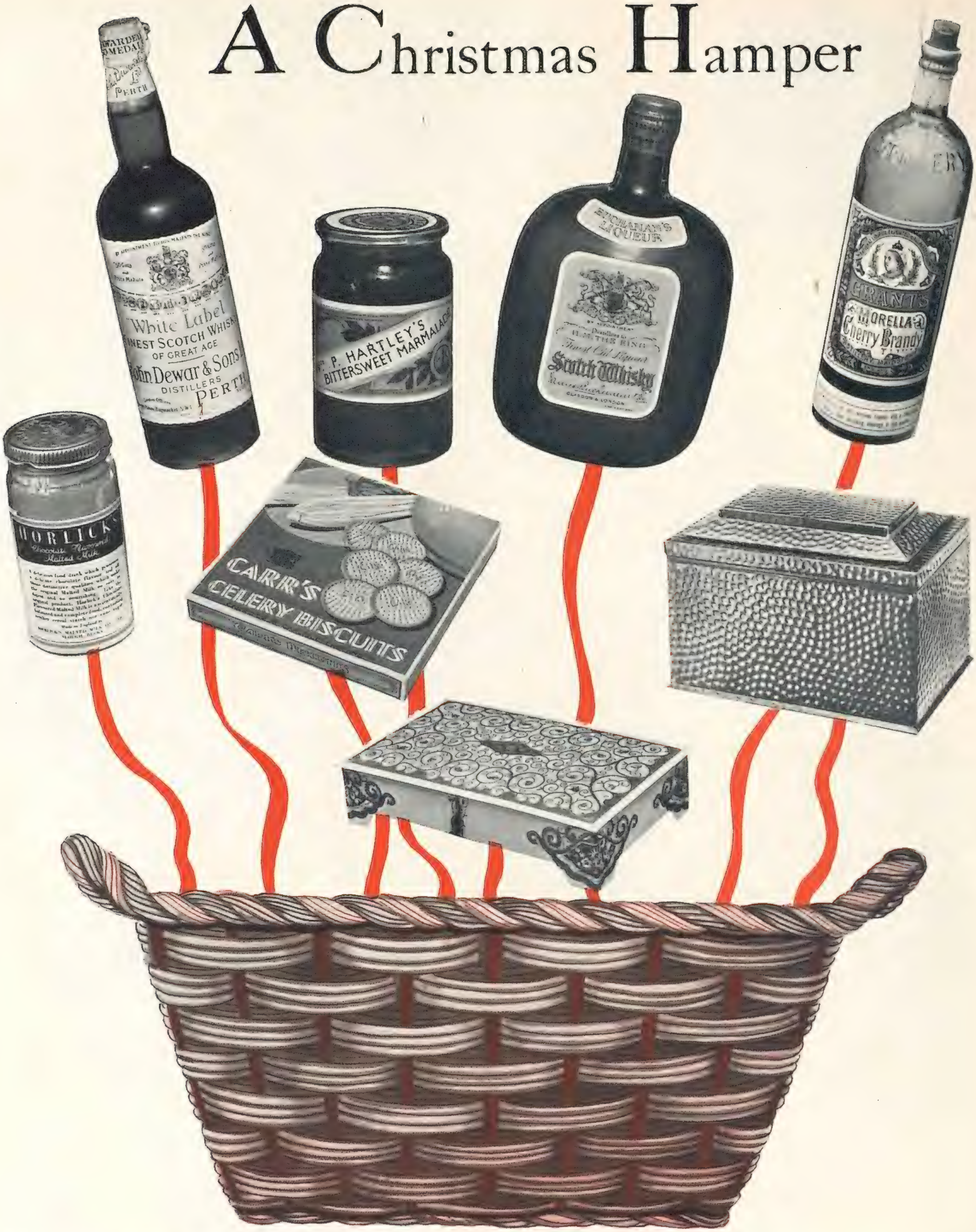
A gift coffret from Yardley contains a fluted flagon of their famous lavender water and a square gilt powder compact of an unusually smart design. Price 10/6

A scent spray designed for travelling and made of crystal and chromium comes from Debenham's. Price 1 guinea, or 35/- when filled with scent

This very handsome clock is indirectly lighted and never needs winding. It is of English design and comes from Benson. 9 gns.

Ma Coney, the motherly rabbit in the centre of the picture, wears a pair of spectacles and a blue velvet dress. From Woollands. 4/6

A Christmas Hamper


White Label
Finest Scotch Whisky
Of Great Age
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
Distillers
Perth
Horlicks
W. P. Hartley's Bittersweet Marmalade
Carr's Celery Biscuits
Buchanan's Liqueur
Scotch Whisky
Grant's
Morella
Cherry Brandy

HORLICK'S Malted Milk should be included in every Christmas hamper, particularly where there is a baby or an invalid in the house. It costs 2/- a bottle

A BOTTLE of good whisky is always an acceptable present, and John Dewar's at 12/6 a bottle is an inexpensive gift which is sure of a warm welcome

A GOOD beginning to every day is a breakfast which includes Hartley's Bittersweet Marmalade. This costs 8d. a pound jar or 1/3 for two pounds

CARR'S biscuits are to be obtained in a number of varieties, both sweet and savoury, but their Celery biscuits are extremely popular. 1/8 a pound tin

A SPECIAL presentation casket for Christmas has been packed by Cadbury's in the red and gold Baghdad casket complete with a silk tassel. Price 10/6

BUCHANAN'S excellent liqueur whisky costs 13/6 a bottle and may be obtained in special Christmas hampers containing two, three, six or twelve bottles

AFTER the Christmas dinner a glass of Grant's Morella cherry brandy is an excellent digestive. Their Invictamint Crême de Menthe is also very popular

AN extremely inexpensive item in a hamper is the magic casket prepared by Peek Frean and which contains a splendid assortment of their biscuits for 2/6

Let the Children make your Christmas Candies. Here are a few simple sweets which are easy to make and good to eat

Candies for Christmas

Helen Macgregor

THE exquisite silver bon-bon dishes in the photograph above come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, and cost 2 guineas each

Utensils needed for Sweet-making at Home

- Strong pans.
- Saccharometer.
- Marble or slate slab (top of a marble washstand very useful).
- Caramel cutter.
- Hardwood spatula.
- Two-pronged wire fork.
- Greaseproof and wax paper.

Sugar Boiling

Sugar is boiled to certain degrees for different classes of sweets and, as one degree too little or too much will spoil the sweets, it is advisable to invest in a sugar thermometer which registers the various stages of the boiling process.

Some Hints on Boiling Sugar

Always dissolve your sugar entirely before allowing any of it to boil.

Keep a pastry-brush and cup of cold water for brushing down the sides of the pan to keep the sugar from graining.

Never scrape the sides of the pan when pouring out the sweet mixture.

Some Easy Boiled Sweets: Minties

1 lb. Barbados moist sugar.
½ gill water.
Peppermint essence.

Place sugar and water in a pan and dissolve slowly. Boil to " hard crack " or until the mixture will rattle if dropped into a cup of cold water. Do not stir while cooking. Pour out on to a greased slab. Sprinkle over a few drops of peppermint essence. Turn in the edges with the spatula and pull out into strips. Roll and cut off in cushions with a strong pair of scissors. This operation must be carried out very quickly before the candy sets. Wrap in wax papers when cool and store in tins. If properly made this candy never sticks to the teeth.

Barley Sugar

Add the white of a small egg to the above mixture and boil in the same way. Twist the strips before cutting into lengths.

Almond Brittle

Blanch some Jordan almonds and sprinkle over the greased marble slab. Pour over mixture used for MINTIES, adding essence of ratafia instead of essence of peppermint. Add the flavouring before pouring over the almonds.

Ginger Scrunch

Make as for ALMOND BRITTLE, using chopped candied ginger and essence of ginger for flavouring.

How to Make Turkish Delight

1 lb. loaf sugar. 1 gill water.
1 oz. leaf gelatine. Juice of 2 lemons.
Carmine colouring.
1 dessertspoonful of rose essence.

Dissolve the gelatine in the water, add lemon juice and sugar. Melt slowly and boil up for five minutes. Divide the mixture and add the rose essence to one half and six drops of colouring to the other half. Pour into oiled tins. When set, cut into cubes and roll in sifted icing sugar. If liked, chopped nuts may be added.

Fondant Mixture

1 lb. loaf sugar.
½ pint water.
1 tablespoonful of glucose.

Dissolve sugar in the water slowly, then add glucose. Brush the sides of the pan to keep from graining. Do not stir, but remove any scum with a wooden spoon. Boil up, with the lid on, to 245° or until the syrup will form a soft ball. Sprinkle the slab with hot water, pour out the syrup and sprinkle a little hot water over the syrup. Work the mixture with the spatula until it is creamy, then knead. Add the required colouring and flavouring essence (the amount varies greatly according to its strength).

Sweets You Can Make with Fondant Mixture

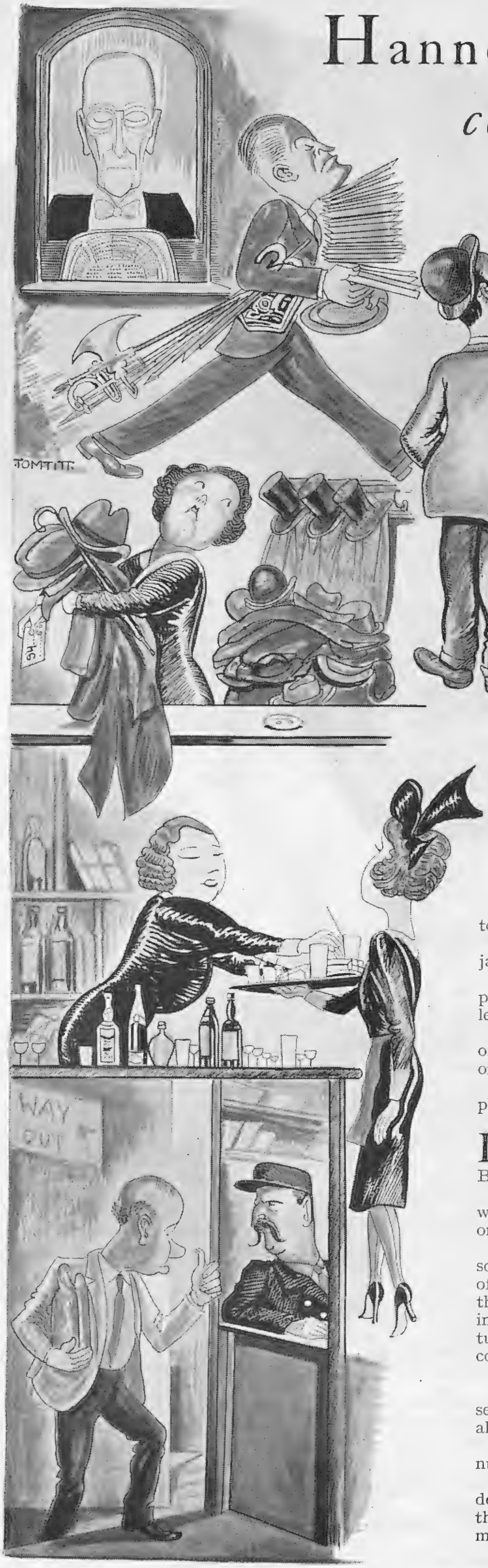
MOCHA FONDANTS.—Flavour with coffee and form into balls. Place half a walnut on each side and press into shape.

STUFFED DATES AND STUFFED FRENCH PLUMS.—Use any flavouring and colouring liked.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS.—Flavour with essence of peppermint, shape into rounds about ¼ in. thick and leave to harden on greaseproof paper. This mixture can be rolled out on a board and cut out with a caramel cutter dipped in castor sugar.

Hannen Swaffer *concludes his Series of*

Decorations by Tom Titt



DEAR EVERYBODY ELSE,—Yes, but there are lots of other jobs in a theatre besides those with the limelight glory and all those who have the names on the posters outside.

Bring all your family along with you and get the real jobs.

I know you like money. Why not sit in the box office and take it ?

You have all seen that expressionless face, framed in wood, with a chart in front marked with all the seats you don't want. He is very often the only man who handles real money in the theatre, and even then, it isn't his.

He is there to be insulted by the management when the play is a failure, and by the public even when they stay away.

But once in twenty years or so he gets a success. Then he does all the insulting back.

He has to answer sixteen telephone calls at the same time, usually from people who want to change their seats, or have got on to the wrong theatre, and try to sell seats " over the window," as he would put it, to people who don't know what they want.

Nearly always, behind that calm, passive exterior, there is a burning necessity to effect a sale. If he can persuade those two people who are speaking to him now to take two stalls instead of the two upper circles they are asking for, the play may run another week.

He will tell them that the seats he is offering are worth the difference. He does not mind doing that because, by the time they have seen the play, he will have gone home.

He goes into his cage at ten o'clock in the morning and they let him out again at ten at night. He has to invent the excuses for bad business to the manager and the business of bad plays to the public.

Don't envy his evening dress. Sometimes that's only a shirt and jacket. I have known the bottom part encased in grey flannel trousers.

You will not see, at the pit and gallery—for it is there the intelligent playgoers go in—the poor mutts who sell you the metal checks which let you in.

They don't even speak. A hand comes out, takes the money you put on the tray. Another unseen hand turns a handle and the square bit of metal shoots out.

They don't see you and you don't see them. But they never see the play. So, sometimes, they're much luckier than you are.

I KNOW you would like to be a programme girl because then you can see the play every night and get used to it. If you see it once, it hurts. But you can wear it down.

Besides, they can get all their own back. They can leave open doors while the play is on, to give you a cold in the neck, and explain they only left it open in case you wanted to run out.

They can bring in their trays of teas at the matinée, and rattle them so that you cannot hear what is going on. They can be at the other side of the theatre when you want a programme, and they can show you to the wrong seats and then blame you because you cannot read the numbers in the dark. They can dazzle you with an electric torch which they turn on so that you miss the entire first act and they can talk in the corridors far louder than the actors on the stage.

No one has ever complained that a programme girl is inaudible.

The cloak-room attendant's job awaits you, when you are too old for selling programmes. This is like running a laundry—you can mix up all the clothes.

If it is a gentleman's cloak-room your ability will be gauged by the number of tall hats you can destroy.

You will have to learn to bring your sixpence with you. That is the decoy. If it were a shilling, some playgoer might steal it. If it were a threepenny bit, it might make you think it was a church. Sixpence means everybody else must do the same.

The cloak-room attendant, if the play is a success, probably makes

Open Letters

to the

"Would-be's"

of the

THEATRE

more money than any other member of the staff, and all for mixing up the hats and coats. By the time you've got yours, the relief is so great that you willingly put sixpence, or even a shilling, in the little saucer.

BE a barmaid! Barmaids judge the plays entirely by the amount of trade they do in the intervals. Some plays create a thirst. The barmaid is only interested in the play when the curtain is down.

To be a really efficient barmaid you must learn how, in a rush interval, to serve everybody but the person who asked you first, and, when he wants a whisky and soda, to give him a very small whisky and a very large soda and charge him full price for each.

You must learn how to clatter your glasses and clink your bottles so as to be heard all over the theatre when the play is on. You must learn how to pour out the beer with such a head on it that half the beer is left in the bottle. It may be useful for the next play.

You can insult your customers as much as you like. You will never see them again.

Having seen the first act of the play and then been insulted in the bar, you think you ought to go and see the actor who so kindly sent you the tickets. For that is how you got in. So you go round to the stage door.

You will find, sitting there, a curious-looking man, the modern descendant of the ancient cave-dweller.

Stage-door keepers seldom see the light of day. They don't want to, for if they did, it would mean that the theatre would be shut and they would be out of work.

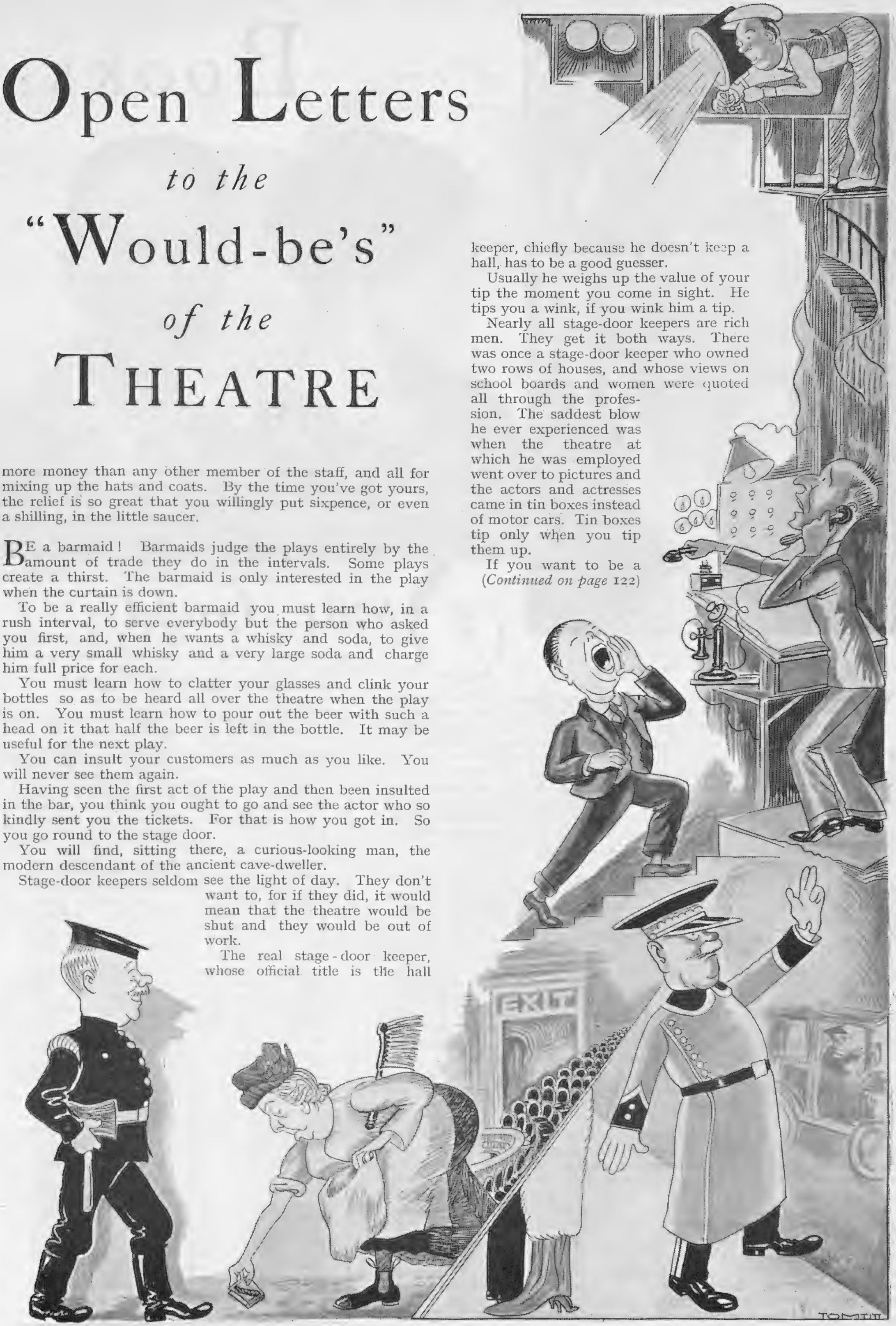
The real stage-door keeper, whose official title is the hall keeper, chiefly because he doesn't keep a hall, has to be a good guesser.

Usually he weighs up the value of your tip the moment you come in sight. He tips you a wink, if you wink him a tip.

Nearly all stage-door keepers are rich men. They get it both ways. There was once a stage-door keeper who owned two rows of houses, and whose views on school boards and women were quoted all through the profession. The saddest blow he ever experienced was when the theatre at which he was employed went over to pictures and the actors and actresses came in tin boxes instead of motor cars. Tin boxes tip only when you tip them up.

If you want to be a

(*Continued on page* 122)



ROSAMOND LEHMANN, author of "Invitation to the Waltz"

Below: SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER, author of "Salutation"

Books: Some Good

VERY few people are entirely free of superstition. Even those who despise the grosser forms of it, such as walking round ladders and throwing salt over the shoulder, will hesitate to say, "I shall be alive a year from now" or "I shall have no bad news to-day," although the chances may be greatly in favour of both statements turning out to be true. And then there are still subtler forms of superstition. A man will avoid mushrooms because once a mushroom disagreed with him. At first his restraint may be common prudence, but it can easily degenerate into superstition. In fact, I doubt whether any man exists who is entirely superior to this weakness. As for those folk who show their strength of mind by deliberately walking under ladders or forming Thirteen Clubs, they are the most pathetically human of all.

Fears of the unknown scheme of things lurk within almost all men and women. These fears have been satisfactorily explained away by psychoanalysts and others, yet somehow, when the talking dies, they are still there. Their existence is not merely acknowledged, it is the basis of Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, which he unequivocally calls *Superstition* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a medical man who counts among his acquaintances a rather stupid fellow with a highly developed faith in the grosser forms of magic. The annoying thing (to the doctor) is that his friend's superstitions have a way of coming true. I will not spoil Mr. McKenna's effects by divulging the details of his plot, for this plot is so ingenious and is handled by the author with such urbanity and good sense that it is bound to give pleasure to even the most rational of readers—indeed, this is the class that will enjoy it most. But I am not sure that Mr. McKenna is not a very wicked man. I am not sure that, with all his beautiful detachment, he really believes in fairies. However, that is his own affair. Besides, he may have started as a sceptic and written himself into a state of grace; the process is not unknown.

For so young a man, Mr. McKenna has written a formidable number of books. Yet, if you analyse his new novel, you will find evidence that his mind has lost none of its fertility and originality. Miss Vicki Baum has, as far as I know, written less than half a dozen books, but already she is showing signs of strain. Perhaps she has over-written herself for the moment. Analysis of her new story, *Helène* (Bles. 7s. 6d.), reveals a modern exterior, of life in the medical and chemical schools of a German University, but a dreadfully old-fashioned interior filled with familiar situations and stale devices. She is so skilful that this book, like all her works, is very readable, and there are passages which are far more than readable—delightful pages with the genuine Vicki Baum flavour. But her story of disease and poverty and unhappiness is merely harrowing without ever becoming tragic. "'Very interesting,' said the magistrate. He felt a little uncomfortable." There, in

The Long Years

THEY WERE DEFEATED.	JOSEPHUS.
By Rose Macaulay.	By Lion Feuchtwanger.
(Collins. 8s. 6d.)	(Secker. 7s. 6d.)

HISTORICAL romances are always immensely long. Nobody really knows why; but it has been suggested that the authors, having gone to the trouble of prolonged study and research, are unwilling to waste any of the information they have so laboriously collected. And not only are they long, these historical novels. They get longer as they go backwards. One can tell in advance that a novel about the Napoleonic wars will not be quite as long as a novel about the Wars of the Roses, and that a story about the Punic Wars will be longer than either. Thus it is no surprise to find that Miss Macaulay's novel of England in the seventeenth century is only as long as two ordinary novels, whereas Herr Feuchtwanger's romance of the Roman Empire in the first century A.D. is equal to three. The surprise is that no one has silenced all opposition by writing a Neanderthal thriller as long as the Hundred Best Books.

Both the novels mentioned above are important works, but their importance is not due to their length. Both are too long in the sense not that they take too long to read but that they would be greatly intensified and quickened by pruning. Miss Macaulay's story of Herrick is a big and memorable piece of work, but its rate of progress is, to use a polite word, leisurely. Like Henty, this fine writer has been unable or unwilling to prevent her novel taking at times the form of a history lesson. Herr Feuchtwanger is even less economical of words, even more determined to omit no detail from his period picture. Gone are the rush and crush and drama of *Jew Süss*. The magic seems to have evaporated from our author's inkpot. Now his description of the inside of a Roman prison is scholarly, accurate and interesting—not more. How the author of *Jew Süss* would have made that prison reek and swarm! History, not for the first time, has crushed a true novelist.

Rose Macaulay

Left:
L. P. HARTLEY, *author of "The Killing Bottle," a volume of short stories*

Novels reviewed without Tears

By Arnold Palmer

STEPHEN McKENNA, *whose latest novel "Superstition" is reviewed in this article*

the author's own words, is my verdict on the novel. For once, also, Miss Baum does not seem to have been perfectly served by her translator.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's second work of fiction, *Public Faces* (Constable. 7s. 6d.), is a political novel in the Belloc manner. The author is well acquainted with the Diplomatic-Downing Street-Cabinet world, and he describes it with an accurate and lively detachment which is wholly delightful. As long as he remains detached, his sense of humour washes the atmosphere; everything is sharp and clear and invigorating. But it seems as if one day, at the Plaza perhaps, or the Capitol, Romance touched him and he was moved by the need of a little love interest. The result is to be found in some painful—" shame-making," he would call them, I suppose—some long-winded scenes utterly out of tune with the rest of the book. The truth is that Mr. Nicolson is an observant psychologist, but a rather unscrupulous one in the sense that he will always sacrifice a character to a good line. He is at his best in painting dwarfed, fussy figures in a crowded scene, and not in plumbing the depths of poor human nature. He is a Fougasse, not a Bateman.

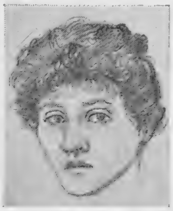
NO doubt, Miss Rosamond Lehmann, like the others, calculates her effects, but *Invitation to the Waltz* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) reads like a lovely, spontaneous improvisation, and I do not think I could analyse it even if I would. This charming tale consists of nothing more than the description of two young ladies at a dance. It is really a very long short-story, a bud which is allowed to open slowly, gracefully, and in its own time. The theme is slight and light and, in a sense, insignificant. But the characters live immediately and independently, and they never cease to develop along their own lines. There is not a touch in this little book which is not contributory and revealing. If the first test of novel writing is, as I believe it to be, the gift of creation, then this short and apparently trivial story is worth dozens of those long novels so fashionable just now. It is intensely alive from beginning to end. One starts by thinking it charming; long before it is over, one recognises that it is rare, if not important.

A gentler, more wistful charm emanates from *The Seraphim Room*, by Edith Olivier (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), as also from Mr. James Francis Dwyer's *The Romantic Quest of Peter Lamonte* (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.). Miss Olivier is an author who has never met with the recognition which is her due. Her methods are very quiet, and if that is the reason why some readers have overlooked her, it is also the cause of other readers remembering her and looking out for her infrequent books. Her new one is not her best; but it is, like all her work, distinguished. Mr. Dwyer's story of Provence makes a more open attack on the emotions, for it tells of a young man walking through the countryside and meeting with poetry, music, love and adventure as he goes.

(*Continued on page* 108.)

Gabriel's Lizzy

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI: HER LIFE AND DEATH. By Violet Hunt. (Bodley Head. 18s.)



Violet Hunt

THIS (assuming that the reader has a little, even a very little, interest in the second half of the nineteenth century) is one of the most vivid and exciting books of the year. Hardly anyone possesses Miss Hunt's qualifications for the task of writing the social and domestic history of the Pre-Raphaelite circle. The daughter of a well-known painter, she was brought up in houses where the friends, relatives, descendants and disciples of the men who had been responsible for the movement were constant (and talkative) visitors. She was brought up to believe that the movement mattered tremendously. To-day there are people who, because its influence has thinned and diminished, contend that it can never have mattered. Miss Hunt has, at least, silenced them.

And yet she suffers, as a biographer, from grave defects. She is biased to the point of vindictiveness; her style is wayward and obscure to the point of (not seldom) opacity; and, most serious of all, she is tempted at times to employ the methods and technique of the novelist rather than of the biographer. No doubt some of these faults actually contribute to the wonderful vitality of her book, but they affect its evidential value, and must, in time, affect its reputation. Nevertheless, life must precede all qualities, even strict justice, and Miss Hunt's book is undeniably alive. She has reconstructed a highly exciting period in art, and has managed to reconstruct the excitement with the period. The volume cannot be ignored; it will never be ignored, though its judgments may be questioned. Knowing that the cultured reader nowadays is beset by more books than he can ever hope to peruse, one tries to be merciful. But here, without any doubt, is something he cannot afford to miss.

More About Our Time

DISCOVERY. By John Drinkwater. (Benn. 10s.)

MY WORLD AS IN MY TIME. By Sir Henry Newbolt. (Faber and Faber. 18s.)

Sir Henry Newbolt

THESE two volumes of reminiscences cover the half-century 1864–1913. They should, therefore, be of the liveliest interest to all readers of middle age or more. Yet, in fact, there is something slightly somniferous about both of them. In Sir Henry Newbolt's case it arises from the donnish quality, unaggressive but unmistakable, which comes in its turn from a lifetime of culture and cultured surroundings. The publishers of his beautiful volume suggest that it does for the literary world what Sir William Rothenstein's book has done for the world of painting. It is a natural and tenable notion. Unfortunately, Sir Henry, who has spent so much of his life in writing, is not nearly as good a writer as Sir William. Especially he lacks the gift of vivid portraiture. But though his pages do not lead one irresistibly on, they are very pleasant to dip into, and their temper is always perfect.

Mr. Drinkwater's case is different, and simpler. At the end of the second volume of his autobiography he has reached his thirty-first year. He is now 50, so that if his life, like most lives, grows fuller in the middle, we have still a very long way to go. To justify such very detailed treatment a career surely must be exceptionally important or interesting. It would be rude to say that Mr. Drinkwater's hardly supports the strain; but it is difficult not to think that he tries it dreadfully high. There must be something more in the art of autobiography than simply putting down everything you remember.

"What have Comedy, and even Month's

KYATUK and Chee-ak, who play the leading rôles in "Igloo," a thrilling film of Eskimo life and customs. This film was actually made in North Western Alaska with native players

ANNA STEN, the beautiful new star, another blonde to betray the screen Jannings, a crook, in "The Tempest"

SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, Elizabeth Allan and Nancy Price in a scene from "Down Our Street," a film made at Elstree by Paramount

By

Sydney Tremayne

ADULATION for the film stars, admiration for the directors, even for the camera men guarded and often ignorantly bestowed praise, but for the wretched film renters and distributors only contempt, hard words and sneers at "Wardour Street" captions and the box-office mind. . . . One pictures a people apart, swart, stunted cigar-smokers, deprived prenatally, like the inferior groups in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," of some vital hormons which would have supplied them with artistic perception, so that when, in the course of excursions into the territories which they occupy, in quest of copy or stills, one meets courteous, intelligent and apparently normal human beings, one can be excused for "registering" surprise!

The truth is that these people spend their lives in trying to supply the public with pictures that they will like. They are in the difficult position of serving two masters—the public and the companies which employ them. The percentage of successful films released in the course of a year shows that they are not the dolts and morons they are represented to be.

In the matter of booking and distributing films there are social, geographical and seasonal conditions to be taken into consideration. Theatres which specialise in certain types of pictures may provide a solution to the problem of catering for diverse audiences, but speciality programmes have revealed a curious overlapping of different "worlds." Pictures expected to appeal primarily to the cognoscenti have drawn a wide general public. For example, there were the universally popular "Secrets of Nature" series, the foreign films, originally shown experimentally at the (then called) Avenue Pavilion, and the phenomenal success of Réné Clair's masterpieces and other Continental pictures at the Rialto. The Academy in Oxford Street was filled to capacity during the run of the Swedish film, "En Natt." "Tempest," in which the redoubtable Jannings and the beautiful Anna Sten played in German, drew crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

AT the other end of the scale we find comedies, *pur sang*, intended for the delectation of the masses captivating the intelligenzia. "Micky Mouse," Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and even the Marx brothers have joined the lions in the social and intellectual menageries and so confounded the critics.

All this would seem to make the placing of pictures a "ver-ry difficult tr-rick," but at least during the holiday season distributors and renters may cease trying to plumb psychological depths and rely on the younger generation running true to form and upon parental and avuncular disinterestedness. And so among the general releases for December we have a fair percentage of comedies calculated to titillate less sophisticated palates as well as some full-blooded adventure stuff.

Among the films which come into the last category, quite the best is "Igloo." Accompanying adults need not assume the rôle of martyr in this case, for, as well as being an authentic thriller, "Igloo" is an extraordinarily interesting depiction of Eskimo life and customs, scenery and fauna, actually made in North Western Alaska, with native players.

The hero's part is played by Chee-ak, a tall and handsome Eskimo who, after a series of adventures which would themselves make matter for a film, arrived at Hollywood and there met Ewing Scott, who wrote and directed this picture. Scott, accompanied by a camera man, Roy Klaffki, took Chee-ak back to his "home town" and spent seven months under, to the men from the south, almost intolerable conditions of an Arctic winter in order to make the film. With the help of Chee-ak's unique qualifications as an interpreter, lingual and racial difficulties were overcome and a native cast enrolled.

Chee-ak himself is an actor and an attractive screen personality, and it is to be hoped that he will overcome the initial handicap of having the tin-kettle tag "the Clark Gable of the North" tied to his name and will not remain a one picture star. Kyatuk, the Eskimo girl who supplies the requisite love interest, is certainly no Garbo, but she has a naïve attraction and a, thank goodness, ungroomed, indigenous beauty. These people, shown in their native surroundings, virtually living their natural lives, are a refreshing change from the self-

you?”

Adventure, Romance Realism in the Picture Programmes

PAUL LUCAS and Tallulah Bankhead as the leading rôles in “Thunder Below.” In this picture Tallulah Bankhead definitely finds her film feet at last

conscious and repetitive sex-appeal dramas, and, in spite of the hardships, there are moments when, to the civilisation-sated, an igloo might seem to have advantages over “the stately homes of Hollywood.”

AMONG the comedies proffered as film fare is Buster Keaton's “Speak Easily,” an adequate vehicle for his bewildered and solemn gaucheries. As a pedantic professor caught up in the slang and hooch ridden night life of New York in the company of a theatrical troup which he is financing, for sentimental reasons, Keaton will amuse his own particular public, although American English has almost ceased to be a joke and has become, like Spanish influenza, an infectious disease, and it is not made clear in “Speak Easily” whether “the joke is on” the wise-crackers or the purists. But Keaton makes good use of the comicality of contrast, and what could be funnier than a fish out of water, a beetle on its back or a human being in a morally and physically ridiculous and if possible painful position ?

It is curious that the screen has not discovered any British comedian of really outstanding merit. (Chaplin's art is individual and universal.) I doubt whether Leslie Fuller, subtitled “the rubber-faced comedian,” will ever mean very much to the great big world, but he is starred in two comedies released this month, “The Last Coupon” and “Old Spanish Customers.” The first is, I think, the better of the two. It has a topical and native interest. In it Fuller plays the part of a miner who wins a big money prize in a football competition. The early shots, at the pithead, in his home and in the mining village, have a human interest independent of the humour which is the rea motive of the picture. The more hilarious “fun” begins when the consequences of Bill's sudden affluence are shown. Mary Jerrold is good as the wife and Molly Lamont and Binnie Barnes both photograph well.

“Old Spanish Customers” is frankly farce. This time it is the wife of another “Bill,” played by Leslie Fuller, who wins a prize, two tickets for a continental tour, and they set out for Spain and trouble. Bill finds himself in the clutches of a Spanish siren and the raiment of her bull-fighting beau. His enjoyment of the adulation bestowed on him when he is mistaken for Tormillio abates when he finds he is expected to take his place in the bull ring — glorious opportunity for comic business ! Taste in comedians is as personal as preference for a certain breed of dog. Either Leslie Fuller's every antic and facial contortion make you laugh till you have a pain in the side or they give you a pain in the neck.

IF you have had enough of juvenile enjoyment and want to indulge in selfish solemnity, “Thunder Below” will prove a suitably depressive antidote. In this picture Tallulah Bankhead, definitely finding her film feet at last, torn between love and duty to a blind husband, ends a slightly lagging story by doing the Sapho act and plunging from the rocks into a seething sea below.

Or, for a really good cry, there is “The Strange Case of Clara Dene,” in which Wynne Gibson takes you through the whole gamut of disillusioned love and martyred motherhood as the girl who is involved in her husband's crime, wrongly convicted and separated from her beloved cheeild. In the later sequences she shoots the wicked husband to safeguard her now grown-up daughter's happiness and apparently finds sufficient outlet for her mother-love by making the girl's wedding dress.

A very different sort of mother, Nancy Price in “Down Our Street,” a magnificent study by one of the finest character actresses on the English stage or screen. The play from which this film was made did not have a long run, but I have an idea that when it reaches a wider public through the medium of the screen it will receive the appreciation it deserves. There is humour, drama, and sound psychology in this story of crisis in the lives of a back street barber, well acted by Morris Harvey, his nagging, competent wife, their daughter and the young crook with whom she is in love. As brilliantly produced as “Street Scene” “Down Our Street” might have had a similar success ; as it is sincerity and good acting may “put it over.”

Dustless Dusting

The microbes of dust are harmful: why not endeavour to eliminate them?

By Mrs. Robert Noble

THE library brush collects all the dust from books and shelves without moving the books, and this small round brush dusts and cleans picture-rails, cornice mouldings and carved furniture. Both are Electrolux attachments

THE whole art of successful house-cleaning depends on the removal of dust and dirt to a place where it can be destroyed, or at any rate do no further harm. We have modernised our methods so that the dust is no longer flicked away from one place to settle peacefully in another. Up-to-date house-cleaning tools really keep the house dust-free, and this with a minimum of fatigue to those concerned with the work.

There are several useful tools that take up the dust and at the same time keep the hands clean. There is a dusting glove with a palm of soft yarn; this rubbed over polished furniture gathers up the dust and restores the polish at the same time. After use the glove can be shaken, and when the yarn gets dirty it is easy to wash the glove, making it as good as new again.

The up-to-date vacuum cleaner is a great aid to dustless dusting. The various attachments are designed to suck up the dirt and convey it into a closed receptacle which can be emptied later. The large nozzle is intended for carpets, curtains and staircases, and the smaller one passed over upholstery, mattresses, etc., extracts the dust from every crevice. The large brush attachment can be used for hard surfaces like floors or walls, and the small brush is invaluable for cleaning inaccessible ledges such as cornice mouldings, picture-rails or the crevices of carved furniture. The long-handled library brush passed over books saves the trouble of taking them out of the bookcase to dust them. Each of these various fittings can be easily used in turn, for they slip on or off in a minute.

BRUSHES and nozzles, to suit the cleaning in hand, slip on and off the new Electrolux vacuum cleaner in a minute

The dust that is drawn into the new Electrolux vacuum cleaner passes through an air-purifying pad saturated with a sterile aromatic preparation. This cleans and purifies the air on its passage, so that when it passes again into the atmosphere it is free from harmful germs or dirt.

Another advantage of possessing the vacuum cleaner is the fact that you can reverse its action so that instead of cleaning by suction it becomes a blower. Dust is sometimes inclined to collect in places, as, for example, inside a piano. If the top of the piano is opened and then covered with a damp cloth, the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner is inserted, and used as a blower. The dust as it rises is collected on the damp sheet. The blower action is also useful for dusting such delicate ornaments as glass or shell flowers. These are so easily broken even by light contact of a duster or brush, and they come to no harm from the stream of air blown over them. With these and similar modern aids to house-cleaning it is possible to make and keep the house perfectly dust-free and to rout every particle of dust out of nooks, corners and crevices without fatigue and without discomfort.

These Electrolux gadgets show the same efficiency and smooth working as do their famous water-softeners and refrigerators.

The latter can be, as every housewife knows, operated by electricity, gas or paraffin, but their water-softeners are entirely non-electrical and non-mechanical.

They are inexpensive to instal and, in a country over-supplied with hard or chalky water, are both time and money savers.

MADE in a flexible steel frame with a polished handle, this absorbent hand duster holds the dust until shaken out

"4711"
Genuine
Eau de Cologne

The Original half-size bottle - - - 4/9
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In pear shaped bottle with nickel screw cap - 10/6

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In Jacobean fancy decanter with glass stopper - 15/6

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In wicker covered bottles 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6

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In flat wicker covered bottles with gilt screw cap convenient for travelling. 8/6 & 12/6

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"4711" Presentation Cases containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and "4711" Toiletries. Prices from 3/3 to 27/-

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The original half size bottle attractively boxed - 5/-
Full Size - - 9/-

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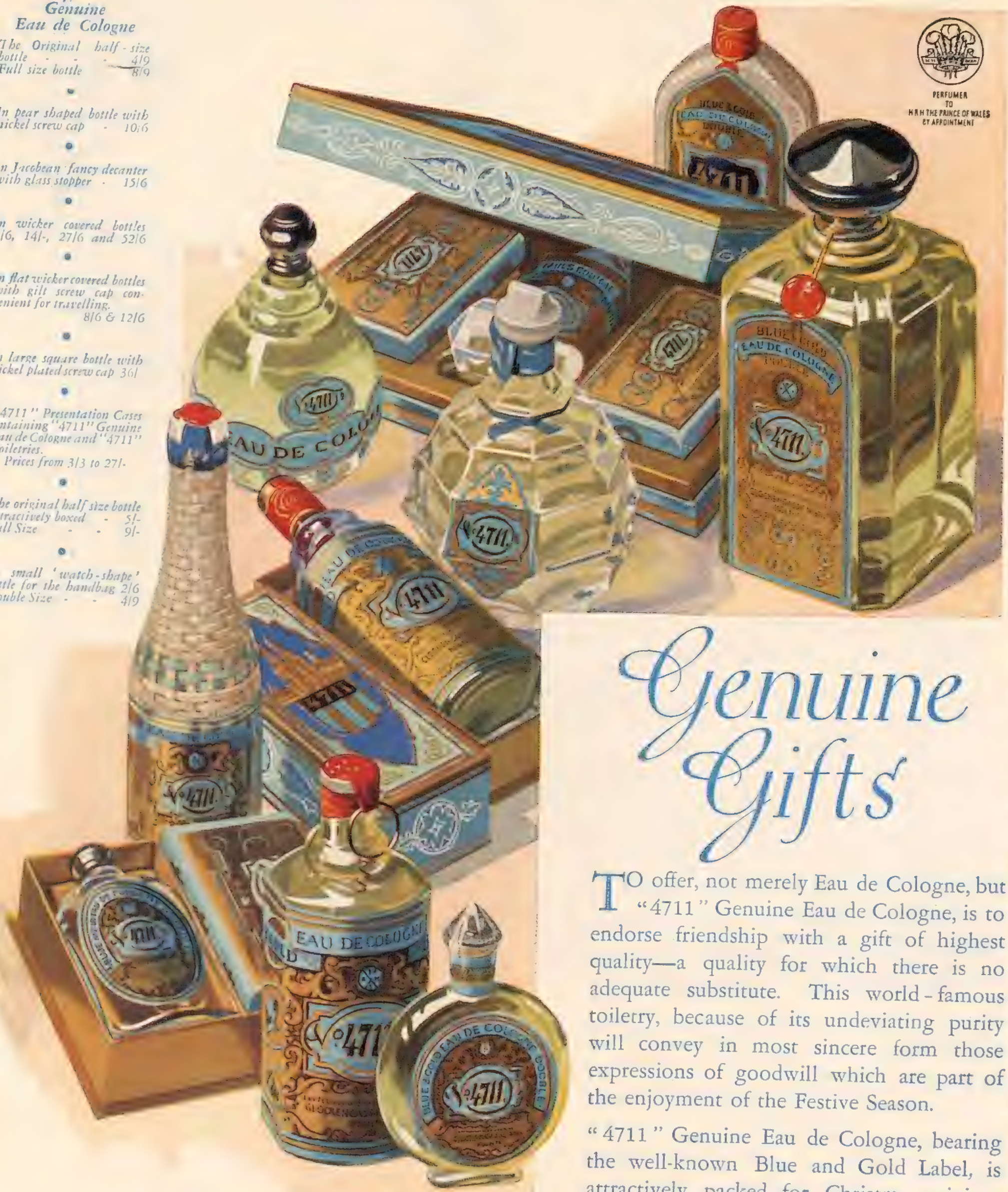
In small 'watch-shape' bottle for the handbag 2/6
Double Size - - 4/9


PERFUMER TO H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES BY APPOINTMENT
4711
EAU DE COLOGNE
BLUE & GOLD EAU DE COLOGNE DOUBLE

Genuine Gifts

TO offer, not merely Eau de Cologne, but "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, is to endorse friendship with a gift of highest quality—a quality for which there is no adequate substitute. This world-famous toiletry, because of its undeviating purity will convey in most sincere form those expressions of goodwill which are part of the enjoyment of the Festive Season.

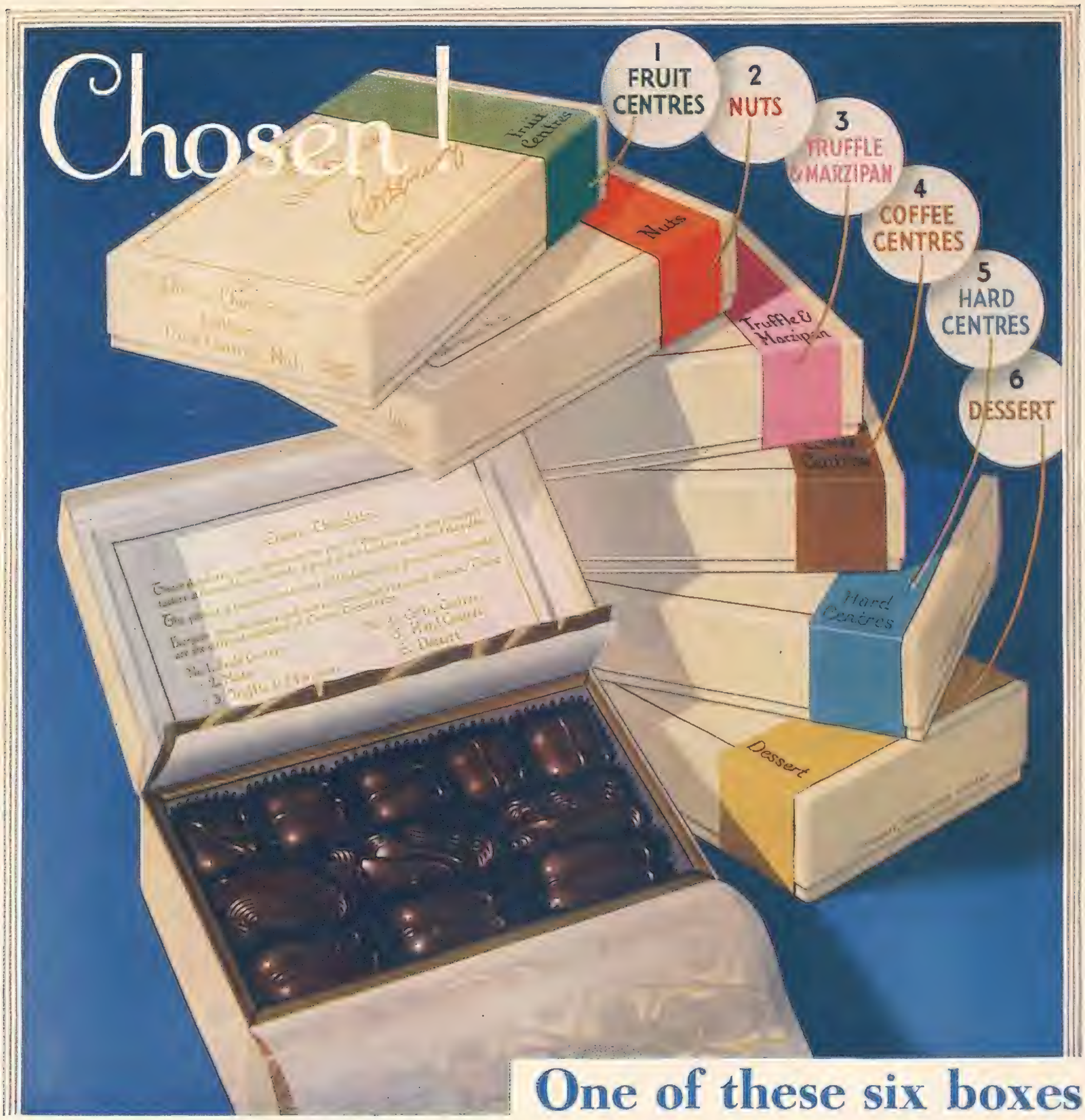
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, bearing the well-known Blue and Gold Label, is attractively packed for Christmas giving.

No. 4711.

Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Gar. G.1. No. 12 a.f.


Chosen!
1 FRUIT CENTRES
2 NUTS
3 TRUFFLE & MARZIPAN
4 COFFEE CENTRES
5 HARD CENTRES
6 DESSERT
Fruit Centres
Nuts
Truffle & Marzipan
Hard Centres
Dessert

One of these six boxes contains your favourite variety—*which is it?*

Which kind of assorted chocolates do you like best? Fruit centres? Or nuts? Caramels? Or dessert? Whatever your favourites may be, thanks to Cadburys you'll find them waiting for you now in the shops, in 'Chosen Chocolates.' Cadburys realize that other people's fancies aren't quite the thing in *your* assortment. So they have produced these six *new* assortments. A pretty good idea, you'll agree.

1
Assorted FRUIT CENTRES
2
Assorted NUTS
3
Assorted TRUFFLE AND MARZIPAN
4
Assorted COFFEE CENTRES
5
Assorted HARD CENTRES
6
Assorted DESSERT

Each box is the result of a long and exacting set of tests at Bournville. Between them they contain in all twenty-two kinds, every one of which is the connoisseurs' choice. If you buy four ¼-lb. boxes, there are 126 different ways of making up your own personal pound assortment. Not much difficulty now about getting *exactly* the chocolates you prefer!

'Chosen Chocolates' by Cadbury

IN QUARTER POUND BOXES 1/-, HALF POUND BOXES 2/-

The Vanishing Star

(*Continued from page 79*)

Once arrived in Spain, Carlotta occupied the spotlight with Hitler and Mussolini. Daily notices of her comings and goings; Sunday spreads; interviews. A Latin beauty received with open arms in a Latin land. Something touching, romantic, glamorous, removed from sordid publicity about the whole affair.

Then a lull, following announcement that Carlotta had gone into the fastnesses of the Pyrenees Mountains, where scenes for her new picture would be shot. This lull was Alec's trick, like the sudden deadly quiet before a hurricane.

Two weeks passed. After which came the deluge.

Carlotta disappeared!

THE story broke the front pages exactly as Alec prophesied. Her lovely face with its sleepy sombre eyes looked into the face of every reader of the news in every civilised country of the world. Carlotta ceased to be a cinema star alone. She became the daughter of every American household.

Alec Morris, long since returned to Hollywood, sat back in his office with the serene sense of a job well done. The whole thing had been carefully planned with no chance of a slip up. The peasant who was to find Carlotta was an old Spanish actor carefully rehearsed and well paid for his performance. The legend of her discovery in the mountains, helpless and unable to move, was, of course, mere legend. Carlotta had been tipped off when and where she must go and a car provided to take her there.

But as Alec sat, feet on desk, well pleased with the result of his master stroke, Morton, Sr. entered, white as the plaster walls. He shut the door carefully, looked about to be sure they were alone.

Alec's feet came down from the desk.

"See this?" He displayed the morning paper.

"See it!" said Sanders, staccato despite Herculean effort to keep to a bass level. "Did I see anything else since I woke up? My boy's raving like a maniac."

"Didn't you explain to Junior?"

"Sure I explained—you think I'm crazy? But he won't believe me—he won't believe me." The white hands went out in a helpless gesture of futility. "He says I'm lying."

Alec's jaw dropped.

"He believes she's actually lost?"

"Worse. Kidnapped. He's calling our Madrid office and the American Embassy—I can't stop him. Off his head, I tell you."

"Is he here now?"

"No. Home. He don't know the studio's on earth."

Alec reached for his hat, was at the door like a streak of lightning.

"I'll talk to him."

But Junior couldn't be talked to—that is, not rationally. He had a hundred arguments to prove he was right. Why hadn't Carlotta informed him of the plan before she sailed? . . . Because she didn't know anything about it, wasn't even told until a few days before they put it into effect. . . . Nonsense—did they take him for a fool? No American girl would be a party to any such dangerous business.

To make matters worse, Alec had no way of confirming his own statement. If he cabled, the answer would be bound to back up news reports. Alec had no code by which the truth could be communicated. He finally gained young Morton's consent to wait until the end of the week, at which time Carlotta was scheduled to be found.

Alec acknowledged to himself that he wished the week were over. He ate little, slept scarcely at all, and spent hours with Junior, trying to keep the boy calm. The latter's clear-headed business acumen, swift decision, unwavering courage were shot to pieces. He looked haunted.

When Saturday came, Alec breathed the sigh of a man who steps beyond prison walls. There would be a cable on his desk sometime during the forenoon.

But no cable arrived. Allowing for delay, he waited until after lunch. Still no word. He began to pace the floor. It seemed hours that he marched back and forth. Then, unable to bear the strain any longer, even while telling himself that he was an ass to be so upset, he lunged for the telephone. Hat on the back of his head, hands shaking so that they could scarcely hold the instrument, he put in a call to the company's Madrid office.

Even before the answer came through, some sixth sense told him what it would be. The message humming across three thousand miles of space conveyed the excited information that no trace of Carlotta del Mores had been found.

"What d' you mean?" shouted Alec. "She's at that hut——"

"No. And she hasn't been there."

"She must be. Some mistake. . . ."

"No mistake," came the voice from Spain. "She's gone. Vanished completely. We've got the police. . . ."

The rest was lost to Alec's buzzing ears. . . . Gone? Carlotta gone. . . . Those were the only words that registered. A cold watery film beaded his forehead. When he finally hung up the receiver, it was with fingers stiff and numb. He thought he was going to faint.

He had cried "Wolf!" And now the wolf was at his door. His blank cartridges had proved to be loaded. His coup had ended in disaster. He had called upon Carlotta to lose herself in the mountains, and the mountains had swallowed her. For the first time in a spectacular career, he found himself helpless.

After an unmeasured lapse of time, he mechanically reached into a drawer of the desk, poured a drink and dragged himself upright. His brain had gone dead as a burnt-out fuse. One thing was certain—he must immediately see Junior and somehow make known the facts without being killed.

Still numb, he took a few steps towards the door. But before his hand touched the knob, it turned and young Morton's secretary handed him a note.

Scrawled across a sheet of studio paper were the words:

> "*Flying East. When you get this I'll be on my way. Break the news to the old man. I'm going to Spain. You can go to hell.*"

Alec looked blankly at Junior's secretary.

"He left it with me last night," she explained, "but told me not to deliver it until this afternoon. He hasn't been at the studio all day. Is anything wrong, Mr. Morris? Is there anything I can do?"

"No," said Alec. "No—that will be about all," and closed the door.

Then a strange—one might almost say a bewildering—thing happened. The cold sweat passed from Alec's brow. His fingertips began to tingle. Anxiety lifted from his eyes like a raised blind, to reveal the accustomed inscrutable monkey look. Lips, muscles, even ears twitched with what might have been interpreted as satisfaction. The man as he stood re-reading Junior's note was enigmatically metamorphosed from defeat to victory. An onlooker would have judged him a bit mad. But there was no onlooker.

With a gesture of finality he pulled the hat from his head, squared his shoulders, and stepping jauntily down the corridor, presented himself to his chief.

Morton Sanders did not wait for the news which Alec had to reveal. Obviously he was quite aware of its nature. He gazed stonily across the desk and gave vent to one cryptic phrase: "You're fired."

PROBABLY, this same gentleman was amazed some three weeks later to receive a call from the erstwhile wizard of Important Pictures press department.

With his gift for springing surprises, Alec walked into the office, crossed to the desk and genially shook the hand of his former employer.

"Well," ejaculated Morton Sanders, "you've got a nerve!"

"Haven't I?" nodded Alec. "But don't mistake me. I didn't come to ask for my job—merely for a family conference."

"Family?" muttered Sanders. "I ought to take you by the seat of your pants and throw you out for what you did to me and mine!" He tossed a blue and white envelope across the desk and tears were in his voice. "I might have known when the boy found her over there, I could expect the worst. Well—why don't you read it?"

For answer Alec drew a similar communication from his vest pocket, spread the sheet and read aloud:

> "*Married in Paris to-day. Sailing Aquitania. Deliriously happy. Morton joins in love and says you are the best little manager on earth.—Charlotte.*"

Mr. Sanders set pince-nez on his nose and studied his own cable. Then he looked up, blinking.

"Charlotte?" he asked. "Mine says he married Carlotta."

"They're the same," confirmed Alec. "Carlotta del Mores to the public. In private life, Charlotte Morris."

Morton Sanders continued to blink.

"You see," pursued Alec blandly, "I know this game. If I'd told you I had a talented kid sister who could knock your eye out on the screen, you'd have told me I was okay for publicity, but to leave casting to the casting director. So I gave Charlotte a couple of seasons on Broadway to break her in and a name that suggested something romantic. And you'll admit now my judgment wasn't influenced by brotherly affection."

The President of Important Pictures took out a fresh handkerchief and for five minutes speechlessly mopped his brow.

"Well," he remarked finally, "I said she was a nice girl, didn't I?"

"Too darned nice. Fell head over heels in love with that boy of yours and cried herself to sleep nights, scared if she told him who she was he wouldn't love her any more. Afraid the romance would be gone for him. So when you kicked up a row, I saw a swell chance to send her away and let Junior find out if it was the real thing or just—" he snapped fingers expressively—"Got me?"

"No—I don't get you," rejoined Sanders heatedly. "You mean to tell me you let us all sweat when nobody could find her? You let the boy go out of his head! And all the time you could have told him—told the whole damn studio—where she was?"

Alec's recital took on a faintly regretful, very quiet and almost literary note.

"Even—pardon me—the cleverest of us may be forgiven an occasional miscalculation. The lady put one over on me. She welcomed with no degree of enthusiasm the prospect of spending several nights under a Spaniard's roof—even an old Spaniard—even a safe Spaniard. So when they informed her that she must disappear, she disappeared more to her own taste and discretion. She simply drove to the nearest town where she could connect with a decent train—and vanished. Anybody glancing over the book of a little inn at Pampeluna would have noticed a Charlotte Morris registered there. Pampeluna, however, is an old town in the Pyrenees where innumerable civilised Americans go to witness the civilised pastime of bull fighting. Charlotte Morris meant merely another Yank. I learned all this in a letter received a few days ago. Long before it came Junior had located her."

"How?" quizzed Sanders. "How did he know where she was and what name to look for? Did she send for him?"

"That," shrugged Alec, "will remain a lovers' secret even I can never penetrate." He rose, hand extended, "Congratulations—she's a grand kid. And I hope—no hard feelings."

"Wait a minute," said Morton Sanders. "Wait a minute. Don't be in such a hurry. I think—honest—we should keep that job of yours in the family."

END

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Christmas Ancient *and* Modern

(*Continued from page* 43)

Naples, even to-day, are devoted exclusively for the few weeks preceding Christmas, to the market of the *Pastori* and the sale of every material needed in the construction of the Presepio. This must be made at home, according to the artistic taste and the means of the individual family. It is definitely a communal enterprise, for each member of the household does his bit under the direction of the grandfather or grandmother.

Nine days before Christmas the Presepio must be ready. All the *Pastori* are installed—all save the Infant, Who, as He has not yet been born, has no place on the scene. Pipers are engaged for the *Novena*, a song of glory to be played nine times—once on each day—in front of the Presepio. Usually composed of a team of two, father and son, the pipers come into the city purposely from the country and wear the same dress, in all its picturesqueness, as the *Pastori* pipers.

On the last day the Babe is placed in the manger; a more elaborate song is played by the pipers, who subsequently return to their native villages. For a few days the Presepio remains, the sacred altar of the home (again recalling the classical days with their Lares et Penates); then the candles are extinguished, the *Pastori* are packed carefully away, and the denuded landscape is relegated to the box-room until the following year. . . .

If the religion of Israel had not expressly forbidden the representation of the human figure in the graphic or the plastic arts, how many precious records, more especially those dealing with the origins of Christendom, would have not come down to us!

But of one record one word must be said. In the Capitol of Rome, amongst those slabs of marble representing the Roman calendar, there exists one which may puzzle the student of archæology—that type of student who, searching for difficulties is sure to find them! On this slab is written *Natalis solis invictis*—birth of the sun. It is dated December 25. It was engraved before the Christian era.

A coincidence? Perhaps. Yet on that date was there not born a very sun: "To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the Glory of Thy People. . . ."

END

A Watch *in the* Night

(*Continued from page* 57)

her again. Praying, he was, and singing hymns, and all sorts." Jim spat. "Old fool! Serve him right." He rose.

"Well—better get on if your coming. They're short of ferrets."

Instantly alert, Blaise sprang up.

When they reached the bank where Ted and Bob were working with phlegmatic thoroughness, a pile of woolly bodies testified to their success.

Ted removed his pipe.

"One of them blanky ferrets is lying up."

"Blaise has two."

Trembling with eagerness, Blaise unstrapped the fishing bag and inverted it. Then he uttered an exclamation of anguished dismay! One solitary, disconsolate ferret fell out, blinking dejectedly in the lantern light. A glance convinced him that the bag was empty, another that it was Bath whom Jim clutched. Wells was missing! The magnitude of the catastrophe overwhelmed him.

"Wells! She must have got out at the oak when I opened the bag to get out the food and things. I must go back."

"You'll never find her now," said Jim. "She'll be miles away—down a hole or something."

"I *must* find her." Blaise's voice quivered with despair. "I *can't* leave her. She's in a delicate condition. I'm sure it can't be good for her to

(*Continued on page* 98)

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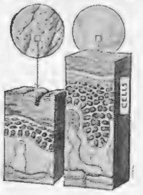

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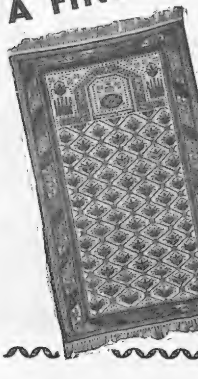

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go roaming about all over the place without her husband. Here—give me Bath. Perhaps she'll come for him." He crammed the bereaved husband into the bag.

Bob made his first contribution to the situation.

"You'd better go with him," he said to Jim. "He'll get lost or something. Besides, it's getting late."

For the second time that night Blaise retraced his steps. This time he strode along beside Jim in heavy silence.

"It isn't," quavered Blaise, with death in his voice, "as if she was used to this part of the country. She's never been in the wood before. And I meant to give you one of the babies." A tear ran down his nose.

Jim attempted consolation. "Well—perhaps we'll find her. You never know with ferrets. She may be just taking a nap or something under the roots of the oak. It's full of holes. We'll put down a bag of straw."

When they reached the clearing it was shrouded in indigo blackness, for the moon had slid behind a cloud. On hands and knees the boys worked their way laboriously round the oak-bole, uttering encouraging noises, with Blaise's heart growing fainter at every pace. He had now little doubt that Bath was a widower. "If only one could *see*," he wailed.

As if in answer, a sudden shaft of light slanted through the branches. The moon had torn her way through the cloud-banks and was setting in a valedictory splash of glory. Blaise grunted faintly in gratitude—then stopped, frozen.

On the ground in front of him a monstrous inky shadow swung slowly backwards and forwards, lengthening and shrinking from his feet to the surrounding rim of bushes. And there was something in its semblance so horribly human, and at the same time so sickeningly inhuman, that Blaise knew he would never have the power to raise his eyes to the horror above. Then he jerked back his head, and his shriek, echoing through the silence of the wood, resolved itself into a flap of wings and a scurry of feet as it roused every bird and beast within earshot. He shrieked again, and Jim was at his side.

"Lucy Riddle!" Jim spun round. "Quick, Blaise—run. Get help." Even as he spoke there was a shout in the coppice, and Rogers came crashing through the undergrowth. Jim seized Blaise by the shoulders and shook him. "Go on—get out of this, quick—before you're seen. It's no good your being mixed up in it. Get back to bed—*run*!" And, with the Terror that Walks by Night swooping after him, Blaise ran.

HE slept till tea time—a heavy, uneasy sleep. Then, resolutely focusing his mind on the immediate present, he crept downstairs. Tea was waiting on a low table by the fire. Blaise looked round the room—at his aunt lazily stitching her bright embroidery while she waited for the kettle to boil; at his uncle, half-heartedly turning the pages of *Country Life*; at the blink and flicker of the firelight on china and silver. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't real. Perhaps it hadn't happened. Anyhow . . . it was no good thinking about it now.

END

Communism *and* Colonization *in* South America

(*Continued from page* 37)

Wages are impossibly high in relation to market prices and costs of production. There is a great deal of unemployment because the Government is unable to carry on during the world crisis its programme of public works by which Montevideo was rapidly becoming one of the finest cities in the South. Everything, of course, was—and still is, so far as legislation is concerned—on an exaggerated scale. The social laws are models in regard to the protection of workers, but they exploit the

(*Continued on page* 100)

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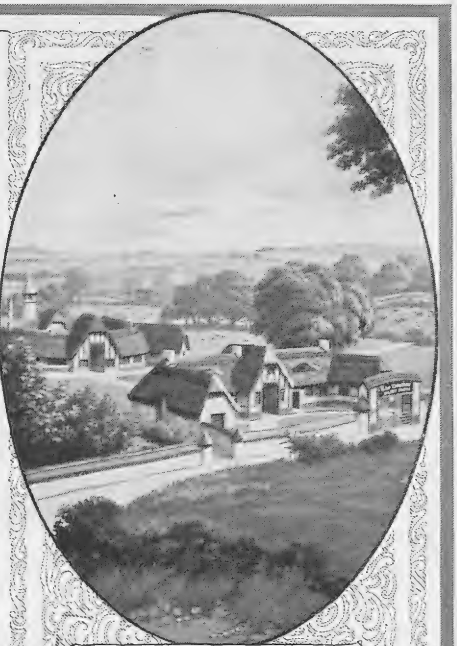
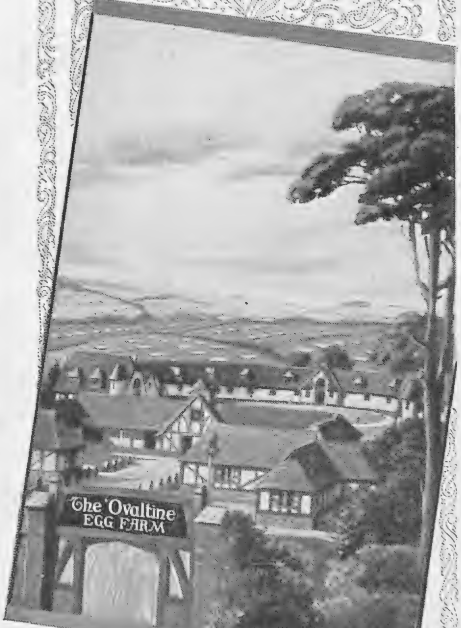


The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm with its herd of renowned Jersey Cows



The 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm extending to some 300 acres

Communism *and* Colonization *in* South America

capitalists to such an extent that no foreign money comes into the country, and it is sorely needed. Uruguayan ports are free, because every immigrant means a potential vote for the socialist government, which welcomes the outcasts of other nations. But every immigrant means also another unemployed, for Uruguay, theoretic paradise of workers, is workless.

IF South American communism originated in Uruguay under the ægis of Russia, and has been spread by means of the universities, where the first question asked of any lecturer is " Have you been to Russia ? " it achieves concrete form in the A.P.R.A. (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana), which is the second political party of Peru. Its chief, Haya de la Torre, who at the last presidential election polled only 54,000 votes less than his Conservative opponent, is in prison on suspicion of having arranged the attempted assassination of his rival in a Lima church. He is of good family, and is said to have chosen the communist path as the shortest road to political success. He has been in Russia, and was connected with the Third International, the power behind the strikes in Argentina and Chile, and the constant if sporadic Indian risings further north.

In South America Russia finds herself possessed of four chief weapons. Life has no value in countries where assassins can be hired for fees varying from two pounds to little more than two shillings. In Western Brazil it is hardly possible to spend a night at a farm without hearing some tale of murder. A few years ago, when Sao Paulan land quadrupled in value and fortunes were made and lost equally quickly, for the Brazilian is among the most optimistic gamblers in a continent where the lottery is a source of national income, the services of *valentes* (literally " savage ones ") were in constant demand. These professional killers would present the ear of the victim in lieu of the bill, pocket their fee and take the blame if necessary. The Capitura, a secret police, has done much to limit their activities, but still, west of the great tea-coloured Parana River, every cattle man carries a gun, not to mention a knife with a 12-in. blade, and life is just about as valuable as a remnant at a bargain sale ! Brazil is not the only South American republic decorated in the most unexpected places with crosses marking the site of a murder. The cane fields of Northern Argentina ; Patagonia, where the sheep, pastured one to seven acres, are invisible among the golden hassocks of neneo ; the yerba plantations of Paraguay ; the mineral deserts of northern Chile, are bespattered with shrines where some hot-blooded mixture of Latin and Indian drew a knife and used it on the back or stomach of a fellow worker.

In Guayra, on the frontiers of Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil, no woman is allowed unaccompanied, and none may change her quite unmarried husband on the spot, for fear of murder. For the same reason gambling is forbidden, except on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, when a year's wages are risked on the turn of a wheel.

Bolivian miners decide who among them is unfortunate by standing in a circle and handing round a piece of lighted dynamite. The man in whose hold it explodes, carrying with it several fingers or a forearm, is considered the unlucky one !

At Braden, in Chile, a miner asked for leave, promising to return in 24 hours. He came back six months later, having been in prison for murder. A cab driver had overcharged him two shillings, and been shot to end the argument.

In Patagonia, the Syrian storekeepers are always getting killed because they fake their accounts. When the semi-Indian settler, harassed by the dwindling price of wool, cannot stand their depredations any longer, he shoots up the nearest " Turk," and if he is (*Continued on page* 102)

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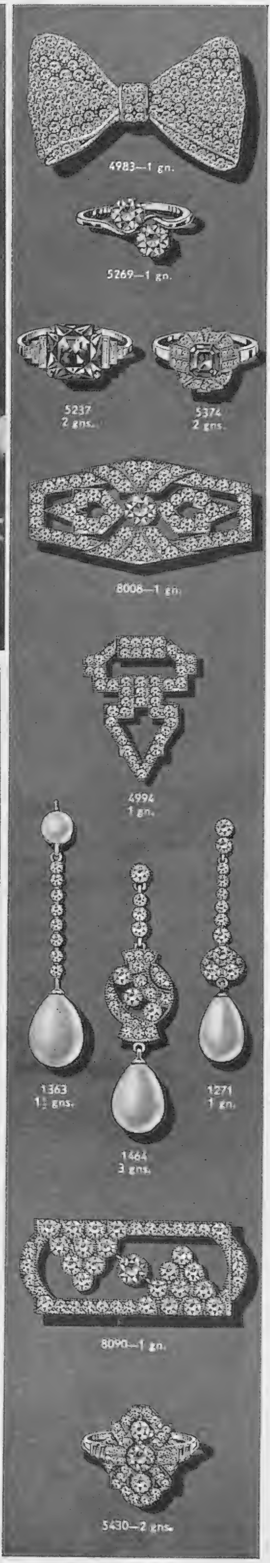
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MANCHESTER · LIVERPOOL · BIRMINGHAM · LEEDS · SHEFFIELD · GLASGOW · EDINBURGH · BRISTOL · DUBLIN feeling really bad, he breaks a couple of knives in the body afterwards.

These instances are drawn from the lower classes, but it is among such that the Russian fanatics work. And if this month's outbreak in Trujillo, in which it is reported that 2,000 were killed on the day the Government troops re-took the town with the aid of bombing planes, is the measure of their success, the religion preached by Moscow—an attempted social evolution rather than a political policy—is likely to prove as destructive as the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.

The second weapon South American communism uses in attacking capitalism is the outrageous, but temporarily inevitable, gap between the standards of living of the various classes. Millionairedom is represented by the palaces of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Santiago and Buenos Aires, or by the famous clubs, with their priceless marbles and bronzes and their "longest bars in the world." These stupendous edifices were founded on booms in rubber, coffee, cattle, grain and minerals. In few cases have they any connection with the fortunes of to-day. But they remain as evidence of class intrenched by immeasurable wealth. The luxury of some of the big country estates provides an equal contrast to the poverty, disease and illiteracy in which much of the half-caste population lives.

ARGENTINA is, and must be for some time, a challenge to the preacher of equality, for her standard of living has been affected by the swallow immigration which works for a season or two in her wheatlands, and returns to spend its wages in Italy or Central Europe. These temporary immigrants naturally do not trouble to build themselves good houses. They live in mud or galvanised iron shacks, roofed with petrol tins, and they seem to have set a standard for other colonists. For hard-working European families, who are making a fair living out of their land, and whose children already consider themselves Argentines, are content to live in a squalor which would represent beggary in the countries of their birth.

The majority of working South America lives in some such fashion as this, because, outside the towns, there is no speculative building. Each colonist has to construct his own house, and he does so from the materials nearest at hand. Advertisement, which is even more effective than education in increasing human wants, does not exist as we know it. But communism is taking its place. The prophets of equality are capable of arousing as many acquisitive instincts as the cleverest advertisements in American magazines!

The Argentine colonist who owns his own land is as unlikely to be affected by Russian propaganda as the Chilean farmer who has inherited not only his pastures, but his sober Teuton blood. On the other hand, a little knowledge has made the artisan greedy.

And west of the Andes there is a vast Indian population, the majority of which is living in unbelievable filth. A large proportion of its children are blind, crippled, or suffering from skin disease. The lowest wages paid to these people—in the mountains between Cuzco and Ayacucho—is fivepence for a ten or eleven hour day. True, the Indians are indolent and stupid. If they can earn sufficient in one day to buy drink and coca leaves, which contain cocaine, they will not work for two. But they are not averse to getting something for nothing.

South America is suffering from a slump in everything which she produces and which she used to sell at such colossal profit. The result is unemployment, an increase in the cost of living owing to the exaggerated protective tariffs with which South America seeks to encourage the development of her own industries, and a general depression which could only exist in countries where Latin blood predominates and where fortunes were once as easily come by as a lottery ticket. Every South American Republic considers itself ruined because the price of its coffee, cattle, wheat, copper, nitrate, sugar, cotton, wool or oil has fallen, but no country has yet sampled the possibilities of direct taxation. Every republic supports armies and police forces utterly out of keeping with its revenue, and, in effect, the latter have to keep the peace during the revolutions made by the former! Each country suffers from a numerically overwhelming bureaucracy which changes with succeeding governments, so, with no certainty of tenure to encourage either honesty or efficiency, officials may be forgiven if their main idea is to make as much money as possible before they lose their jobs.

DURING the boom years it was impossible to avoid making money. Land, mineral, and agricultural prices rose as swiftly as the mercury in a tropical thermometer. Every Argentine lived on one harvest ahead. Money could be borrowed as easily as berries picked off a hedge, and it never had to be repaid, because property rose in value to cover loan or mortgage. Chile and Peru suffered from a building madness, during which their Governments used foreign loans as revenue, and private individuals constructed mansions on the assumption that life would always be easy and they themselves richer every year. Bolivians owned mountains instead of farms, and, knowing their mineral wealth inexhaustible, forgot to watch the markets. Brazil was hypnotised by the appalling productivity of her soil, which is capable of overwhelming the entire world with one crop after another. Mass production is the natural order in Brazil, where the forest struggles for supremacy with an Adam already exhausted by a too prolific Eden.

The slump found all these countries so accustomed to being rich that neither governments nor private individuals had any idea how to set about being poor. The unthinking and the unemployed are willing to take any road which will lead them back to ease; and communism appears to offer the best prospects. Yet really the majority of South American republics are in better condition than Europe. Most of them could be self-supporting if they developed their natural resources. Argentina has more than the wealth of her soil. She has a gradually increasing class of small landowners drawn from hard-thinking and hard-working European stock, and, with increasing colonisation, she could combat the discontent of wage earners who see no relation between supply and demand. Chile is definitely a nation with a settled population strongly tinctured with Teuton and Anglo-Saxon blood. In spite of her recent short-lived communist experiment, she has every possibility of re-establishing herself as an agricultural country, providing she can recover from her dreams of nitrate dumping, which would not benefit her long enough to make up for the enmity it would arouse. Bolivia has an agricultural El Dorado in her temperate Eastern valleys. In Paraguay, land is so cheap that it must eventually attract colonists interested in making a living rather than a fortune. Brazil can grow anything, and, as she is three months ahead of her competitors in the world's fruit market, she offers undoubted opportunities to settlers who would grow oranges on a reasonable scale instead of millions of coffee and rubber trees. Peru is probably in worse case because revolution has become a habit. It is generally unsuccessful, but it offers the same opportunities as the lottery! It is a gamble, which may end in prison or in the presidential chair. This is the case, of course, in all South American countries, and the present Peruvian Government is not only taking a strong line with extremists, but is making every effort to re-establish what the newspapers call "normality." But, although the future security of the country depends on foreign colonisation, which alone could counterbalance the preponderating Indian element, and upon the introduction of new capital to restore national credit, Peru epitomises, in public and in private, the illogical nationalism which, throughout South America, would penalise the foreign capital essential for the development of her resources now lying fallow.

South America has passed through the first period of her history, in which, by means of foreign money and foreign enterprise, she has established her prosperity. She is now in the second period in which she wishes to run her own affairs and to eliminate the foreign interests concerned in railways, public services, industry and agriculture. If she is to remain upon an equality with Europe and the United States it is to be hoped that she will soon enter upon a third period, when she will realise that her future depends entirely upon the quality of her immigration. Her essential wealth, impervious to crises, is likely to be represented by her human stock, and not by agricultural and mineral possibilities.

Meanwhile communism offers an alternative to colonisation—the facility of destruction against the labour of rebuilding. There is no real democracy in South America, and, in spite of the anti-foreign nationalism or Pan-Latinism of church and state, there are no nations as we know them.

In Brazil when a child is born up-country the first question asked is not "boy or girl?" but "black or white?" The old Portuguese blood is limited. Sao Paulo is largely Italian and Santa Catarina German.

ARGENTINA has welcomed 11,000,000 Europeans in the last fifty years. Bolivia and Peru are almost entirely Indian or half-caste, with the exception of the ten per cent. of Spanish origin who not only govern the country but pay for it. Chile is nearest to being a nation in the usual sense of the word, for she has least unabsorbed foreign blood, and she has developed a small bourgeoisie which should prove a brake on the activities of her extremists.

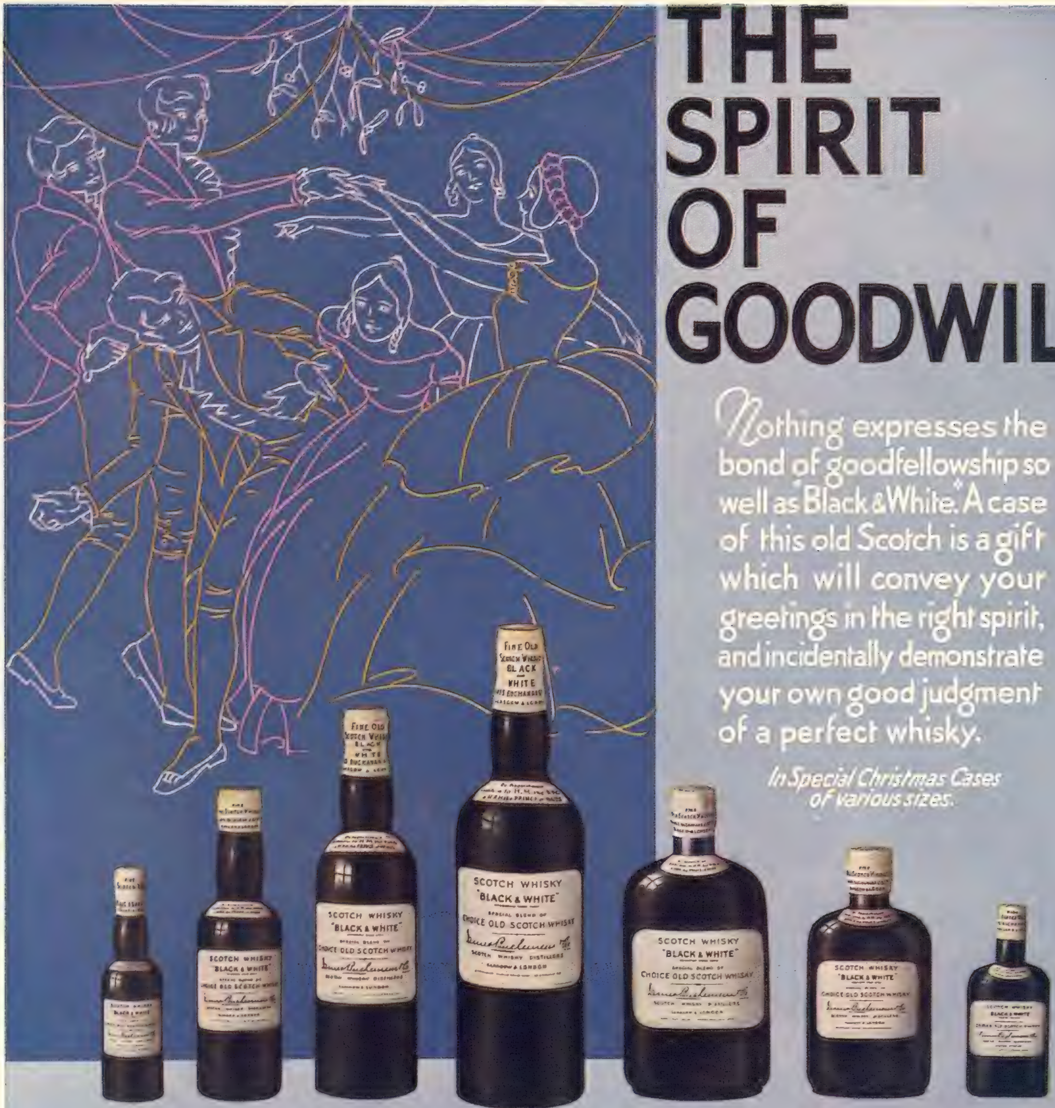
Instead of democracy there is all over South America a tendency towards individualism. It is the man who counts. The accent is on the President, not on Parliament. The majority being illiterate, it is the few who assume political responsibilities. Every republic is governed by minority opinion. South Americans are individuals rather than citizens. Neither law nor constitution has majesty, except in form. The continent expresses herself in men. Consequently, all politics are intensely personal. Exile or the presidential throne are the two possible extremes.

South American countries have known the rule of royal governors, of priests of hereditary feudalism, interrupted by dictatorships, chiefly military, and now wealth is passing to a liberal middle class which is beginning to control politics. In the Argentine, probably also in Chile, communism can disorganise, but surely it cannot revolutionise the mass of small land owners or small bourgeoisie? All over South America radicalism is more a state of mind than a policy, but it is using dangerous tools. Where the Indian predominates, Russia may some day be responsible for racial as well as class warfare. Fortunately, however, the Indian is too indolent to produce either a Gandhi or a Mustapha Kemal.

Meanwhile South American conservatives, like British imperialists, will not realise that the masses, whether black or white, are not concerned with being well governed. All they want is to govern themselves, so that they can have a share in the pickings. Hence the appeal of communism to peoples whose national life was established at the highest level of export prices, and whose ambient is that of all young countries, where everyone is supremely confident of life, because, in normal times, borrowing and making money are equally easy.

END

THE SPIRIT OF GOODWILL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The Jealous Gods

(Continued from page 17)

He read the words he had written :

" Dear Sandy,

" If you happen to have looked in the cabinet on the right of the door in the White Drawing-room, the enclosed will explain matters to you. I'm awfully sorry.

" Stephen."

He folded the sheet of paper, enclosing the pawnticket, and addressed and sealed the envelope. Pity he hadn't a stamp; it seemed like adding insult to injury that Sandy should have to pay the postage on it.

ON his return from the post the joyful uproar from the lower flat floated out to welcome him. Splendid ; they were keeping it up. No fear of any extraneous sounds penetrating that din. Nice kids, those on the floor below ; home for the holidays, no doubt. Tarli had liked them ; she was always nice about kids. Pity—— No, by God ! What was he thinking about ? Thank God Tarli and he had never had a child. Still, she had been very nice to young Christopher and young Anna on the ground floor. Father a poor sort of chap ; mother—pleasant but indefinite. Glad they're having a party. Probably the other tenants aren't so glad, he reflected with a grimace, as the lock yielded for the second time to his coaxing.

He looked round at the tarnished, gleaming walls, which gave him back a dim shadow of himself, instead of the bright reflection of other days. Shabby rooms and shabby man, thought Stephen, looking down at his frayed cuff edges, which he had been at so much pains to disguise from the party in Scotland. Quite a good place for a thief and a quitter to end the eternal mystery of life.

He had just finished loading the revolver—which he did rather clumsily, because he had not handled a revolver for some time—when he became aware that the noise downstairs had stopped. The contrasting silence seemed almost tangible. " Damn ! " thought Stephen, " now I'll have to wait until they have started whoopee again." And then he threw back his head and laughed aloud, because this, of course, was another trick of the jealous gods, watchful to the end, to put him off his stroke, and keep him in their bondage.

And on the heels of his laughter came another sound, the shrill, prolonged tinkle of the telephone bell.

Someone had answered the telephone ; it was still quiet in the flat below. Stephen sat beside the table—it had seemed simpler to sit down, somewhere : not so far to fall. My, how cold it was ! He must not begin to shiver—that might put him off his shot. Why couldn't they start their hullabaloo again and let him get on with it ?

At this moment the bell of the flat rang.

To hell ! thought Stephen. His body was shaken with anger. What on earth damned interfering fool had tracked him here—on Christmas Eve, when every decent individual had his own affairs to look after ? He at first decided not to answer the bell, then remembered that he had left the light on in the hall. Thrusting the revolver into a drawer of the desk, he was resolving to give the undesired caller the thin edge of his tongue, when the bell rang again.

His anger was mingled with curiosity as he went to the door ; he threw it open with no very promising expression on his face. The person who stood, meagrely defined by the landing light, outside recoiled a little, because no one but an idiot could have interpreted Stephen's expression as one of welcome.

" Oh—hullo," he said, rather lamely. He had recognised his visitor as one of the children from the flat below—the girl, Anna, a pretty creature of fourteen or thereabouts. Behind her he made out the form of her brother.

" Hullo. A merry Christmas," said the pair, politely.

" Thanks awfully. The same to you.— Get on, my good kids," he was saying, inwardly. " I'm busy to-night—busy——"

" I say," said Anna, " we're awfully sorry to bother you ; but we saw you coming back, you know. Christopher was hanging out of the window—weren't you, Christopher ? "

The boy nodded gravely.

" The fact is," he began, " we've got a kids' party downstairs."

" And Mother sent us up," put in Anna, " to ask you—would you awfully much mind ?—you see, Father's just rung up to say he can't get back in time, and there's no one to do Father Christmas for the kids. I mean, it would be a most awful flop if Christopher or I tried to do it ; anyhow, the clothes won't fit us. Mother says, would you awfully mind coming downstairs just for ten minutes—it won't take any longer than that—and giving the kids their presents ? "

Stephen made a peculiar gesture with his right hand ; he was, as a matter of fact, saluting the jealous gods for their latest, most ingenious intervention in his affairs. He could afford to be courteous to them, as one is to an enemy who is at one's mercy. Ten minutes was neither here nor there, when a man had all eternity in front of him ! So he nodded gravely to Anna and Christopher.

" You will ? Oh, that's top hole ! " cried Christopher, producing from behind his back, with the agility of a conjurer, a large crimson bundle. " We brought the props upstairs, in case you would, you know. And the bag with the presents in is just inside our door ; you'll see it as we go in."

He was allowing the children to hustle him into the red robe, the classic beard of Santa Claus. The comic side of a man clowning in this fashion on the very edge of extinction struck him, and he chuckled.

" You look ripping," asserted Anna. " Much better than the man at Harrod's."

Stephen accepted this naïve tribute with a bow, and, holding up the robe with both hands, commenced the descent of the stairs. As he followed Christopher he wondered ironically if the mother of the two children would care to have a thief playing Father Christmas in her flat.

She met them on the doorstep—a small, plump, dowdy-ish figure which Stephen remembered ; Tarli had been rather funny, in a harmless fashion, at the expense of Mrs. —Mrs.—what was her name ? She held out a plump, ringed hand to the self-conscious Santa Claus.

" This is really very good of you, Mr. Byng," she was saying, in a loud whisper, evidently not intended to carry through the open door of the drawing-room, from which proceeded the shrill hum of young voices. " Most awkward— " she seemed to fumble for words—" my husband not being at home. You've helped us out of a dil—dil— "

" Dilemma," suggested Stephen, bowing.

" I'll just go in and announce you," she said, anxiously : Christopher and Anna had already disappeared. Just as she reached the drawing-room door and had her hand on the knob, she turned and looked at him for a moment, then swiftly she passed through. Stephen was left pondering on the meaning of that look. It was almost as if she was afraid of him, or as if she distrusted profoundly his reason for being in her flat. She looked almost as if she *knew*. Horrible. He gave a shudder, bent down and shouldered his sack, and was ready when she came to the door again, crying back across her shoulder.

" Here he is ! Here's Santa Claus ! "

Ponderously, feeling every sort of a fool, Stephen tramped into the room. It was crowded with children ; but on a second glance, the crowds resolved themselves into five or six boys and girls, about the age of Christopher and Anna, and eight tiny ones, between the ages of four and seven, who stared with solemn delight at his entrance. What a poor little party ! He decided to give a superlative performance as Santa Claus ; he began the distribution of the cheap presents out of the sack.

" You must take a cup of cocoa," Mrs. Fordred—he had remembered her name—was saying. The party was over ; Anna and Christopher, rather solemnly linked together, were foxtrotting absently to the strains of the gramophone.

" I'm so sorry ; I'm afraid I must go at once," he answered. She made a movement that seemed almost like despair ; once again his curiosity was stirred towards her. She did not like having him in the flat—she almost seemed to be afraid of him ; and yet, when he spoke of going, her forehead creased itself into lines of distress, which were not the polite social assumption of the trained hostess. He glanced at the clock ; it was getting on for eight—he had imagined it was later.

As if his thoughts had been communicated to her by telepathy, Mrs. Fordred hastened to say :

" It's rather a small house for a party, isn't it ? It isn't ours, you know, really ; it belongs to my brother—he's in China—we look after it for him."

Stephen wondered what reply he was supposed to make to this, and edged towards the door. As he did so, Anna detached herself from her brother and floated towards him with that uncanny grace of hers.

" Do you know the Rumba ? " she asked, gravely.

Stephen nodded.

" Do teach it me ! " she said, clasping her hands over his arm.

He was about to refuse—although kindly—when Mrs. Fordred cut in with sudden gaiety in her voice.

" Yes—that's right ; you have a dance, and I'll make the cocoa. Then Mr. Byng can have a cup before he goes upstairs."

She bustled out of the room, Christopher put on a fresh record and Stephen swung about, rather vaguely, with the girl like thistledown in his arms. What was at the back of all this ? The woman's relief was transparent when he agreed to stay—and yet he had caught her looking across her shoulder with an equally transparent anxiety, as though she were afraid to leave them together.

He decided at last that the jealous gods had had a run for their money, and that it was time he looked after his own affairs.

" Good night—and thanks awfully. You're a lovely partner—wish we could have another together," he was saying, when the door across the drawing-room opened.

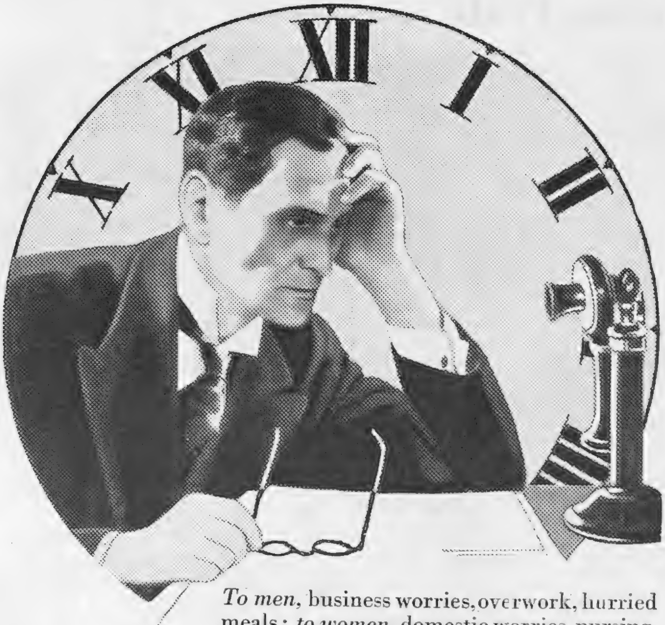
Stephen knew that the geography of the lower flat was the same as that of his own ; he and Tarli had looked over both before deciding upon the upper one, as more secluded. He knew, therefore, that the door immediately behind him led into the hall, while that towards which he was facing belonged to the principal bedroom, which had no other exit. Therefore, anyone coming out of this second door had been in the room beyond at any rate as long as he had been in the flat.

So his hands fell away from Anna stiffly, and his face became mask-like, as there issued from the inner room the figure of a person whom he recognised, from memory, as Fordred.

Suddenly his brain was alert, suspicion crowded back into his mind as he realised that he was the victim of some sort of hanky-panky. He shot a quick glance at Anna, and saw that she was very white : at Christopher, and saw that he was very red : at Fordred, and saw that he was middling drunk—but not sufficiently so as to incapacitate him from taking the rôle of Santa Claus, from which Stephen, mysteriously, had ousted him. Fordred's face, on seeing him, was ludicrously embarrassed.

" I—I thought it was the kids dancing together," he began to stammer. " I heard you say you were going." Then he pulled himself together and advanced on Stephen, holding out a hand, to which the latter was blind. " Very decent of you to step into the breach. I haven't been well all day — couldn't face the toggery." He pointed to the robe draped across a chair. " My wife thought you'd deputise, perhaps—her idea—women have nerve, haven't they ? "

(Continued on page 106)



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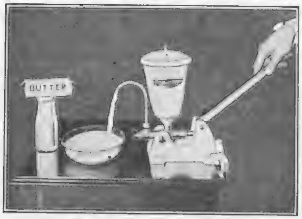

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He shot an ingratiating smile at Stephen, who received it without the flicker of an eyelash.

"Then the romance of the telephone call——?"

"Was purely romance, my dear fellow.—(Here, you kids, cut away—go and talk to your mother.)"—As the door banged behind Anna and Christopher, Fordred made a gesture, which was stiffly disregarded by Stephen, towards an armchair.

"Rather a pity to teach kids to tell lies, don't you think?" he said icily.

"As a matter of fact," said Fordred, beginning to cut a cigar, "there was a telephone call. There have been two, to be exact. One, which came through between five and six, was no good—you hadn't come in." His train had arrived at Euston at half-past four; he must have been in. Then Stephen remembered going out to post the letter to Sandy; it must have been then. Anyhow, what had the Fordreds to do with his telephone calls?

"The second came from Harrow. We acted on the second."

"I see. And may I ask on whose authority?"

The ring of a bell sounded through the flat.

"I rather fancy," said Fordred, jerking his head towards the door, "that that may be the authority. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and see."

Stephen stood stupidly, with his hands hanging by his sides, in the middle of the room.

And then Tarli was standing beside him.

"I knew, as soon as I saw you at Euston, what you were going to do," she was sobbing, with her arms round his shoulders. "I *knew!* I think I must have been stunned—because I found myself in the train—and then I knew I must get back to you somehow—anyhow—to stop your doing it! I tried to get out at every station, and it was non-stop to Watford! So I pulled the communication cord!"

"Tarli!"

"Yes—yes. And when they let me go I started telephoning. I telephoned everyone we knew—everyone I could think of—I couldn't get hold of a soul. So I rang up the Fordreds—and you hadn't got in. I tried to get a car—it took me ages—Christmas Eve, you know, and we'd stopped somewhere right in the country: I don't know whose house I was in. They were out, and the servant didn't want to let me: I just pushed past her. Then—oh God!—we had a breakdown at Harrow! I rang the Fordreds up again—because I knew our telephone would be cut off." Even in that moment the words "our telephone" sent a thrill down his body. "I've come back—I've come back for good, Stephen! Don't say you won't have me!"

"What about Charles?"

"Charles?" Her voice—always so reflective of her moods—went flinty. "Charles is in Berlin—with Miranda Hope, if you want to know. *That* old affair—it was never broken off, but no one told me before we were married. It didn't take me long to find out. Stephen, don't send me away. I rang up Elsie Fordred—*I* told her what to say—*I* told her to send the children, because I knew you wouldn't refuse them—*I* saved you, Stephen—you do belong to me now!"

He told her—everything; her lips interrupted him, pressed hard against his own.

"Thief, swindler, murderer—if you were all three I'd still want you, Stephen. I've never wanted anyone else—I knew that the minute we'd lost each other; but there wasn't anything to do but marry Charles."

"Darling, we'll draw pictures on the pavement outside St. Martin's——."

"Don't be a fool, my darling, you know there's my money. We'll soon make a fresh start. Stephen"—her arms were round his neck—"do you remember—our last Christmas together?"

Very softly, with her lips close to his, she was humming, *Dancing in the Dark.*

The jealous gods smiled.

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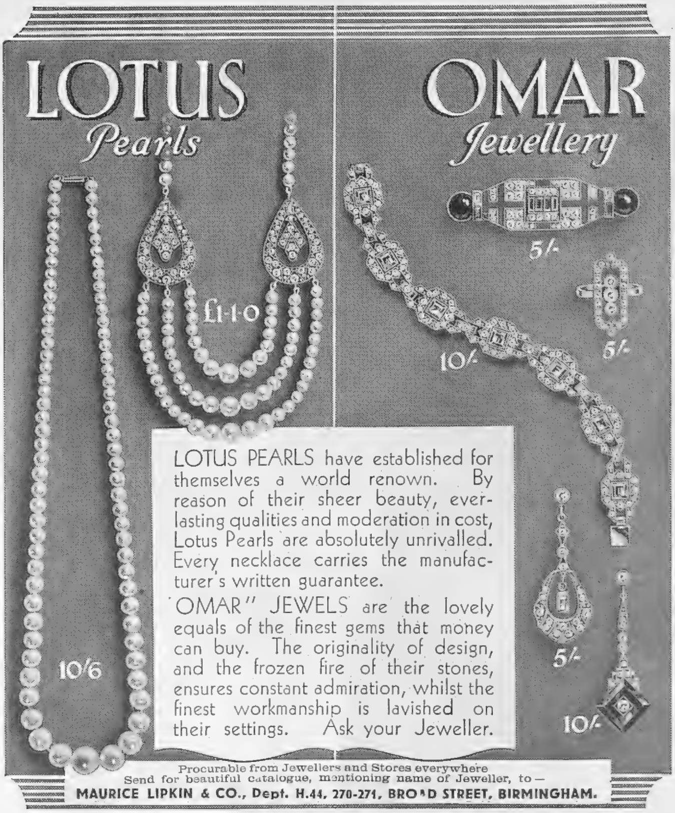

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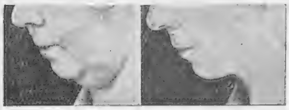

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Big Business (*Continued from page 59*)

instanced by the record of the Imperial Tobacco Co.—has proved a miracle much to the distaste of the jeremiahs. It stands to reason, one class of British industrialist declares, that if you have an article taxed to one half of its raw material cost, and that if you introduce machinery that is unbelievably labour saving, two things will happen: your profits will go down, and unemployment will go up.

Women, however, have completely upset all the calculations of the pessimists.

We now spend in the British Isles over £2,000,000 every week on our tobacco; the yearly consumption has now jumped to 158 million pounds a year (representing a payment to America alone of over £14,000,000); and as far as the Imperial Tobacco Co. is concerned the number of its employees has steadily increased, till the 40,000 figure was recently reached.

The record of Imperial Tobacco is, indeed, a glowing example of prudent British business management. Few firms in the world can boast such cash reserves, yet be able to show that a fourteen million pound reserve has not been secured at the expense of development.

The company has a score of factories engaged in colour printing—including cigarette cards!—and various typographical work.

Five million square feet of warehouses and factories, employing workers paid minimum wages largely in excess of those laid down by the Tobacco Trade Board, and guarded by a contributory pensions scheme, is an achievement which makes the Imperial Tobacco Co. more than worthy to take its place with the "Big Business" organisations with which this series has dealt—each one of them not only being British but world-dominant.

Books (*Continued from page 89*)

The Killing Bottle, by L. P. Hartley (Putnam. 7s. 6d.), and *The Salutation*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), are volumes of short stories. Both, as their authors' reputations would lead us to expect, are a long way above the average. Mr. Hartley's are essays in the queer and the inexplicable and, sometimes, the grotesque. Stories of this kind depend on the concealment of the dénouement, and in this Mr. Hartley is not invariably successful. But he certainly knows how to produce the uncomfortable shiver. Miss Warner, of course, aims at other effects. I expected to find that her art would be perfectly suited by the short story, and in this, I must admit, I have been sometimes disappointed. But she is such a beautiful and loving writer that it is impossible not to enjoy anything which comes from her pen. Her writing is like a thoroughbred—it looks so fragile, it is so surprisingly strong and swift and fit. It was this, perhaps, which deceived me. The best stories in her new book are the longest; the very short ones are less satisfying.

Books Specially Recommended

The Silver Ship. A new book for children. Collected by Lady Cynthia Asquith. Putnam. 6s.

Nonsuch, Land of Water. By William Beebe. Putnam. 21s.

The Perfect Christmas. By Rose Henniker Heaton. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.

Some Dickens Men. With an introduction by Philip Gibbs. By Edwin Charles. Rich and Cowan, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

Northern Lights. The official account of the British Arctic Air-Route Expedition. By F. Spencer Chapman. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Memories of a British Agent. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. 9s.

Modern Money. By Lord Melchett. Secker. 10s. 6d.

The Egypt's Gold. By David Scott. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Home-made Xmas Fare

Christmas Pudding.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. ¾ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. ¼ lb. Citron Peel. ¼ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¾ lb Candied Lemon Peel. ½ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.

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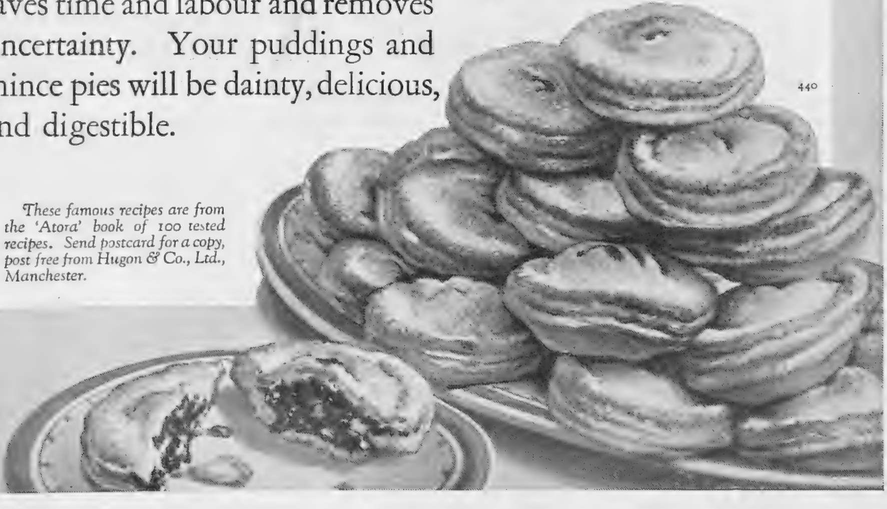
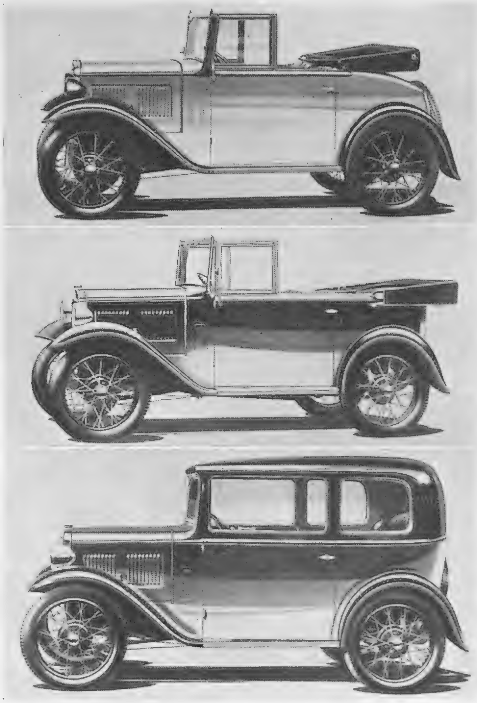


440

The Earl of Cardigan tests and approves

The New "Baby" Austin

The popular "Seven" still further improved



THE three models of the new Austin "Seven." (Top) The two seater, a great favourite with the younger generation. (Centre) The four seater, known as the "Chummy," and (bottom) the saloon de luxe

IF there is one British car on the market of which it can truly be said that "it sells itself," that car is surely the 7 h.p. Austin. There is no need for a salesman to expound the chief merits of this ever popular "baby": they are well known and appreciated by every light car user. None the less, the Austin company is not content merely to lean back and endorse the cheques as they come in; it is continually seeking fresh scope for improvement, either in appearance, comfort or performance.

In the case of the 1933 models, it is chiefly in road performance that improvement has been made. It is a curious fact that, hitherto, although it is the small engine which most greatly needs the assistance of an efficient gearbox, it is only for the larger cars that such a gearbox has ordinarily been provided. Engines of 40 h.p., which could have managed well enough with two speeds, have almost invariably had the benefit of four, whereas engines of 7 h.p., which really require the four speeds, have always had to be content with three.

Thus the first thing to observe concerning the new Austin "Seven" is that its four-speed gearbox is an entirely logical development. There is no possible doubt that a four-speed 7 h.p. car is better than a three-speed 7 h.p. car, always provided that the four speeds are equally simple for the ordinary driver to manipulate. Even if, as in this case, the car does not gain in actual maximum speed, its handiness, and therefore its average speed in traffic or in hilly districts, is bound to be very considerably improved.

A test of the new "Seven" demonstrates clearly that first gear can now be reserved for starting purposes and for very steep gradients only. Second gear will do practically all the heavy work after the car has once been set in motion. Third gear is well able to tackle all ordinary main-road hills, and is an excellent ratio for traffic use. Top gear is still very flexible, and yet provides a creditable turn of speed.

Apart from the initial difficulty of accustoming myself to a clutch pedal which has a total movement of approximately one inch, I found these new gears delightfully simple to operate. Third gear is practically dead silent, and the change between this and top gear should cause no apprehensions even to the veriest novice.

As always, I was struck by the wonderfully sturdy performance of the diminutive 7 h.p. engine. When one considers that this is approximately half the size of the average British motor engine, and that it frequently has to pull the weight of four large adults, it is little short of amazing to find it not only pulling steadily at low speeds, but also cruising at 40-45 m.p.h., without apparent effort. I did not ascertain the maximum speed, since I presume that no ordinary owner would be likely to drive this little car "flat out" in normal use, but I can say with certainty that it should be capable of running almost indefinitely at an honest "forty"—this with a considerable margin of power and speed in hand.

I WAS also impressed by the steadiness of so small a car in holding the road under all circumstances. The steering was perfectly definite, and there was no trace of "wandering" at speed. The brakes, which also have been improved this year, did their work excellently, and the new design is likely to give them a longer efficient life than hitherto. The springing was even better than I had expected. A car with a very short wheel-base generally tends to be rather indifferently sprung, and to indulge in "pitching" on a bumpy surface. The little Austin, however, skimmed lightly over some very bad patches, and was as comfortable as many cars of much more substantial size.

One must not, of course, exaggerate the smallness of the modern "Baby" Austin. Compact though it is, it provides a very reasonable amount of body space, and the space has been used to the very best advantage.

To quote the bare figures of the Austin's wheelbase, or even its over-all length, would be to give a false impression of its interior dimensions. Many small cars waste valuable space in attempting to provide either a very long and supposedly impressive bonnet, or a sloping and supposedly well streamlined tail. In this case, however, strictly practical "lines" have proved themselves to be by no means unattractive.

Thus, as I was able to prove, a six-foot man can drive this car without discomfort, and still leave room for another six-footer to occupy the seat behind him. Thus genuine accommodation for four people is provided; there is not much room to spare, but there is room enough. With a saloon model selling at £125 and paying a £7 tax, this is, I think, a real achievement.

This Month's Motoring Hint:

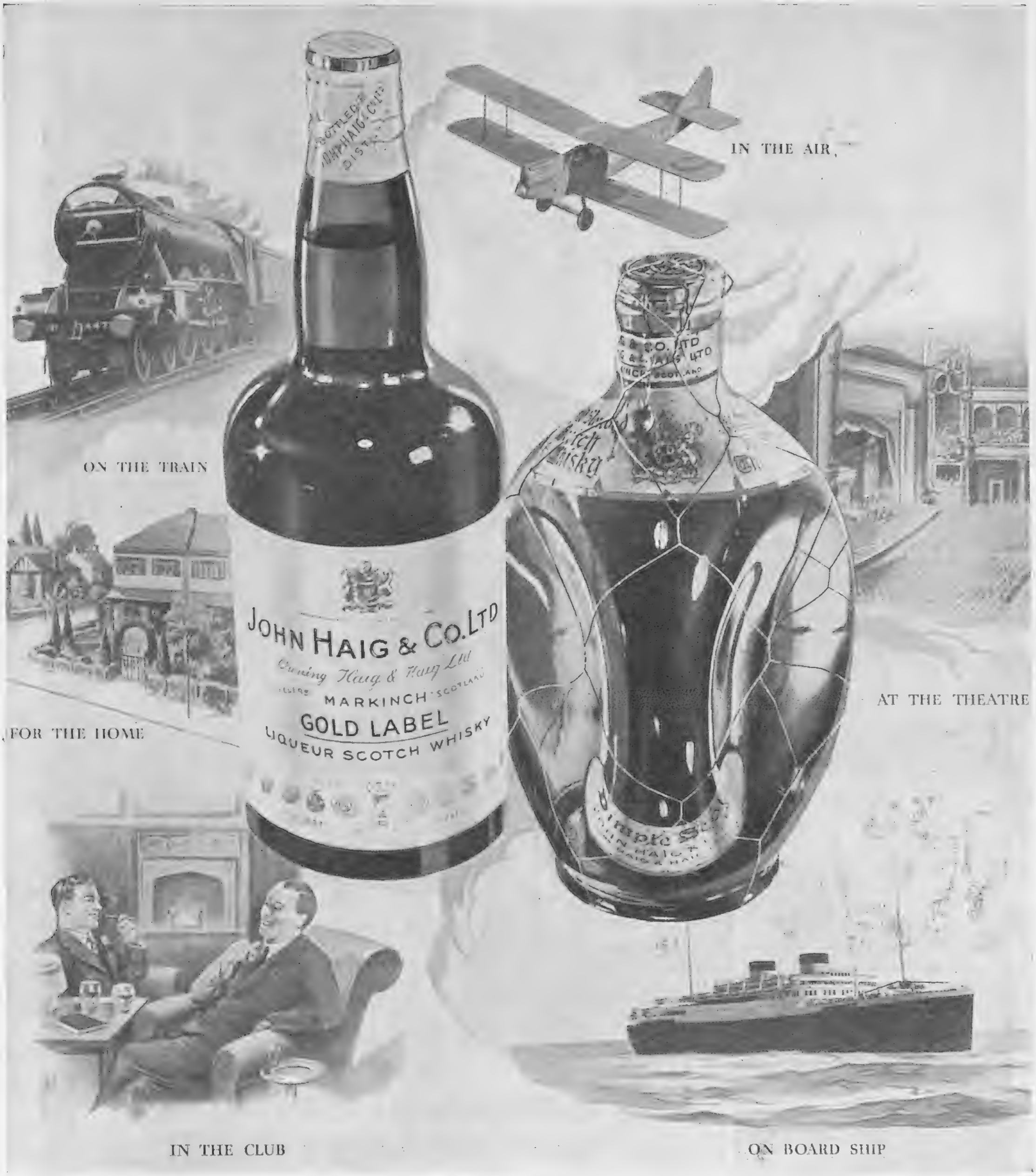
Spare the Battery

IT is at this time of year that one usually begins to hear complaints concerning that inconspicuous and much-enduring accessory, the electric battery. It is not always realised that a battery does about twice as much work in winter as in summer, and is therefore liable to become somewhat anæmic unless treated with care and consideration.

It is essential, of course, to see that the acid is constantly kept up to the correct level, and to add distilled water at regular intervals. This, I am afraid, is often neglected, particularly since it is a rather messy job, and usually involves taking out the floorboards. Batteries, alas, are seldom accessibly placed.

It is well worth while, also, to economise current whenever possible. This can be done in various ways, notably by taking the trouble to flood the carburettor and set all the controls correctly before engaging the starter in the morning. At dusk it is often possible to run with side lamps for some time before the head lamps need be switched on, and, in parking, the car can often be driven off the public road into an alley or private roadway where no lights are required. Current saved in this manner is current gained for other purposes.

Don't be vague—ask for Haig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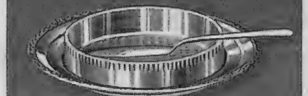
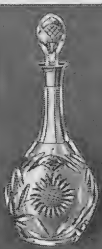


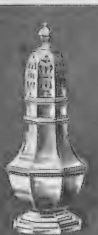
Sterling Silver Butter Dish with cut glass lining, and Silver knife £1 1 0

Sterling Silver Sauce Boat £1 1 0



Sterling Silver-mounted cut glass Decanter ... £1 5 0

6 Sterling Silver Orange or Grape Fruit Spoons, complete in velvet-lined case £1 18 6



Sugar Caster, copy Antique.

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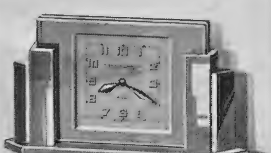
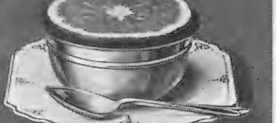
Sterling Silver Condiment Set, comprising Mustard Pot with spoon, Salt Cellar with spoon, and Pepper Pot, on Tray £4 5 0
The Mustard Pot and Salt Cellar have unbreakable enamel linings.



Eight-day Clock in Chromium Plate and clear crystal, luminous dial. Height 3 inches £4 10 0



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Good Cars deserve Good Treatment

—But they do not always get it

By The Earl of Cardigan

A CAR of quality. The Lanchester "18" Saloon

A HILLMAN WIZARD in South Africa. It is standing in the drive of St. James, the South African home of Sir Abe Bailey

IT occurred to me recently to wonder whether the average car of to-day is treated better or worse than the car of a few years ago. Probably worse, I decided, since the modern motorist is apt to take much more for granted than was formerly possible. When he buys a car he assumes that it will run for at least a year before requiring serious mechanical attention, and he drives it and handles it on this assumption.

Actually the modern car is a wonderfully reliable machine, and it very rarely fails to give willing and consistent service, but it is still possible, and always will be, to destroy or impair the efficiency of a machine by unreasonable treatment. To take an obvious example, even to-day one cannot drive a brand-new car "flat out" without laying up for oneself a store of future trouble.

Every day, however, one sees and hears engines being stupidly maltreated. The owner of the car never realises that it is possible to ask too much of the machinery which he controls. He treats it with unthinking carelessness, and the sequel comes, perhaps, several months later when one meets him with a very long face. He has the usual tale to tell—to the effect that "They don't put decent metal into cars nowadays. Disgraceful, to have to fit new bearings after only six months' running!"

The plain truth is that the quality of metal has in no way deteriorated. On the contrary, it has much improved. Far greater stresses, however, are imposed upon the moving parts by ever-increasing speed. Add to these the additional wear and tear imposed by carelessness or ignorance, and an occasional failure requires no further explanation.

Even in winter, for instance, it is quite common to see an owner-driver starting his car in the morning in some such manner as this. First, by mismanagement of the ignition, throttle and air controls, he uses a quite unnecessary amount of current from the battery. He keeps the self-starter engaged for long periods, instead of using it in short bursts, with slight alterations of the control settings in the intervals.

When the engine does start, he at once proceeds to "rev" it violently with a view to warming it up in the shortest possible space of time. After a few seconds of this, he engages second gear and starts away. He accelerates to perhaps 2,000 engine revolutions in this low gear; then changes into "third" or "top." In the higher gear, perhaps, the wretched engine gives a protesting splutter, whereupon he changes down again and repeats the process, with variations, until an efficient working temperature has been attained.

TO see just how unfair this is to a modern high-speed engine, we have only to look at the contrast provided by the airman's treatment of the very similar power unit fitted to his aeroplane. Here, owing to the fact that his safety depends very largely upon this engine's capacity for consistent and trouble-free running over long periods and at moderately high speeds, we see a real effort being made to treat delicate machinery with the consideration and care which it deserves. What is the procedure?

Normally, after the engine has been started, it is permitted to "tick over" gently for a period of five or ten minutes. It is then accelerated gently and run for a few moments with the throttle open, the pilot listening carefully to the note of the exhaust and studying the readings of his revolution counter and oil pressure gauge. It is only then, if he is satisfied, that he will take his machine into the air and ask his engine to settle down to its day's work.

I do not, of course, suggest that such precautions are necessary, or even advisable, with the engine of the ordinary car. The motorist can "go slow" for the first mile or two, which the aeroplane pilot cannot. There is a middle course between the deliberate caution of the airman and the rash haste of the careless owner-driver.

Personally, I often drive a car out of the garage immediately after starting it, but I adopt a system which is designed to give the engine the minimum amount of work to do during the critical period while the cold oil is beginning to warm up and get into circulation. I start in first gear, make an early change up, and continue gently in second gear for the first hundred yards or so.

Then, where the road is level, I change into third gear, keeping the speed still very low, so that the engine never has to exceed, say, 1,000 revolutions per minute. Finally, where there is a gentle downhill slope, I engage top gear, still not letting the engine do more than keep the car moving at a quiet pace. By this time, although I may have covered half a mile, I can still claim that no heavy mechanical work has been done.

For perhaps another two miles I run at reduced speed, and am careful to avoid, on uphill gradients, letting the engine either labour in top or race in third gear. I do not think it would strike the ordinary passenger that I was being particularly fussy, and yet I doubt whether an engineer would find much cause for criticism.

In this connection, I recommend to motorists the point of view of an old man with whom I once used to play bridge. "I have no conventions," he would say; "I always call in the light of pure reason." He meant that he was guided solely by ordinary common sense—and a very sound game he used to play.

IN the early days of motoring it probably required something more than common sense to run a car successfully. Considerable engineering knowledge and a good deal of ingenuity were needed. The modern car, to give of its best, demands only common-sense treatment. It is a real misfortune, therefore, that so many motorists seem to work on the principle of "press Button A, and blame the manufacturer if the machine does not respond!" The really foolproof car has yet to be built; and in the meantime common sense in the use of button A makes all the difference between satisfactory and unsatisfactory service.

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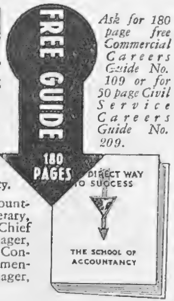

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A Word, *My Dear* Watson, in Your Defence

(*Continued from page* 19)

Indeed, in an offhand moment, he betrayed himself sadly. "There is no prospect of danger," he remarked, "*or I should not dream of stirring out without you.*" The italics, as they say, are mine.(24)

"You may laugh, my dear fellow," he said on another occasion, "but I shall be very glad to have you back safe and sound in Baker Street."(25) Rats!

In spite of that, Holmes would not think twice about summoning Watson with such a message as "Am dining at Goldoni's Restaurant, Gloucester Road, Kensington. Please come at once and join me there. Bring with you a jemmy, a dark lantern, a chisel, and a revolver.—S. H."(26) Safe in Baker Street, indeed!

In the affair of The Devil's Foot, Holmes, having half stifled and poisoned his colleague with an idiotic experiment with some sinister drug, actually apologises. "Upon my word, Watson, I owe you both my thanks and an apology. It was an unjustifiable experiment even for oneself, and doubly so for a friend."(27)

"You know," Watson answered, *with some emotion*, "that it is my greatest joy and privilege to help you." What a man!

And, again, when Killer Evans had fired point-blank at Watson, even Holmes could not be completely unmoved.

"You're not hurt, Watson? For God's sake, say you're not hurt?"

And now just listen to Watson. "It was worth a wound," he said, "it was worth many wounds, to know the depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear hard eyes were dimmed for a moment, and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain. All my years of humble but single-minded service culminated in that moment of revelation." What a man, indeed!(28)

Let us pass to less harrowing matters, and consider for a moment Watson's work as a biographer. It is true that Holmes once said, "I am lost without my Boswell";(29) and on another, "You are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light"; (30) but he was, in point of fact, continuously carping and criticising. "You have degraded what should have been a course of lectures into a series of tales."(31)

"You slur över work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell on sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct the reader."

"Why do you not write them yourself?" Watson countered, on this occasion, *with some bitterness*.(32)

"I will, my dear Watson, I will," was the reply, and so indeed he did. And, to use his own expression, a very pretty hash he made of it.

For "The Blanched Soldier," Holmes's effort in autobiography, is a sad affair. He starts with the palpable falsehood that Watson had "worried him" to write himself. He continues with an unworthy sneer at Watson—"one to whom each development comes as a perpetual surprise, and to whom the future is always a closed book, is, indeed, an ideal helpmate."(33) He then tells a dull story dully, and, if my memory does not betray me, splits an infinitive. A sad, humiliating affair!

But Watson's day of triumph was yet to come. I am prepared to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the problem of the Retired Colourman, which rightly comes at the end of the volume of collected adventures, was solved by Watson, and by Watson alone.(34) (*Continued on page* 116)

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(24) *The Norwood Builder.* (25) *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* (26) *The Bruce-Partington Plans.* (27) *The Devil's Foot.* (28) *The Three Garridebs.* (29) *A Scandal in Bohemia.* (30) *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* (31) *The Copper Beeches.* (32) *The Abbey Grange.* (33) *The Blanched Soldier.* (34) *The Retired Colourman.*

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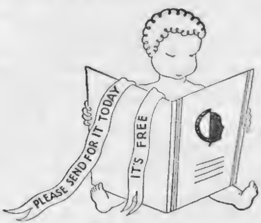
And whilst you sleep the Special Lotion continues its inquisitive, untiring work. All the time the pores are yielding, yielding to this relentless Lotion. By the next morning more than half the battle towards regaining a naturally beautiful skin is won. At last your skin is clean—not merely superficially clean, but healthily clean below the surface.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To discover how thorough Cyclax is, to find how sympathetically it adapts itself to the individual needs of each particular skin—the fresh clear complexion of the young girl or the more tired skin of the older woman—you must read my little book on beauty—"The Art of Being Lovely." It will interest you from the first page to the last, for it contains all that I have learned about beauty treatment in years of study and practical research. It will teach you how to *improve* your skin steadily every day, instead of helping you to *conceal* your skin for "special occasions," (when you want to look your best.) Yes, when you have read my book and have started Cyclax, you will really find to your delight, that *your skin is a little lovelier by the very next day.*

When you have massaged in my Skin Food in the morning, you will do well to let it lie there some minutes whilst you have your bath. It will be gently loosening the Special Lotion which, together with the burden of badness brought to the surface, will be quite ready to be washed away. But it *must* be an actual washing away. Cyclax insists upon real soap-and-water cleanliness for the skin and no makeshift methods. Take a tiny sponge and use Cyclax soap and water, distilled or rainwater. So exquisitely pure is Cyclax soap that it alone, used with pure water, almost forms a beauty treatment.

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* * *

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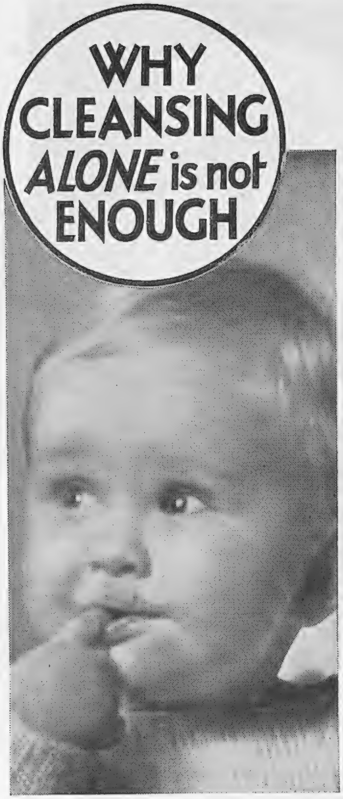
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A Word, *My Dear* Watson, in Your Defence

Watson has been sent to Lewisham to reconnoitre and report. "You know," he says to Holmes, "the monotonous brick streets, the weary suburban highways. Right in the middle of them, a little island of ancient culture and comfort, this old home, surrounded by a high sunbaked wall mottled with lichens and topped with moss, the sort of wall——"

"Cut out the poetry," interrupts Holmes. "I note that it was a high brick wall."

Ah, yes, all very well to sneer, Holmes, but where would you have been had not Watson taken a note of Mr. Amberley's dress-circle seat at the Haymarket—B31, the same number as his old school number, that same school, no doubt, where "it seemed rather a piquant thing to chevy 'Tadpole' Phelps about the playground and hit him over the shins with a wicket!"(35)

"You can thank Doctor Watson for that," —"another of Doctor Watson's bull's-eyes," —"my astute friend"—yes, even Holmes had to acknowledge the work of a master, though Watson, of course, took no credit to himself at all.

Now, if ever, would have been the moment to remember Holmes's words after the fiasco of the Yellow Face. "Watson, if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."(36)

Had you or I been in honest Watson's shoes, we should, I make no doubt, have repeated "Norbury! Norbury! Norbury!" with the shrill insistence of a macaw—but then Watson was a very remarkable man.

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(35) *The Naval Treaty.* (36) *The Yellow Face.*

The Romance of the Saleroom (*Continued from page 31*)

was sent to auction, and his executors, knowing the high prices that had been paid for many of the pieces, anticipated a very large total. Many pieces were undoubtedly superb, and these, in some instances, realised far above their previous saleroom record; but thirty or forty pieces which had cost thousands only realised pounds. One piece costing £2,000 was worth, at the most, £50; and other pieces for which Mr. Dickins had paid £33,000 realised £8,000. The knowledge that many of the items in the catalogue were of doubtful authenticity soon spread, and the three days' sale produced the disappointing total of £44,293 9s. 6d.

Even this sum would not have been realised but for the fact that the principal purchasers at the sale were the dealers from whom Mr. Dickins had bought a large proportion of the collection. Their purchases amounted to nearly half the total of the sale.

Investigation followed, and the executors found that one dealer had re-bought for £3,000 items which he had sold to the aged collector for £13,000.

Legal action was taken against the dealers implicated. One promptly settled by paying £20,000 and fled to Paris, another paid £3,000, while a verdict for £10,000 was obtained against a third, who, moreover, was subsequently prosecuted and convicted.

The sale of a picture at a small country sale for the modest sum of 360 gns. also resulted in a lengthy and costly lawsuit, though in this instance there was no charge of fraudulent misrepresentation.

In 1912 Mr. Henry Edward Huntington, a wealthy American collector, who bought "The Blue Boy" and "The Tragic Muse," bought from a Bond Street firm a full-length painting supposed to be the daughters of Mrs. Siddons, by George Romney.

This was the picture referred to in the preceding paragraph, the value of which had increased owing to well-known experts definitely placing it as an authentic work by George Romney.

Two years later Mr. Huntington had reason to doubt this authenticity, and returned it to the sellers. The dealers, however, refused to repay the £20,000 they had received, and an action was started.

After the case had proceeded for some days, evidence being given by great artists and experts both for and against the picture, counsel for the defendants, Mr. Leslie Scott, threw a "bombshell" into court. He produced a photograph of an original sketch for the picture signed by a minor artist named Ozias Humphrey, which had been unearthed in the library of the Royal Academy, and notified to the court the willingness of his clients to cancel the sale.

Though brought to an amicable conclusion, the costs of the action approached £10,000, while the case did much to discredit the much vaunted infallibility of artists and experts as judges of pictures.

FORTUNATELY there are many instances of collections showing a huge profit on the original outlay.

In 1919 the executors of the late Sir George Drummond, one of Montreal's princes of commerce, sent his collection of pictures to this country to be sold by auction Christie's was the scene of the sale, and the immense total of £150,499 was realised. Seven pictures in this sale, bought at a cost of £16,000, produced an aggregate of over £62,000, a Hals portrait purchased for £2,500 making 25,500 gns. And yet Hals died in Haarlem workhouse!

Huge profits, too, were shown in the sale in 1911 of the Abdy collection of pictures, which had been stored away for years and were quite unknown to present-day collectors.

A painting by Carpaccio, which had cost £1,500, made 12,300 gns., and a Botticelli, bought for only £300, rose to 10,800 gns.

Twenty pictures costing £12,000 produced over £53,000.

Owners of single objects, quite unaware of their value, have time and again become the happy possessors of a fortune through their submission to the auction room.

Such was the luck of the daughter of a retired working tradesman who took to Christie's a dirty and neglected portrait of a young lady which she had unsuccessfully offered to several leading West End dealers. It proved to be a portrait of the beautiful Miss Linley, by Gainsborough, and despite its poor condition it realised 9,000 gns.

Nowadays when for a picture to realise five figures under the hammer is by no means a rare occurrence, it is surprising that it was not until 1876 that any picture made as much as £10,000 at auction. This was when Gainsborough's famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire made the unprecedented price of 10,100 gns., the highest price up to then ever attained for a picture at Christie's.

The sale took place on May 6th, and barely three weeks later all London was astonished to learn that it had been stolen. In the night it had been cut out of its frame at Agnew's rooms in Old Bond Street, where it was on exhibition. For twenty-five years nothing was heard of this picture, despite the offer of a large reward, when in 1901 it was found by Detective Wm. Pinkerton in Chicago.

When Romney's portrait of Mrs. Davenport was sold for 58,000 gns. at Christie's in 1926 and the same artist's portrait of Lady Hamilton as the Ambassadress fell at 13,000 gns., it was not known that these two pictures had been the objects of a burglary at the flat of the owner two years before.

Having to leave his flat for a time, the owner, Sir W. Bromley Davenport, had the two pictures placed in a strong room, hanging two others of much less value in their places. Almost as soon as the flat was empty it was entered and the substituted portraits removed.

The huge price paid for the Davenport portrait remained an auction record until the sale of Lawrence's delightful portrait of "Pinkie" at the Mickleham sale in 1926, for 74,000 gns.

This still remains the auction record for any picture in this country.

"MY VISIT TO DRAGES"

by

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

the Countess of Oxford & Asquith

I KNEW very little about hire purchase till I visited Drages. I had imagined that under the hire purchase system very expensive or rather inferior furniture would be sold, but I was wrong, at Drages. I saw in their great store really excellent furniture at most moderate prices, but nothing of mediocre or inferior quality. Every taste and income will be met there with alacrity, understanding, and efficiency, and it is amazing to think that a man of moderate means can furnish for £100 on a payment of only £2.

° ° °

Naturally, when people furnish on credit they run a certain amount of risk, so I enquired, "What happens if some misfortune comes to these nice folk I see buying furniture to-day?" Then I was told and understood the new developments of hire purchase. If the customer should die, all the furniture immediately becomes the property of his wife or children, and nothing more need be paid. If he should be ill or unemployed, then another protection comes into force. The customer keeps what he has paid for—less an allowance for the use of the furniture. I think this is a kindly and wise provision, and that Drages are to be congratulated for having originated it.

As I surveyed all the great floors of furniture I could not help thinking what a help this must be to the average man who wishes to have a home of real comfort and beauty.

When I was first invited to see the great Drage store I wondered whether I would find anything different from the many fine stores I have seen here and in other countries. I do not wish to claim for myself exceptional qualities, but I am a woman of taste, and could never live in ugly surroundings or with ugly things. I dislike the bungalow buildings which deform the outskirts of beautiful towns. Not having a "Box-office" mind, I would not care to make a profit out of Aunt Sally petrol pumps, vulgar hotels, or shoddy furniture. It is one thing to please, and another to pander to the public taste, and when I was taken round every department of this store I was amazed at the variety, craftsmanship, and beauty of most of the furniture I saw there.

° ° °

Our modern craftsmen are equal in every respect to the old masters of the furniture craft. Even more surprising was the silver department, where perfect reproductions of old plate and charming canteens could be bought at most moderate prices. I think all those who need furniture will be well advised if they visit this great store, with its fine choice of furniture and its courteous, kindly treatment of its customers.

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Margot Oxford

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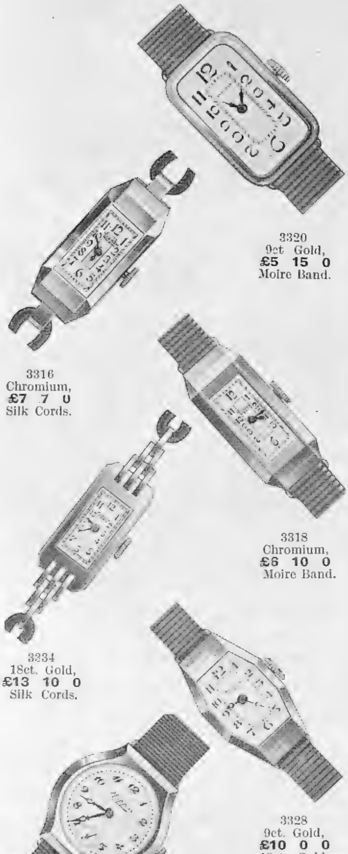

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The Squire *of* Bath

(Continued from page 27)

Mr. Frimlingham stood straight as a wand, his handsome face set in an inscrutable expression; but otherwise, Mr. Nash thanked his gods for it, the vestibule was for the moment deserted, and the music of fiddles playing a lively *contredanse* came from the ballroom. The Beau blessed these rebels against his own regulations.

Then he swung back and, with violence, wrenched the sobbing maiden to her feet. "You baggage! You depraved quean! How dared you and the Colonel practise thus upon my good faith? You shall be whipped and incarcerated, Madam, for this!"

"Indeed, sir, I was told it was but a jest. I left my old father to go to the theatre in Bristol . . ."

Nash groaned. "A play actress!"

". . . and I was told by the Colonel I might play the fine lady at his house and in Bath for a season in sport. Indeed, sir, I meant no evil! I am only poor Jenny Sugden, once maid to the Pump Room!"

"I knew I had seen your false face before!" snorted Nash.

"I have robbed nobody," she besought him. "The Colonel paid for my apparel and my establishment, and I never thought to injure anyone. It was a frolic."

"You b . . ." said Mr. Nash, as the full extent of the deception unrolled itself in a hissing panorama before him, and he remembered that he had presented her to Royalty. But he suddenly felt Mr. Frimlingham's hand upon his shoulder.

"Control yourself, Mr. Nash," said the young Squire, a cold veil over his eyes. "Will you make this matter known to all Bath? Place the lady in a coach, with her unhappy relative, and let her drive to . . ."

"The devil," snarled the Beau.

"The apothecary," said Mr. Frimlingham composedly. "Attend her, you men, and keep your mouths closed if you desire to finger golden guineas in your pockets to-morrow morning. Quick—despatch—for here comes Her Highness, I believe . . ."

"Will you bow to this trull of the boards, Mr. Frimlingham?" cried the exasperated Beau as he watched the Squire taking leave of Jenny Sugden. "You forget, sir, you are a gentleman."

"I remember, sir, that I am a man, and sensible of human tears. . . Pray, Mr. Nash, do not go to Her Highness without your cane. Let her not suspect you of disorder!" And Mr. Frimlingham, in an absent-minded manner as he handed the distracted Beau his symbolic wand of office, blew some invisible specks of dust off his collar.

THE next morning a strange hush lay upon Bath. Neither in the Pump Room nor upon the walks was its King to be seen, and the absence of his well-known figure had something of the effect of a royal demise. But if there was consternation and suspense, there was also plenty of gossip, whispered gossip exchanged between the whirr of a fan and the click of a snuff-box and punctuated with a spiteful titter or a satiric "Good Gad!" A guinea or two never stopped mouths with a real biting scandal to impart, and all the city was now turning over on its tongue the deliciously acid morsel that Mr. Nash had been duped by a vulgar play-actress, had admitted the brazen baggage to assembly and rout, and even presented her to Her Royal Highness. When the news went round near midday that the Princess Amelia's coach had been ordered and that she was leaving Bath immediately, a shiver went over society, and the Pump Room was abruptly deserted by a throng that dispersed to the Princess's residence, to her stables, to all quarters of the city, agog to gain further details of the scandal.

So it was into an empty room that there stepped about midday Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe, who would otherwise have been followed by scores of malicious eyes. The young man had the same bent brow and look of deep thoughtfulness that he had worn upon the dreadful disclosure of the night before, while he walked over to the pump and held out his hand in silence for a glass. As he took it, however, the maid in brown linen and mob cap who was serving him whispered: "Forgive me, Ned!"

Mr. Frimlingham started and spilt the steaming water over his sleeve. "You, Jenny!" he gasped.

"Yes, I had to see you. As soon as my father was bled, and I knew he would not die, I prevailed upon Mother Trench to let me wear my old cap and apron for this once again, in hopes that I might have the good fortune to accost you here. Oh, Mr. Frimlingham, I am sorry."

"Sorry, Jenny? What should you sorrow for?" The young man's face lit up radiantly. "'Tis I have been sad, at the fear that you had fled, that I should never take you in my arms again."

"Oh, Mr. Frimlingham, I must no longer listen to such words from your lips."

"And why the devil should you not, Jenny?"

"Consider the difference in our stations, sir."

Mr. Frimlingham pinched her cheek with the greatest condescension. "To the man of sensibility, my child," he said, "rank is but the thorn that would rob us of the perfume of the rose. Jenny," he changed his tone and leant over the counter after a swift glance round the room against eavesdroppers. "We must leave Bath at once . . . this evening."

"And you would fly with me, Ned, after all?" Her blue eyes softened with tears; her white bosom panted beneath the plain serving-maid's frock.

"Would I go without you, pretty wretch? Listen. We will start an hour before sunset, to get well away from Bath before dark—night travelling is not safe with money in your pouch. Let me think. I dare not be seen driving my coach out of the city, every gossip will be on the watch. No, curse it, I must e'en mount that horse again with you on pillion behind me. At six be at the turning of Water Lane by the South Gate with your bundle. Let us look—ha! ha!—like some lackey and his fellow-servant riding to rejoin master and mistress. That will put them off our scent. Not a word more now. Here comes the Prince of Gossips, Mr. Niblett."

THE summer evening shadows were lengthening across the Prior Park Road as Mr. Frimlingham, with a hat pulled down nearly over his eyes, jogged cautiously up the hill out of Bath, with Jenny sitting, her arm about his waist, on the pillion behind him.

Suddenly Jenny gave Mr. Frimlingham a terrified clutch, that made the spirited horse start and seriously disturbed the young Squire's seat. "There is a post-chaise galloping up the hill behind us," she whispered in terror.

"Never fear," said Mr. Frimlingham soothingly. "Many coaches take this road, and we shall anyhow give them the slip when we turn off on to Claverton Down."

The girl was silent, but he could feel her trembling as, with difficulty, he turned the horse off to the left under a tunnel of leaves, and, kicking it awkwardly, began to trot along the park palings, with the open Downs spreading on their right.

"I hear it again!" exclaimed Jenny piteously. "For sure they are pursuing us."

The clack of galloping hooves and rattle of wheels was now too plain to be denied, and the young Squire swore as he listened.

"Do not stop," cried Jenny in anguish. "We must not be taken. I know not what they may do to me for my escapade. Oh, Ned, put him to a gallop and get away."

"Gallop! My God, no!" exclaimed Mr. Frimlingham decidedly. "I prefer to abide their question. Whoa, devil's spawn! Stand! I say! After all, they have no right to stay us." So speaking, he pulled the horse with difficulty to a halt and turned him about.

The next moment a curricle, with the Bailiff Dickens upon the box beside the coachman, came rattling up in a cloud of dust and pulled to a standstill a few yards away. The door was flung open and two figures tumbled out. One was Mr. Nash, his white hat askew and his face purple with fury. The other was a lithe young man, elegantly dressed, with a red head, firm jutting chin, and an angry hazel eye.

"Cornered, by gad!" exclaimed Mr. Frimlingham, at sight of this stranger, who had anticipated the Beau and, advancing on the runaway couple with a hunting crop in his hand, cried in furious tones: "Tom Fipps, you scoundrel! Get off my horse!"

"With all the will in the world, sir," answered Jenny's lover, and in a flash he was on the ground, heaving a sigh of relief as he helped her from the pillion.

"So!" panted Nash, coming up with the group. "You impudent lackey! A pretty game you and your brazen accomplice have played upon me, by Gad! with your double masquerade!"

"No accomplice, Mr. Nash, I assure you," replied the accused, standing in front of Jenny with his heels together, and rubbing his hands over the other deferentially. "I was as much the dupe of this pretty cheat *as you, sir.*"

"How dared you, sirrah!" broke in the new young gentleman with a roar, "take my name, my horse, my clothes, and personate your master in Bath?".

"I had supposed, Mr. Frimlingham, sir, that you would not be back from the Grand Tour for at least six more months."

"Is that an excuse, you saucy scullion?"

"Under your leave, sir, never a scullion. Your *valet de chambre*, Mr. Frimlingham."

"How did you escape from Greythorpe with my gear, villain?"

"I ventured to tell the steward, sir, you were expected back in England and had bidden me bring your horses and coach and other stuff to Bath. . . . I ask your pardon, Mr. Frimlingham, but the temptation was too great. I had learnt good manners by watching you, sir, and I had acquired some sensibility from perusing the volumes in your library. Horsemanship and fence, alas, cannot be improvised; but for the rest, let Mr. Nash testify to my qualities. He was pleased to feel, he said, *in loco parentis* to me."

"Tell me, you rogue," exclaimed Nash abruptly, "whence came the gold you scattered over our gaming tables in Bath?"

"That, sir, would take a little time to tell. . . . But stay," he turned about and peered up the road, "here comes another chaise at speed, from the East Gate this time, I think. Is it . . . yes, it *is*, my friend Isaac."

A second coach, with steaming and blasting horses, had pulled up from the opposite direction, and from it leapt the Jew with the orange waistcoat whom Mr. Nash had once seen lurking in the porch of Bath Abbey.

He ran forward waving afflicted hands with fingers edged in mourning against the rays of the sunset. "Stop thief! Stop thief!" he bawled. "Gentlemen, arrest him! He has robbed me of a thousand guineas!"

"Not one, you rogue," cried Tom Fipps indignantly. "Mr. Frimlingham," he turned to his late master, "I took the liberty of borrowing five and twenty guineas in your name from your steward. They are here in my pouch, and I beg, sir, to repay the loan with my best thanks. As for this Hebrew . . . cease to lament, Jeremiah, gentlemen cannot hear themselves speak . . . this Hebrew, it is true, furnished me with stakes to play at the Eo board and elsewhere, being a party to my conspiracy . . ."

"You dog!" cried Nash. "I'll expel *you* from Bath as well."

"I agreed to pay him back every guinea I borrowed at a hundred per cent. increment, the unconscionable rogue, and he has had it, every farthing. I hold his receipts in my saddle-bag."

"Yes, but you have von a great deal more than that vid my monesh. It's not fair, gentlemen! I should

(*Continued on page* 120)

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take all his vinnings! I found the stakes."

"I shall certainly not exert myself to support your claims," said Nash. "As for this impostor . . . "

"He goes back with us to Bath," cried the real Mr. Frimlingham, "to answer before the Justices. Here, Mr. Constable Dickens . . ."

"Oh, sir," expostulated his valet temperately, "Consider what slender ground you have to go upon. I have but aired your suits and exercised your horse—to the best of my abilities—which was all part of my duty. As for your money, it is here, if you will but deign to hold out your hand for it. . . . Come, sir! The respect I bear your family makes it hard for me to think of Mr. Frimlingham of Greythorpe exposed to the guffaws of bucolic Justices when they learn the trick that has been played upon him. And as for Mr. Nash, with respect, I say, heaven help him!"

"He is right, Squire," said Nash, recovering his composure. "You must do me the grace of pardoning the rogue. I, sir, and you too, have a duty to society, to prevent scandal assailing the amenities of Bath."

"Then at least he shall have a thrashing," declared Mr. Frimlingham, raising his crop.

"Hold the horse, Jenny!" cried Fipps throwing himself into a scientific posture of defence. "Beware, sir! I may not know how to handle a gentleman's weapon as I do a razor, but I did learn how to use my knuckles from Black Bingo of the Lion at Greythorpe."

"Desist, Mr. Frimlingham," pleaded Nash. "This is a worse scandal than t'other. Fisticuffs! Isaac, follow us back to the city, I have a word more for you. You two vagrants march on your way, *on foot!*"

"With the greatest pleasure, sir," declared Fipps, handing over without reluctance the reins of Mr. Frimlingham's horse to its owner. . . .

As the noise of wheels and horses died slowly away on the return road to the city, the two foot-farers, who had walked forward a couple of hundred yards or so, stood together leaning over a stile, their bundles at their feet, and gazing down into the cup of the valley beneath, where the lemon-coloured crescents and squares of Bath, pierced by grey spires and little cupolas, lay bathed in a violet glow, while a few glimmering lamps, early lit, twinkled at the encroaching night.

The young man put his arm round the girl's waist. "Will you miss our Bath splendours, Jenny?" he enquired.

She shook her head.

"That is well," he went on, "for here"—he slapped the pockets of his waistcoat—"I have the nest-egg to buy a small inn, a discreet shop . . . would you rather be bar-maid or milliner, my heart's lady, when we are married? As for entertainment, to make up for Mr. Nash's assemblies and Colonel Relph's green table. . . ." He was gazing along the road as he spoke. "Who is this I see approaching with, as it were, a house upon wheels? That, I believe, Jenny, is the home of Mr. Punch. Come, let us stay the exhibitor and be spectators of his show. A silver shilling, Madame, makes us sole patrons and box-holders for the performance. It is a warm night for sitting upon the grass, and perhaps we can share the showman's supper afterwards."

END

Stand *and* Deliver!

(Continued from page 29)

about London during the early 20's of the eighteenth century was viewed with horror by rich and poor alike. Indeed, the poor man was at a greater disadvantage than the rich, for the latter could afford to go about strongly guarded, while the former had to rely on his own strength or cunning to outwit the robbers. So we hear of a labourer having been robbed of one shilling and fourpence and left with a broken arm, as a warning of what he might expect if he ventured out again by night with such a paltry sum.

Rewards were offered for the capture of any highwayman within five miles of London, and when one of them was brought to book he was left hanging from a gibbet by the roadside as a warning to the others.

But they were, as a rule, such reckless fellows that they were prepared to risk their own lives for the sake of gaining a pound or two from their victims.

Yet tales are told of how, on occasions, they would act with becoming gallantry, as the following story testifies:

"In 1796 a young married woman whose coach was stopped on Wimbledon Common was told to hand over her valuables to the robber, who, after having received her purse, politely demanded an elegant ring which he perceived upon her finger.

"The lady, however, absolutely refused to give up the trinket in question, declaring that 'she would sooner part with her life.' The hero of the road rejoined, 'Since you value the ring so much, Madam, allow me the honour of saluting the fair hand which wears it, and I shall deem it a full equivalent.' The hand was instantly stretched through the chariot window, and the kiss being received, the highwayman thanked her for her condescension, and instantly galloped off."

But such exhibitions of gallantry were the exception rather than the rule, and were very seldom indulged in by these gentry if they meant any great loss to themselves.

The old-fashioned highwayman relied upon three things—firstly, that his bluff would not be called; secondly, that if it was he would be able to get in the first shot; and, thirdly, that his horse, or his legs, would enable him to vanish from the scene of action before the alarm could be given. If his victims showed reluctance to part with their valuables, he had no hesitation in using force to make them do so. His success largely depended upon the whole business being conducted with speed, and he had neither the time nor the inclination for bandying words. He wore a mask and was well mounted. His firearm was in his hand, pointed in the direction of the person held up. His "Stand and deliver!" was uttered in a manner calculated to strike terror into the most intrepid. And then came the moment, which must have been of intense excitement for him, when the traveller either showed fear or fight. But in any case the highwayman then acted speedily. If he had gained the day, he possessed himself of the booty as quickly as possible and galloped off; if not, he either departed equally hurriedly from the scene or tried the effect of a shot, according to his state of mind and the probable value of the loot.

SUCH episodes, however, occurred many years ago, and it was generally supposed that they belonged definitely to the past. But recent events have proved that this is not so.

The highwayman has returned, and in just as desperate a shape as his prototype.

Motorists are held up at Guildford, near Reading, in Savernake Forest, and who knows where else? Scarcely a day seems to pass but some defenceless man or woman is stopped, threatened with a revolver, and forced to hand over money.

Often, it is true, the revolver may either be unloaded or the man behind it may never mean to shoot: but how can the person, thus suddenly arrested, be sure of this?

The reappearance of the armed highwayman will cause travellers to carry arms, and motoring will become a dangerous undertaking.

We may even hear such a conversation as one, culled from the pages of the immortal "Nimrod," in which a passenger before entrusting himself to a stage-coach asks the waiter at the inn whether it is guarded, and receives the answer, "Yes, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword-case." Only now it will be a charabanc.

END

Espionage *becomes* "Big Business"

(Continued from page 21)

THE celebrated disappearance of the code book from the Italian Embassy in Berlin is also illuminating. Garbeccio, an attaché, was in charge of it. His woman secretary succumbed to temptation, and, thinking the book would not be in use over the week-end, she " borrowed " it, and on Saturday took it to the French Embassy, where it was photographed, and on Sunday to the Jugo-Slavian Embassy, where it was again photographed. Neither knew that the other had done this. The secretary—who had been approached in the first place by the Jugo-Slavs and had then gone on her own initiative and made a second sale to the French—collected two fees.

Early Monday morning she went to put the book back. But there had been diplomatic developments over Sunday night. Aghast, she saw Garbeccio, pale as death, sitting at his desk, trying to decipher a pile of cables. Would he accuse her ? She waited, but he said nothing about the missing book. The fact was, he had reported the theft to the ambassador, but the latter was afraid he would be blamed and feel the weight of Mussolini's wrath. So they kept the whole matter quiet for five months. The secretary could not now put the book back without being detected, so she burnt it.

It was not long before Mussolini discovered that the French and the Jugo-Slavs had an uncanny knack of knowing exactly what he wrote in his dispatches to Berlin. He put his intelligence men to work, and the whole truth came out. The angry Duce, unable to place the blame immediately, sacked the whole embassy staff, from the ambassador to the housemaids. Some of the luckless ones still languish on Lipari, Italy's " Devil's Island."

Germany before the Great War was the spy's El Dorado : to-day, France is. But France guards her secrets well. Not long ago she had a scare. She thought the secret Franco-Belgian military convention had been stolen. Any number of spy services were aware of the treaty negotiations as soon as they started, and were alert for an opportunity to pick up any useful information. An independent named Albert Frank Heine, commonly known as Frank, a Dutch-Jew-German of shady antecedents, saw an excellent chance here to make some easy money. He had had many deals with spy services in Europe and knew the ropes. First, he got into touch with the key man of the German spy service in Brussels and gained his confidence by offering him a secret statement by General Galet, chief of the Belgian staff, to a military commission. It was a forgery, but it deceived the agent, who said he would pay a high price for the new Franco-Belgian treaty.

In due course Frank arrived with the treaty. But this time the agent was suspicious. How had this man been able to achieve in so short a time what had baffled the most adroit spies in Europe ? Frank could give no satisfactory explanation, and the agent refused to buy. Frank then hawked his treaty round and at last found a market—an " Activist " newspaper only too willing to believe what suited its editorial book. The alleged treaty was published and created a world sensation. Then the French police got to work and grabbed Frank and the whole story came out.

He had based his treaty upon an old Franco-Russian treaty, taking the names of the negotiators from the likeliest he found in a military manual, and drafting the documents on paper purloined from the Ministry of National Defence. The job took him three days. And if he had been a little more skilful, a little more painstaking, and if the German agents had been a little less alert, he might have got away with it : and at this moment the German general staff might be treasuring as genuine in their safes a Franco-Belgian military convention which in fact was only a guess at the real one.

The new Cartonette

Aristoc
Miss Joyce Dudley
Exeter Devon

for posting 'The Christmas Stocking'

When you carry out that happy thought of sending her Aristoc again this year, you — and later, she — will find that we have had a happy thought too. Thinking to add something of manner to the indisputable matter of your gift, we have designed, in accord with the spirit of the season, the above rather eye-filling Cartonette for you to send it in. No more brown paper and string. Do you approve? We thought it quite one of our curlier brain-waves. Ask for it at the shop where you buy Aristoc.

The Aristocrat of Silk Stockings

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Open Letters *to the* "Would-be's" *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 87)

stage-door keeper, you will have to be able to tell lies in a convincing manner, be able to know instinctively what people the leading lady will see, and those she won't, and be able to smell at sight a man with a bill in his pocket.

You must know something about racing because the stage-door keeper is the official bookmaker in every theatre.

Having got past the stage-door keeper, you will be handed on to the dresser.

A dresser's chief duties are going out for the drinks and endeavouring to cash actors' cheques at the box office. They know all the actors' and actresses' secrets. But they never blackmail them. They would get too rich.

Well, tired of waiting in a room because your friend is hiding somewhere afraid to face you, you try to get back into the theatre.

Of course you lose your way. You go through an iron door, and find yourself in the wings. Then the stage manager will kick you off.

His job is what it says it is, to manage the stage, and to put the actors and actresses in their places. He probably gets less money than any of them, but he has the satisfaction of being able to tell them just what he thinks of them—and he does.

He has to ring the curtain up and down, control the gentlemen, in cloth caps and dirty rubber shoes, who try to break the scenery every time they change it, and have a weekly battle with the property master about the expenses, to get hold of the box of cigarettes, sent every week as a reward for a line on the programme, and see that the actors don't get them, and use them on the stage, and to lead a dog's life generally, because, when a man in the flies goes to sleep and forgets to let the curtain come down, it is the stage manager who is blamed.

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*. In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Well, the stage manager hands you over to the call boy to take you out of the theatre.

This call boy is always a very annoying and very efficient young man between the age of fourteen and sixteen. It is from these call boys that stage managers are made.

He has to go and hammer on the door of every dressing room, two or three minutes before the artists are required for their scenes. He has to go round, half an hour before the curtain goes up, shout "Half an hour, please," and then "A quarter of an hour, please," and then, when the curtain is ready to rise, he goes round again yelling, "Overture and beginners, please."

You may have caught a glimpse of a man perched on a shelf with a whole lot of switches in front of him. He is the electrician, whose job it is to supply the sunlight and the moonlight. He talks in a language of his own. All you will get from him is chatter about "floods," "baby spots," "blues and ambers," "Ones, twos and threes" and "Number sixteen." All this really means he has to light up the leading man.

You will probably see another man hurrying past you, with his arms full of knives and forks and plates. He is the property man and he has to be an artist, a sculptor, a carpenter, a furniture expert, a picture expert, an armourer and a blender of colours all in one.

(*Continued on page* 124)

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH

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NO DEPOSIT.
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED,
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When opened as a Table the flanges fit into grooves in the top, leaving a smooth surface, 2 ft. by 3 ft.

Prices, either height, mounted on rubber castors:

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FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

AN INTERVIEW WITH A LEADER OF THE YOUNGER SET

Lady Marguerite Bligh tells how she guards her flawless skin –

LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH is an exquisite brunette. Tall and graceful, with eyes like dark amber, and masses of leaf-brown hair, she has a creamy skin and clear, fresh colouring.

Her favourite amusement is sailing. Yet the roughest wind never coarsens her complexion. Lady Marguerite laughed when I asked her why.

"My secret is called 'Pond's,'" she said—"I want every girl to share it with me.

"Every night and morning a wise girl cleanses her face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream," said Lady Marguerite. "One can feel the pores of one's skin saying 'Thank you' as the cream is gently rubbed in. Then remove with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues—they're *most* friendly things.

"And before powdering, Pond's Vanishing Cream is marvellous. It's so velvety and becoming, and it has a wonderful attraction for powder. The windiest day has no terrors then and a shiny nose is simply impossible.

"Oh! by the way"—Lady Marguerite added. "A part of the Pond's secret is always to use a little Pond's Skin Freshener after the cleansing cream.

"It's a tonic and a beautifier too. A girl can dance all night and look quite fresh in the morning if she's a regular disciple of Pond's.

"I am. Mind you tell them just what I've said."

This is the simple Pond's method that keeps Lady Marguerite's skin exquisite:

TO CLEANSE the skin thoroughly, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to wind or rain. Let the gentle oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, super-absorbent—and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to tone up the skin and close the pores.

TO PROTECT the skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps the skin from coarsening and is the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:

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If you would send a gift that would radiate friendliness, let it be a gift of Nell Gwynn candles. To bring colour and gaiety to the Christmas table—to shine on happy faces — to kindle old memories in their kindly glow. No name on your list but would be gratified by a gift so appropriate.

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Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

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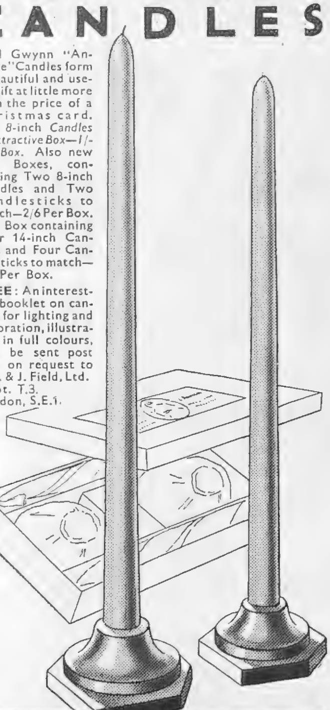

EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

Open Letters *to the* "Would-be's" *of the* Theatre

He makes the lobster salad they eat in the supper scene. He puts the ginger ale in the champagne bottles, and, when it has gone flat, he puts it into the whisky decanter, for the next play.

If they want a statue, he has to stat. If they want a picture, he has got to be ready to paint. He does all these things, and does them very well, but he usually gets carnations in the middle of winter and chrysanthemums in midsummer, whenever they want flowers on the stage. Theatre flowers are always wrong.

Then, should you have happened to wander on the stage during an interval, when they are changing the scenes, you will see a man standing with his back to the iron curtain, looking on.

He doesn't do anything. He doesn't say anything. He just looks on.

He is the master carpenter. He has a bag of tools, but he never uses them. He tells the other people what to do. His chief job is to condemn every set of scenery as soon as it is made, find out a lot of things which ought to be done and get other people to do them.

Be a fireman! The fireman lives in the theatre. When you have gone home, and all the actors are in bed, he has to go round hour after hour, clocked, dreary, all alone.

If anything is ever stolen, he always gets the blame. He is always accused of being asleep when he should be on duty, when that was the audience's duty hours before.

But he gets his own back once a week, when he holds what is known as fire drill, compulsory by order of the L.C.C., with himself as the boss. He blows a whistle and then stands, watch in hand, looking at the commissionaires tangling themselves up with hose, getting in each other's way, and taking up what is known as their fire positions.

I would rather be the linkman. He looks important, anyway. Besides, he stands outside the theatre, where I prefer to be, and he is paid for it. I am only paid when I go inside.

He calls the cabs—yes, and he keeps change in his pocket in case you give him too much as a tip.

Years ago, he used to see you home through streets in which there were no gutters or kerbs, lighting you over the pools and protecting you against armed robbers.

Now he sees so many robbers go into the theatre, that one would leave him cold.

No, I would rather be a cleaner, used to it all, an old actress sometimes, sick of all that side of it.

While rehearsals have been on all day, she has gone on cleaning, indifferent to auditions, deaf when the leading lady shouts at the producer, blind when the leading man walks out.

Plays may come. Plays may go. She only cleans up what is left of them.

She is the symbol of all that is dead, the programmes, and the chocolate papers, and the burned-out cigarettes.

And yet she is not only the symbol of Last Night, but the symbol of To-morrow, which she heralds by cleaning up all the mess so that, next night, you can do it all over again.

The Twilight *of a* Goddess

(*Continued from page* 35)

He laid the peach before Gina, who stared at it, and forgot to thank him.

"Sugar?" he asked blandly.

"Oh—thanks. So you saw Robin at the Savoy."

She wouldn't ask who he was with, but Max told her.

"He was with Francie Fane. A deliciously pretty child, I thought. You should look after him, Gina."

"Are you trying to frighten me, dear Max?"

Gina was smiling, but something had gone a little wrong with her smile.

"Yes," said Max gravely. "I am."

"Then you can't," she defied him. "I meant it to happen, I planned for it."

"Why?"

Max flung the question at her across the table. And Gina didn't evade it.

"You know why, Max . . . all the whys But I didn't mean it to happen so soon."

"Are you strong enough to go through with it?"

Max's voice was curiously gentle.

"I think so."

"I think not, but one day you will be. Then I shall be waiting."

"Dear old Max. But what is past is past."

"Precisely. I wouldn't ask you to re-live that. We neither of us could. The roses and raptures are gone. But I have a fancy we haven't done with each other yet."

(*Continued on page* 126)

THIS superb receiver is the new Pye model "G." It is a three-valve A.C. all-electric receiver for use with outside aerial. The receiver has a built-in moving-coil speaker, with provision for an external speaker. The three-position switch provides for long or short waves, and for a gramophone pick-up. The volume control operates on both "radio" and "gramophone." Built in the Pye factory at Cambridge, it would be a magnificent All-British gift for Christmas. It costs 18 *guineas. The model on the left is the Pye "MM" Portable, costing* 17 *guineas*

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for Facial and Toilet use
Prepared under Exclusive Proprietary Process by
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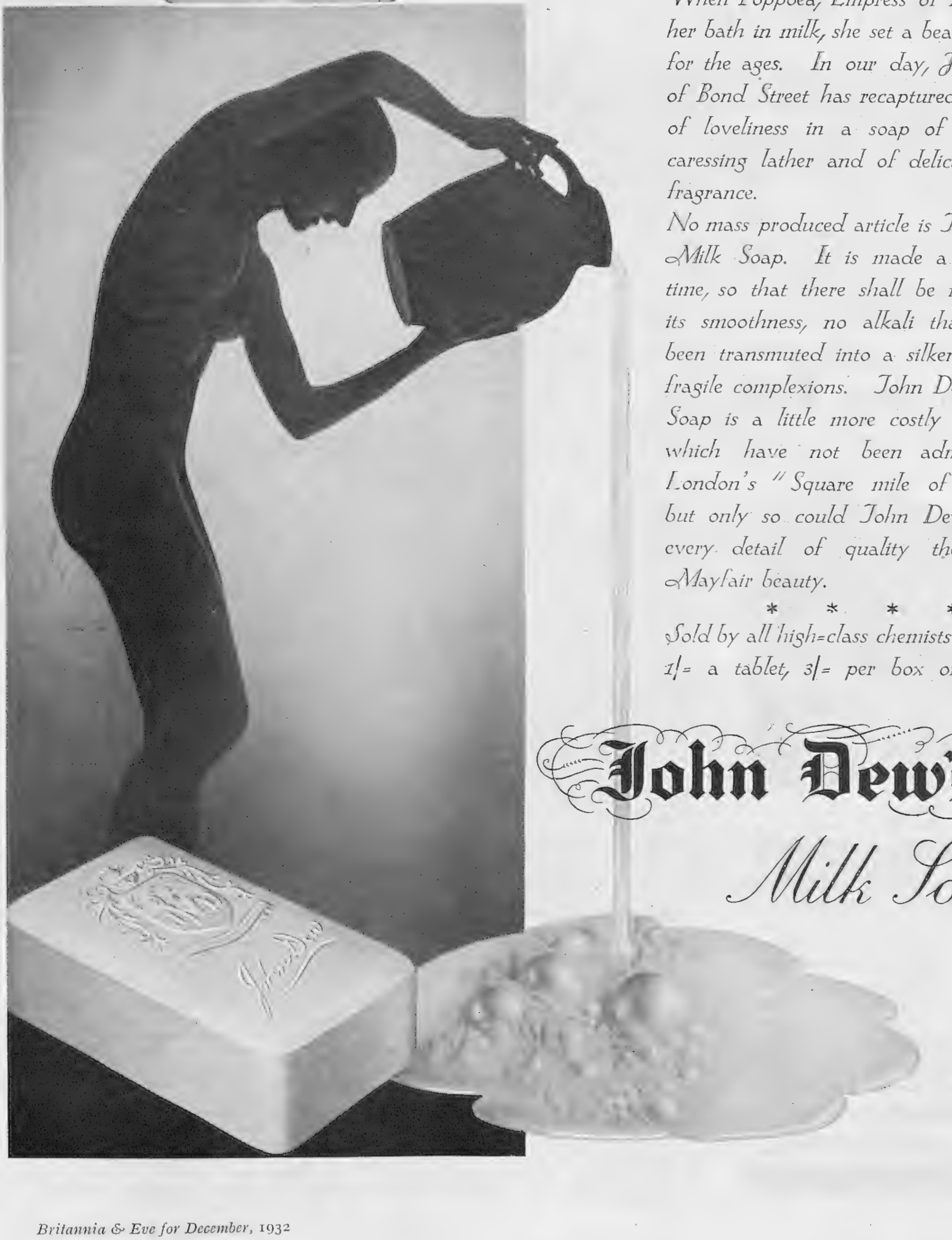

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"That's true, Max. Your name heads the list of my memories."

"My name," he said thoughtfully. "You've saved me the trouble of mentioning it. I was leading up clumsily to the idea that you might deign to accept it."

"My *dear* Max!"

"I know the word wife seems ridiculous from me, but I quite like the sound of it."

"But I don't love you, Max. We finished with all that long ago."

"You would love me as much as I deserve, Gina. I should love you as much as you desire."

"Max, stop. Oh, my dear, I appreciate it, but don't you see, don't you understand, I'm in no mood? I'm . . . I'm suffering."

The hand holding her glass shook pitifully. Max averted his eyes.

"I know, Gina. It's your zero hour, as we used to say in the war. By and by I shall come and gather up the wounded."

Max was understanding. The thing he had said was improbably generous. Only the stab at her heart prevented her being grateful.

"Don't come in," she asked him when he dropped her at her flat. "I'm not good company these days."

And again Max understood, kissed her hand gently and left her.

The zero hour was waiting for Gina.

A letter from Robin, pushed through the door, lay on the mat. Gina had read it before her eyes saw a word of the writing. It was a wild, incoherent scrawl, full of what seemed like reproaches. He was laying the blame on her, on fate, on anyone rather than himself, for the thing that had incredibly happened.

Francie and he were in love.

Robin didn't know how it had happened. He could never forget Gina, never cease to love her. But Francie was so sweet, so loving . . . "And so young," said Gina between her teeth.

She dropped the letter as if it had stung her, then picked it up and crushed it in her hand. A tide of fury was rising in her. No one had ever left her for another woman.

And Robin, whom she'd unselfishly loved, was the first.

Gina was at the telephone, calling a number, waiting feverishly for the answer, leaving a message for Mr. Robin Corland, to be found on his return, asking him to call on Mrs. Fanshawe.

"Yes, at once, please. . . . Very important . . . yes, very."

Robin couldn't come that night, and work claimed him next day till six o'clock. Then he came, and Gina threw herself into his arms, clinging to him desperately—clinging to youth, to love, to her own beauty. And Robin held her closely.

But there was no vibration in his arms, they were wooden, the arms of a lay figure.

"You sent for me, Gina. What is it?"

"It's *you*, Robin. I want you with me always. I'll marry you, darling."

"Oh, Gina."

So it had come at last. Gina had surrendered, and the fantastic ghastly truth was that he didn't want her. Bleakly he faced the fact that it was Francie he loved, Francie whom he wanted, Francie, who had said, "It will be great being married to you," with a little quiver in her gamin voice.

Yet Gina wanted him too, and her claim was overwhelming.

He turned to her desperately. "Gina, what shall I do?"

"It's quite easy, darling," she reassured him glibly. "You'll tell her the truth. She'll understand. It can't mean much to her yet."

"You're wrong there, Gina. She loves me."

Robin looked down at the carpet, then sideways at Gina.

"She's crazy about me," he added naïvely.

"My poor Robin!"

Gina had known brilliant men, with subtle minds, and had tired of them. It was that simple devotion of Robin's that had touched her so inexpressibly, the very stupidity of his unquestioning acceptance of her as absolute perfection, a goddess, condescending to his crude youth.

Then, slowly, haltingly, Robin explained.

"I know what you're thinking, Gina, that I'm too much of a fool to hold a girl like that. I didn't understand women at all, only, you see, Gina, *you* taught me about them. You remember the things you told me that day. I've never forgotten a word you said. Then I saw Francie was beginning to think about me, and I began to think about her, but I wouldn't let her know it. I did try, Gina, honestly I did, but it was so difficult, always being with her, and being the same age, and——"

He saw her face, heard the laugh that broke from her, a laugh full of a sharp dissonance, like the splintering of glass.

Robin couldn't bear that laugh.

"Don't, Gina," he implored. "I'll tell her it can't be. It'll hurt her, but I'll tell her."

Gina had conquered, but there was something wrong with her victory, something she didn't dare admit to herself. They were going round to a little restaurant to dine and presently Gina slipped away to put on her hat. Attending to her face took some time, and when she came back she saw that Robin wasn't looking at her.

Sleep had overtaken him as he leaned back in the big armchair. His dark curly head had dropped a little to one side, his fringed lids hid his heavy, troubled eyes. He looked young, and he looked miserable.

Softly Gina laid her bag and gloves on the sofa, and sat watching him, while slowly, frostily, the madness ebbed from her brain. The last rush of that love madness that is youth. Now she saw him with other eyes: Maternally. How tired he looked, worn with the struggle between the new love and the old, the struggle to which she had forced him! For it had been all her doing. Deliberately, and of set purpose, she had loosened the cords which held him to her and set him free to follow his destiny. And, of course, Francie was bound up with that destiny. Now she had cruelly jerked him back again.

A sentence beat itself in her brain. "Buttercups and daisies," the flowers young lovers should pick . . . Max had said that, and Max knew. Poor little Robin! She must set him free.

Throwing off her hat, she pushed her beautifully arranged hair roughly back from her forehead and touched him on the arm.

"Wake up, Robin. It's time for you to go."

"Go?"

That bewildered, lost voice tugged at her heartstrings, but she was bright and, very, very calm.

"It was sweet of you to come, but there's nothing to stay for. I was feeling silly and sentimental. I had to see you again, but that's all over now."

"Then you don't want me, Gina?" Surprise and relief mingled in his voice.

"No," she said very gently. "I don't want you now. You're going to marry Francie and have a wonderful life. So, Robin, this is really good-bye."

Stooping over him, she kissed him on his forehead, just below the dark hair.

"Sweet Robin, be happy." Her voice was final. She drew back and looked at the door.

Robin obeyed that look. He turned in the doorway, and his eyes, darkly luminous, dwelt on Gina a long moment. Then he flung up his head and went out to Francie.

Gina was very still under the spell of that look. At last she moved, went to the round mirror on the wall and looked into it. Seeing the fatal lines in her throat, she smiled contemptuously. It was time these agonising emotions should stop—her looks wouldn't stand them—she must have rest, peace. It wasn't stagnation she wanted, but a pause in the fret and fever of the kind of love that devoured you like a flame—some green oasis of tenderness and comfort.

"But where can I find it?" thought Gina, a little wildly.

A bell rang sharply through the flat. Then Marie threw open the door, her voice crisp in its utterance of the familiar words:

"Monsieur le Baron, madame."

A Gay Pink Rose

(*Continued from page 63*)

"I understand that it was a case of love at first sight between the youngsters. They met at some charity fête or other in the neighbourhood.

"It was a great pity that he should have been an actor, of all things. I believe that the Duchess, once convinced of the children's devotion to each other, would have consented to the marriage if it hadn't been for his profession."

Arthur fidgeted impatiently with his empty glass.

"I say, let's have some more brandy and then I'll tell you about the Duchess. It's all part of Sheila's story really, and in a sense explains why she is standing now on trial for her life.

"She was a rarity, Roger, a symbol rather than an actual person, and therefore ageless. When one was with her one forgot that she was a white-haired old lady of sixty who couldn't hear very well. At least I did. D'you know, even now I can't remember her as *old*, though she was naturally never anything else when I knew her. No, to me, Roger, the Duchess of Waye will always be the lovely romantic girl, all sprigged muslin and leghorn hats and velvet streamers and ringlets, who used to creep out of her bedroom window and slide down the drain pipe in the perfect Victorian manner in order to join her lover in the orchard. He was an actor, too."

"Ah! ha!" interpolated Roger wisely.

"Precisely," agreed Arthur. "Francis Silver was, it seemed, a very handsome man, but never a very good actor. Anyway, he never got anywhere. He was playing small parts in Shakespeare in stock companies when Margaretta, the Duchess—she was just Margaretta Bowen in those days—youngest daughter of a youngest son of a youngest son kind of thing, and as she had no less than six elder and by no means so pretty sisters, it was naturally deemed advisable that she was the one to make a spectacular marriage."

"What happened to Margaretta and her young man?" urged the novelist impatiently.

"Exactly what she expected to happen forty-eight years later between Sheila and the film actor. They parted, because Margaretta's father had been approached by the eldest son of a duke for his daughter's hand. She obeyed his commands as a matter of course, whereas Sheila scorned the noble Lord and did a bolt with her film boy. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, don't you know?"

"I think," said Roger hotly, "that your Duchess was a horrid old woman."

"Roger, don't be a fool! The Duchess was marvellous. She was a poem, a dream, a relic of a grand tinsellating world which, I fancy, has passed for ever. A very great lady." He closed his eyes.

"As a matter of fact"—Arthur Iffingley aroused himself from his reverie—"it worked out very well—Margaretta's marriage to the Duke. He adored her and she became very fond of him. (*Continued on page 128*)

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AN item which all wise housekeepers would do well to include in their list of Christmas necessities is a box of Cachets Faivre. These excellent tablets are a sovereign cure for that feeling of lassitude and "rundown-ness" which so often follows on a period of excitement and festivity. They instantly banish headaches, undue fatigue or any other results of too much exertion, and they are also famous for relieving neuralgic pains. A free sample box of these Cachets can be obtained on application to the sole English distributors. Send a post card to Messrs. Wilcox, Jozeau and Co., Ltd., 15, Great St. Andrew Street, W.C.2, and mention the name of BRITANNIA AND EVE, when a box will be sent you free of charge.

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"What happened to Letty?" asked Roger.

"She married the man her mother chose for her—Guy, Conte de Guerdon. They, too, were very happy, though I have heard that poor Letty was head over heels in love with someone else when she married."

Arthur smiled wryly. "Sheila completely broke the family tradition, you see, by marrying her film boy, and the fact she is where she is now, in the dock at the Old Bailey, goes to prove that the other, the Duchess's, way is the right one."

"Not at all." Roger spoke irritably. "There must have been something else, a rotten strain somewhere which brought her to this."

"There was something else."

"It was poverty—that most deadly, uncertain kind of poverty, of having ten pounds one week and not knowing where the next is coming from, and hoping always for something to turn up."

"But hadn't the girl any money?"

"Not a sausage. Her grandmother had complete control of the entire family fortune until Sheila was twenty-five."

"I repeat," Roger said vehemently, "your Duchess was a horrid old woman."

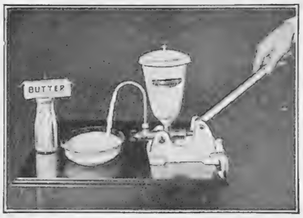
"You don't understand, Roger. Margaretta never intended it to come to—this. I grant you she was unreasonably harsh with Sheila for defying her wishes so brazenly, but in her heart she was proud of the girl for daring where she herself and her own daughter had failed. And she wanted to try her courage still further. She more or less told me how she felt—what she expected of Sheila. 'I won't forgive them for a year, Arthur,' she planned. 'We'll just sit back and see what they make of it, and exactly what they mean to each other. If that boy loves Sheila as much as he thinks he does now, he'll work like a slave to try and give her the comforts she's been used to; and if it's more than silly backfisch infatuation on Sheila's part, she'll stand being poor for his sake.'

"I asked her, 'And if she doesn't—and he doesn't——'

"'Sheila will come home,' her grandmother assured me confidently.

"So for a year we sat back. I saw a good deal of the Duchess. It was then—after Sheila's elopement — that she told me about her own love affairs and Letty's. Meanwhile during the first months Sheila blandly ignored her wrath, and wrote affectionate letters every week.

"Then gradually the letters became less frequent and their gaiety was forced. Presently we heard that Sheila and Darcy had moved from Hampstead to Bloomsbury, and there were no more glamorous accounts of Darcy's histrionic achievements or of the fine time they were having.



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"Then exactly a fortnight before the anniversary of their marriage she said to me, 'Find Sheila for me, Arthur. I'm going to forgive her.'

"Within a week I discovered Darcy's whereabouts from some film trade paper. I called at the address—it was in the dreariest part of Bloomsbury, a turning off Fitzroy Square—and ascertained discreetly that Sheila was with him, but I didn't see either of them.

"When I told the Duchess she said, 'I'm going to see them and I should like you to come with me, Arthur.'

"Ten days later I met her at Paddington Station. She was dressed as usual—a gown of soft grey clinging material—and as usual she wore a pink rose pinned to her corsage—a gay pink rose.

"During the drive to Bloomsbury I tried to warn her that the district we were visiting was not a pleasant one and that presumably Sheila and Darcy were having a bad time.

"I tried to persuade her to change her mind and let me take her to Brown's and then go on alone to fetch Sheila.

"But she would not have it that way.

"'I want to see the child's home, and how she manages.'

"Merciful heaven! I can never think of what happened after without remembering that ringing pride in her voice—her superb confidence that Sheila had managed.

"It took our driver some time to find Alberry Street—a vile cul-de-sac consisting of about twenty dilapidated houses, each one with a fly-blown 'apartment' card in the fanlight. Darcy and Sheila lived at No. 8, which was the frowsiest of the lot. Several window panes were broken and covered with brown paper. A harridan in curling papers opened the door to us and informed us surlily that Mrs. Grey was in so far as she knew, and that we had better go upstairs and see for ourselves. She stood there in the doorway with her great red arms akimbo, and I shuddered as Margaretta's skirt brushed against hers when she passed into the evil-smelling hall. I was in a frenzy and knew an insane desire to shriek at the woman '*Clear out—make way for the Duchess.*'

"But Margaretta was strangely impervious to her surroundings. A roguish smile played on her lips—forgive the adjective, but it does apply to women of Margaretta's generation.

"Gamely she climbed the three flights of stairs leading to Darcy and Sheila's attic, and it was only when we stood, both a little breathless, outside the door that her features portrayed her true emotions. It was as though someone had ripped off her mask, revealing her still lovely face in its stark nakedness. Great tenderness poured from her eyes—her mouth was unsteady in its pity—its immense understanding.

"She murmured 'Poor Sheila, my poor little Sheila! yet I don't know, it may be worth it if one is brave.' Then she added, and that roguish smile lifted the tragedy from the lines of her mouth: 'Waye would have been very angry if he knew that I had allowed his granddaughter to come to this, and her mother, my dear Letty, would never have understood that I did it for her own good. Anyhow, it was only for a year.'"

Arthur's head dropped into his hands. His eyes were covered, his voice almost hysterically high-pitched, when he told of what met their eyes, the fastidious sixty-year-old eyes of the Duchess, when they entered the room.

The poverty, the squalor, they had expected.

But not the rest. Not all those empty beer bottles, not the fœtid smell of smoke and spirits. *And Sheila.*

"You've seen her to-day," said Arthur. "She hasn't changed much in the last year. That is how her grandmother found her. Only she was very drunk then. So was Darcy. Half sulky, half amorous. Neither had hardly any clothes on. Neither could speak coherently. It was some minutes before they even recognised us.

"Then Sheila slurred: 'Hallo, Grandmama. Look, Darcy, she's wearing a rose. A pink rose. She has them all the year round. Very 'stravagant.' And, waving a bottle, dared to offer us 'A spot of beer.'

"Margaretta did

(*Continued on page* 130)

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not speak. She just stood there—leaning on her ebony stick. I shall never forget the tragic disgust on her face.

"The Duchess was quite magnificent. She never addressed either of them, but turned to me. 'I think we had better go, Arthur.'

"Later that day, when we were drinking tea at Brown's, I asked what she was going to do about the girl. I shan't forget the intense passion in Margaretta's eyes—the wild storm of them, which did not go with her finely wrinkled face, the snowy white crown of her hair.

"'I'm going to see my lawyer to-morrow. The money, the Waye and de Guerdon money, must be divided up among suitable charities. Sheila and I are the only ones left, as you know, my dear Arthur, and she won't need it—now!'"

Arthur Iffingley paused. Then he said abruptly:

"You know the rest, Roger."

"Except the verdict," Roger reminded him.

"There will be no verdict." Arthur drained his glass. "Sheila is dead."

"You mean——" Roger's face was as pale and tense as that of his friend.

"You mean that when she fell just now she was——"

"Dead," Arthur supplemented. "I saw to it. It was quite easy really. I got permission to see her this morning. I wore a pink rose in my buttonhole. Sheila wouldn't speak to me at first. She just sat crouching like a sullen bewildered animal in the corner of her cell. Then she saw the rose—exactly the same kind of rose as her grandmother used to wear.

"'Give it to me . . .!' It was almost eerie how her voice had that imperious note of command, just like the Duchess.

"The warder was a decent chap. They usually are. 'No harm in letting her have a flower, poor lass,' he told me, and, taking the rose from my coat, he gave it her himself.

"It all happened exactly as I had hoped and planned. I would have staked my life on Sheila wanting that pink rose. You may have noticed she was wearing it."

"But I still don't see what your giving the girl your buttonhole has to do with her dropping down dead," objected Roger.

Arthur made an impatient gesture with his hand.

"My dear Watson—it was elementary. Before going into the prison I had placed a small cachet in the heart of that rose. It contained a more pleasant way out than the gallows. Sheila had only to look carefully at the flower, as I was pretty certain she would do, to discover it. I counted on her being sufficiently intelligent to guess the rest. She must have taken the cachet just before going into the dock, judging from the time that poison takes to have effect."

"Arthur"—Roger's voice shook—"you know the risk you've run. Arthur, you loved her like that. All these years you've been faithful."

Arthur smiled contemptuously. "My dear Roger," he replied, "for a novelist you have singularly little imagination. I was infatuated with Sheila for a bit. She was a lovely girl; any man would have been moved by her. Surely you can grasp that what I did was not for Sheila, but for Margaretta, who would have died of shame had she lived to see her granddaughter hanged for the murder of her husband. No, I grant you that I may have been in love with Sheila. I was at the time quite pleased to be going to marry her, but it was Margaretta, the symbol of a past age, the very great lady—Margaretta, Duchess of Waye, whom I loved, for whom I am, if necessary, prepared to die."

"But, Arthur, she was old enough to be your grandmother," protested Roger, scandalised and wondering if Arthur's fantastic revelation had anything to do with his consumption of brandy.

Lord Arthur rose to his feet. "Such women are ageless," he retorted, in impatient contempt.

End

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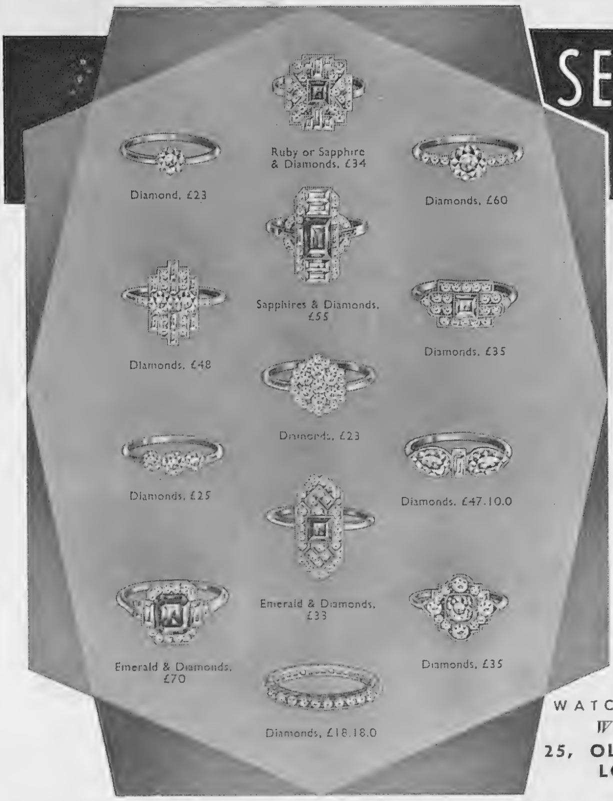
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You, too, must know how the 'Fascinating Womanhood' books can help you. Send the coupon below for our latest 24-page booklet describing these wonderful books. You will find it unusually interesting, but every day is precious. Your future may depend on your action NOW.

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B. & E.
Dec. '32 ....

Christmas Gifts *for* Men *and* Women

THIS well-made casket would be an ideal gift for any woman. It contains Innoxa powder, lotions and creams—everything that the toilet of the most fastidious woman could require. It is priced at 25/-

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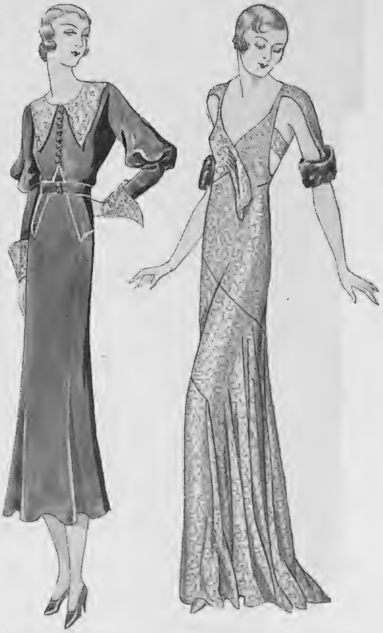
SHAVES AND SHARPENS
BRITISH MADE

THE perfect Christmas present for a man is a Ronson razor. This is a razor and strop in one, and apart from this unique feature it has the advantage of being plated with chromium with a blade of rustless Sheffield steel and therefore can never rust. It is sold complete with three blades for 21/-



A CHARMING afternoon dress and one which would be an asset to any Christmas gathering is made of black velvet with collar and cuffs of starched Irish crochet lace. It comes from Corot and costs 5½ gns. and can be obtained by their famous deferred payment terms

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MACKINTOSH'S gay red tin contains 2 lb. of assorted sweets and costs 4/-. This is only one of many attractive packings which have been prepared by Mackintosh for the Christmas season

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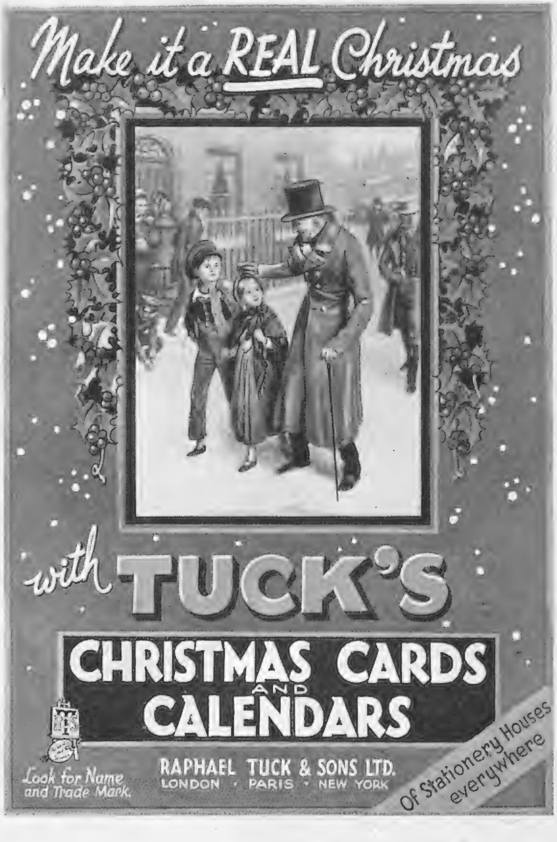
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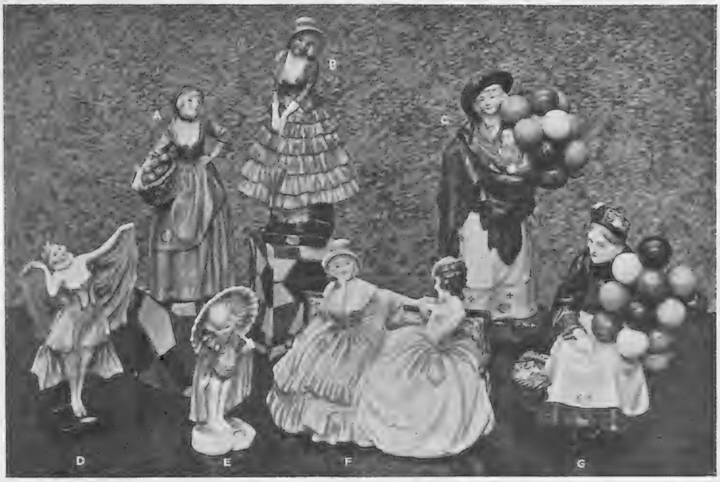

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MONEY PRIZES

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Clare Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3340.
A clever and regular entrant in our Literature Competitions

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, September 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841. Hon. Mention: Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; B. Gardner, G.C.S. 5925; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Divided between Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, and Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Awarded to Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3416; Z. Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930.

Literature Competition.—Sonnet entitled "September Days." Prize 10s. Awarded to Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150. Hon. Mention: Virginia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Cover to a Fairy Tale Book. Prize 5s. Divided between Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441, and Elspeth Henderson, A.C.S. 1415. Hon. Mention: Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536; Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516; Violet Dennis, A.C.S. 1311.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott-Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433; Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436.

Award of Prizes, October 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait. Prize 10s. Awarded to Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon. Mention: J. L. Northeast, G.C.S. 5889; I. McClure, G.C.S. 5878.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: Elma Stamper, G.C.S. 5912; Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; John Leigh, G.C.S. 5814.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait in Pencil. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276; G. C. Rogers, M.C.S. 3318.

Literature Competition.—A Letter to a Neighbour, etc. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Maile, M.C.S. 3359. Hon. Mention: Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859; Gwendoline Allen, M.C.S. 3151.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458. Hon. Mention: Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize 15s.—Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5890.
Second Prize 7s. 6d.—Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441.
Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(December—January)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. An Illustration for any Shakesperian Play. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. Verses Suitable for a Christmas Card. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. Anything in Wool. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. Anything White.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. An Illustration to a Fairy Story. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. Design for a Title Page to a Book of Modern Poetry. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. Describe Entrance and Appearance of any Character in a novel you would like to write. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, January 16th. Anything in Colours.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. A Design for a Nursery Frieze. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. Sketch a Group of Three Common Objects. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 14th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 2nd. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, January 16th. Describe a Favourite Room in not less than 200 words.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool.

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH

A Very Happy Christmas to You All

OUR warmest thanks are due to the Alexandra Day Committee, who have once again remembered our work for the hospitals and have sent us £50 for our Cot Endowment Fund. I have written to Miss May Beeman asking her very kindly to convey to the Committee the Salon's deep appreciation of this valuable help.

* * *

The £5 Quarterly Prize for May, June and July is divided as follows: Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683, £3; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422, £2. Next in order of merit: G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

A charming little "woollie," submitted by Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730

All competitors were informed through the post that the Annual Competitions are postponed until Saturday, February 4th. Anyone who has not therefore sent in an entry and would like to compete should send for a form as soon as possible.

* * *

Agnes Muir, G.C.S. 5892, was among the exhibitors in the lace section at the recent Surrey Handicrafts Exhibition held at Croydon.

* * *

And last item of all, don't forget the Cinderellas' Pantomime Fund, Saloners! You will now have received my letter on the subject and in consequence know just what we intend to do. But I add this reminder because at this time of year we all have such lots to remember and think about.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(September 15)

Eleanor Erith.—It is clear what you are driving at, but the poignancy of the theme is insufficiently worked out. Greater length is not absolutely necessary, but a more mordant touch is essential.

Anne Kavanagh.—Your fifth line needs attention. The lines in a sonnet should be of ten syllables, and the metre has a different music from this—effective enough in its way, however. Study the classic examples.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—The theme is well pursued to the end, but the change in the method of rhyming introduced with the fourth verse is a technical error. As it is a bit irritating, it might be better to alter that in the first three stanzas.

Peter Recaldin.—A clever idea well worked out, except that the lettering isn't clear enough and Aladdin is, as a rule, allowed that second "d."

Ursula Scott-Morris.—A charming little effort. The last line isn't quite so happy as the rest. Make an effort to improve it. The beat isn't quite in time with the rest.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—A first-rate bit of effect, worthy of more finesse of brush drawing, particularly in the middle distance trees. The sky is charming in air, colour and movement. All colour good, but handling of solids needs refining. The little poem is a graceful effort, of which the second verse is the better by a good deal.

C. R. H. Brabham.—Your primitive method is rather attractive and would be enhanced by more variation of plane values, less inky shadows and more conventional detail in foliage. A successful experiment in manner.

Marjorie Naylor.—Your sky, in the Nelson sketch, is too hard, or, alternatively, the rest of the good composition not strong enough. A tone on the water and some accents in the rocks would make all the difference.

May W. Harrison.—The least successful part of your fascinating panorama is the row of trees in the middle; they suffer from blunt brush, which gives a certain blobbiness to much else. Otherwise this sunlit, air-filled terrain is delightful.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A very happy colour note, rather over-skied, too much crisp light edge for aerial comfort; in all other ways true and pleasing.

G. Christabel Richens.—An artistic and expressive blue-black sketch. The stack is not quite, but in feeling, composition and economy of line very good indeed.

I. McClure.—An accomplished and charming sketch. It is a pity that your paper has let you down in the sky and that some of the foliage accentuation has been lost in repair; otherwise very complete and well seen.

Patricia Hepburn.—A very effective and economical scheme, daringly successful in silhouettes, but not quite good for three-quarter view. The eccentric lettering is smart, but perhaps over modern for the subject.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—A clever drawing with good abrupt foreshortening, but more suited for illustration than jacket. Much charm of composition and colour.

Brenda D. Milligan.—An admirably clever and successful book jacket scheme; allusive, distinctive and witty as well as of high technical quality. Most artistic and original.

Michaela Danckwerts.—A remarkably good and clever piece of work, especially for your years. You are making excellent progress. Lettering needs more attention.

Betty Weir.—The placing of the title isn't very happy, but the line effect, although a bit too complicated, is very neat and pleasing. The conventional sky seems a little too cold; a warmer blue would be more effective.

Joan Gibling.—Very advanced work for your age. The green margin is very successfully used and the whole design reflects considerable promise. You should do very well presently.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—I think the last line of all should echo the last lines of the other two verses. They are charming and one is led to expect something of the sort again. There is a certain awkwardness in lines three and four, but as a whole this is very good work.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A less realistic touch is required for work of this type, and as a rule it is better not to attempt to get too much on to the space available. Look at some good specimens of this type of thing for guidance.

(*Continued on page* 139)

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN

English Lavender

THE LOVABLE GIFT

A Yardley Gift : most welcome and acceptable of all delightful things at Christmas-time.

The exquisite fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is woven through a delightful variety of Toilet Luxuries: Lavender Perfume, Toilet Soap, Complexion Creams and Powders, Bath Salts and Talcum Powder and delectable Gift Cases of Lavender articles.

These are ever the best loved of Christmas Gifts. Give them this Christmas.

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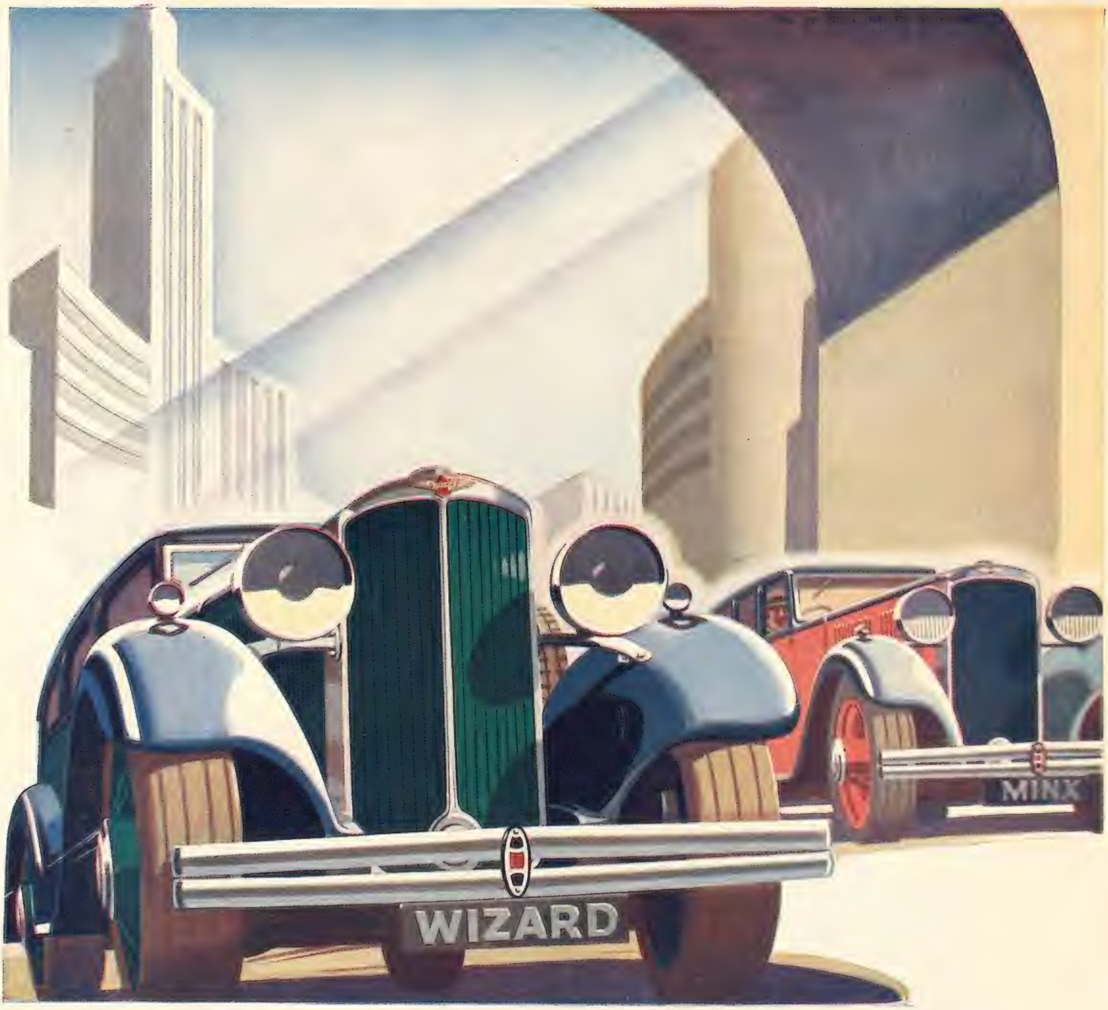

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Triplex Glass throughout (Windscreen on Minx Saloon, Wizard 5 and 7-seater saloons)

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Olwen Lawton.—The metre in which this begins is very suitable for the subject and should have been adhered to all through. Light verse in particular demands rigid respect of whatever metre is established.

Pamela Searight.—The bold, bad gentleman makes a happy splash of colour nicely controlled by the circle, but some lettering should have been attempted. This ought to work out well for its purpose.

Violet Dennis.—Excellently balanced as design, but rather feeble in draughtsmanship of detail, and the treatment of the elves is too realistic.

Annie M. Waters.—Several good verses are spoilt by one weak line, as, for instance, the fifth in the fifth verse and the last line of all. If you could curb your facile pen a little more, your work would gain immensely.

Anthony Hern.—An interesting experiment; there is nothing banal here. The craftsmanship is a bit halting, but study should soon improve you in that direction.

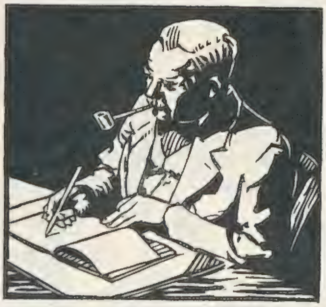
Margaret Hill.—This is not the correct metre for a sonnet, which should have five feet in each line. But as an exercise in verse it is well expressed and neatly put together.

Amy G. Haydon.—A charming scheme, very pleasant in colour and unusually interesting in design. So many thanks.

Jem Russell.—This conveys an accurate picture vividly, but is a bit unnecessarily colloquial. A very little editing would soon improve it greatly.

Elspeth Henderson.—A fine sense of spacing and design are exhibited, but drawing is very weak. Don't rely on memory yet; draw things from the items themselves, whether living or "still."

Arnold Parkin.—Not quite so good as some of your recent work, and not the true sonnet form. Study this from the fine models of the classic authors, and then you will know better how to proceed another time



The Evening Pipe. A lino cut by G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Awarded the prize in the Graduates' Competition for October portrait sketch

B. Gardner.—A very graceful and appealing effort, the interest cleverly sustained to the last verse, and the reiteration of the name adroitly handled. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—This sonnet has all the required feeling; it only fails technically, which is not surprising. Your experiments are almost always interesting and avoid the commonplace in a promising manner. The design is neat, but I do not think it suitable for the subject chosen, and the white ground behind the title is violently out of key with the rest.

Elizabeth Mason.—This begins very well and the climax is interestingly done, although the end of the last line could certainly stand recasting. A rhyme should seem as inevitable as possible. The cover is effective in an economical scheme and would be better still if the heads of the mystic group were rather smaller.

Hilda M. Barrow.—Very sincere work, but the tendency to reiterate should be sternly checked. It is quite in order at the end of the third verse, but should be avoided in the last line.

Margery Hall.—Prettily composed, certainly, but not a sonnet. Look up the definition of this verse form in the dictionary.

Olive Dockree.—You have made a mistake with the subject of this entry, which is of rather unequal merit. Atmosphere is cleverly conveyed and there are several striking moments, but the technique is too sketchy.

David G. Holland.—Quite good as far as it goes, but much too brief. This is only the beginning. Why not carry on with it?

Rosemary Drayson.—The design is unintentionally naive, probably, but it serves the particular purpose admirably. Study the construction of letters carefully.

Joan Guillaume.—A poor last two lines. The rest is first rate, and I suspect you possess a natural flair for verse of this type. Be your own severe critic. A better third line for the second verse should be found. The cover needs a frame and you have almost attempted too much. A simple scheme would convey more.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name ....

Address ....

....

Age, if under 20 ....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Pamela Carr.—The story is graphically told, but great experience is required to tackle a plot of this type, so that errors may be avoided. Write upon topics that do not outrun your knowledge or power to verify details.

Eirlys Maldwynne-Jones.—A sonnet has fourteen lines. In other respects, however, this is a creditable and interesting effort. I hope you mean to compete regularly.

Joan Wyatt.—The last verse doesn't quite explain itself, but the earlier ones are very daintily conceived and written.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon—(*continued*)

Mary Champion.—A fascinating design and some lovely stitchery. Thank you so much!

Anne Burra.—A very original effort, lacking anatomical knowledge, but excellent, as design, for its purpose. Some practice in drawing from the life would greatly help you.

Alice Janes.—If you had respected the sonnet rule of five feet throughout and in harmony with your opening lines, this would have been a most effective piece of work. The matter of it is first rate.

D. M. Daniels.—The first two verses are the best. I think "doth" would be better than "does" in the last line of all.

Barbara Stallibrass.—With a little more experience and knowledge this clever design would work out excellently. The architecture of the fountain is weak, and the stylistic lettering needs to be more legible for complete success.

Mabel Sanders.—Charming stitchery, but the general effect a tiny bit clumsy for you!

G. M. Kaye.—Some very good lines and a splendid theme, but as a whole the poem lacks cohesion. By working at it further you should be able to make something good of it.

Florence E. McCoy.—Good in idea and neatly composed, but "shine" and "shining" in the third line is a repetition which has, I imagine, escaped your critical ear.

Cynthia Greaves.—The allegorical interest isn't quite so clearly stated as it might be, but this has the right ideas and feeling.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—One of the best things you have done, much stronger technically than earlier work, and with two or three fine lines, particularly in the latter half.

Penelope Burra.—The general effect is excellent. The panel is well placed and very attractive in colour. On the other hand, the lettering is weak, too fanciful in type and too dim for the dark background.

Joan Hunton.—An original and striking design, lettering rather poor in drawing, but very good as an integral part of the scheme. A smarter technique is essential, of course, for the finished product.

Kay Holland.—An ambiguous last line, but the opening of the second verse is charming. You have a keen ear for the music in a line, but sense plays second fiddle sometimes! Be on guard against this tendency.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—The incorporation of words from the famous song is scarcely allowable on so wholesale a scale. The requisite feeling is in your work, but it is weak on the technical side. Fine balance and good colour distinguish the art entry. The clever effect is attained with admirable economy. The lettering could, of course, be a great deal better.

Olive Dwyer.—Your work has shown considerable improvement of late, and there is much charming work in this sonnet. Study good poetry carefully, and criticise your work from every possible angle.

Jessie Wilkes.—A splendid theme and the opening and close good. The rest is not up to this standard. You should be able to make the necessary improvements.

Trixie Ford.—Charmingly pretty and beautifully worked; a very good and capable entry.

Irene McCoy.—The accents fall rather clumsily in places, particularly in the second verse, and the opening lines of this are too much a repetition of the beginning of the first, which is very good indeed.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Dainty work. Your stitchery seldom leaves much to be desired!

Evangeline Weir.—As the lettering plays so big a part in the design, much sounder drawing and construction is necessary, but the simple colour scheme and pretty decoration are distinctly attractive.

Stephanie Weir.—The large empty space in the frame looks rather forlorn. The disposition of ornament above it is very nicely managed, however, n every way, and the colour scheme is gay and pleasing.

M. Joyce Lambert.—This does achieve precisely what it sets out to do and be, but I think a little wistful charm might be introduced effectively without degenerating into sentimentality. The implicated pathos might be stressed a little.

Margaret Barrett.—An admirable attempt to size character, but resulting somewhat in caricature, particularly in the shape of the skull. It is probable that your sitter moved, and that you failed to observe this.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. *All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE,"* 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED & FORTY-FOURTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post December* 15*th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best verse of six lines, the last words of which are date, mate, tree, flee, borne, scorn, gone, done.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—December 15

HUNDRED & FORTY-FIFTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post December* 29*th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short poem apostrophising a fine house going to decay.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—December 29

Results of 138*th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to F. A. Edinborough.

Hon. Mention: "M. R. A.," E. H. Jones, W. M. Offord, "Brian Bhoru," Vera Staff, Julia Binfield, B. Paul, Marjorie Elton Young, "Four Winds," E. G. Robins, May W. Harrison, "Planetas," Cecily G. Baker, M. Asher, Gertrude Pitt, Isabel M. Smart, "Ellan Vannin," K. F. Solloway, Joan Henry, May Belben, G. Phillpotts, M. A. Jones, "Hannah May."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best description of a person who has just won a big "sweep" prize.

Awarded to Katie Gandy.

Hon. Mention: M. E. Young, May Belben, Diana Cutbill, E. Maldwynne-Jones, Julia Binfield, "Endymion," "G. G.," A. M. Waters, Molly Palmer, G. Phillpotts, H. M Hancock.

Results of 139*th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: K. F. Solloway, Isabel M. Smart, E. B. Mackeally, St. Barbe Dell, Mary Baron, Julia Binfield, Vera S. Staff, "J. A. B.," E. G. Robins, M. Scott Morris, B. Gibbs, Elizabeth Adams, May W. Harrison, E. Wightman, "M. R. A.," C. M. Macdonald, F. A. Edinborough, May Belben, Joan Henry, Catherine Lawrence.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best quotation from the classics suitable for inscription on the walls of a cocktail bar.

Awarded to Z. Forster-Brown.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, David G. Holland, J. H. G. Gibbs, Cecily Gray Baker, C. Lawrence, G. Phillpotts, Julia Binfield, D. Cutbill, E. G. Robins, "J. A. B."

"... the most revolting neuralgia!"

Imagine it, darling! There was I, booked to meet Tony's people at twelve for a preliminary look at each other—a situation, my dear, *obviously* calling for *reams* of womanly tact and charm—and then waking up with the most *revolting* neuralgia! You know how beastly it is—a sort of rampaging ache with appalling *twinges* every five seconds. Of course, I was *frantic*. I tried at least a *million* things and they all made me feel suspiciously worse—so I rushed round to Aunt Alice. She's the family medicine chest, my dear, and the *complete* Home Doctress. She took one steely look at me and said:—"What *you* want is a Cachet Faivre." Well, you can rely on Aunt Alice to produce a winner, so I had one. And my dear, it was *marvellous*—every *scrap* of pain had gone in ten minutes. I simply *sailed* through the family conference—and made a *distinct* hit, my dear, with the male relations. No, these Cachets Faivre aren't a narcotic—they're quite definitely harmless, so Aunt Alice assured me. She burbled "oxyquinotheine" or some other *scandalous* word, but anyway darling, the main thing is that at last I've found *the* cure for neuralgia and headaches and the blues. And knowing how *apt* you are darling, to stay out the *least* little bit too late o' nights, I'm sending along a *dinky* little sample box—for your own... especial... use.

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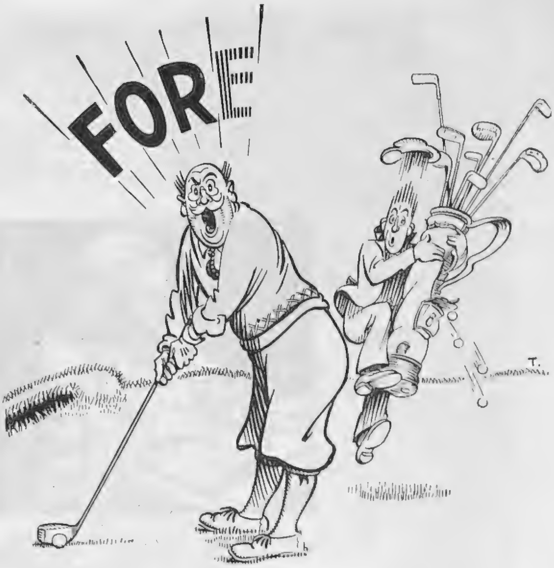

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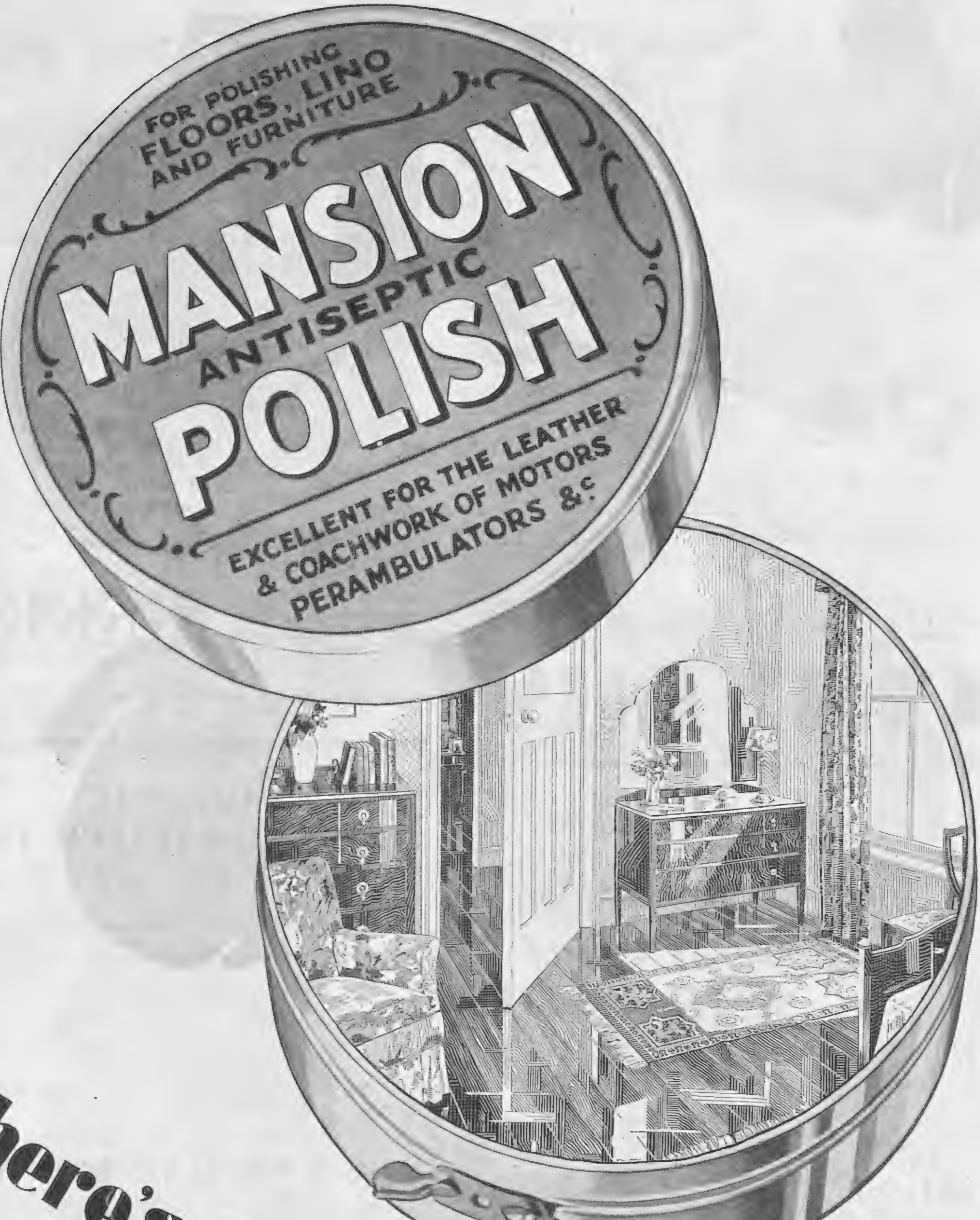
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FOR THE
Christmas
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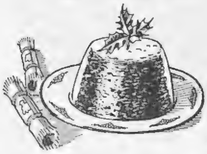

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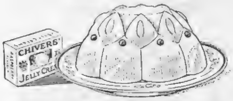

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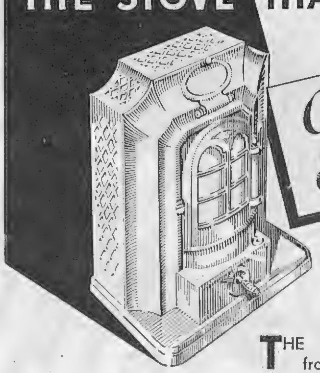

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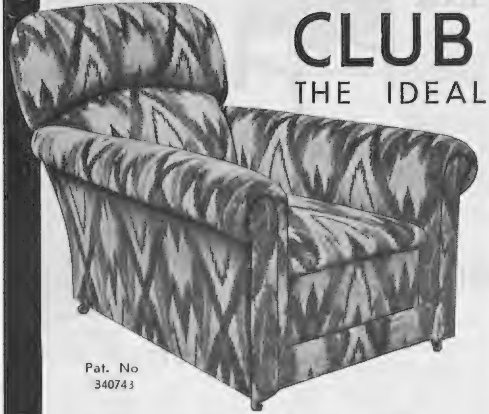

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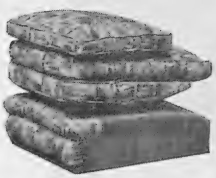

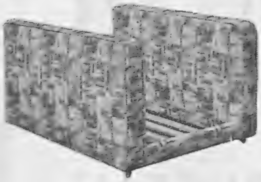

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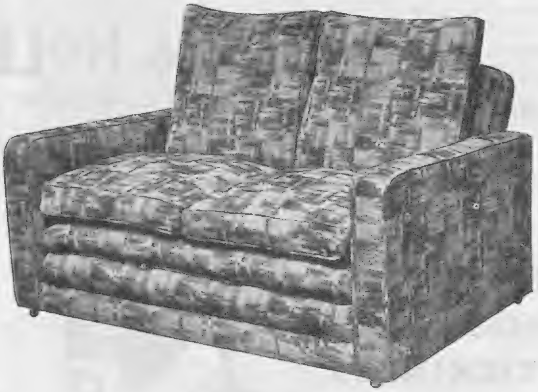

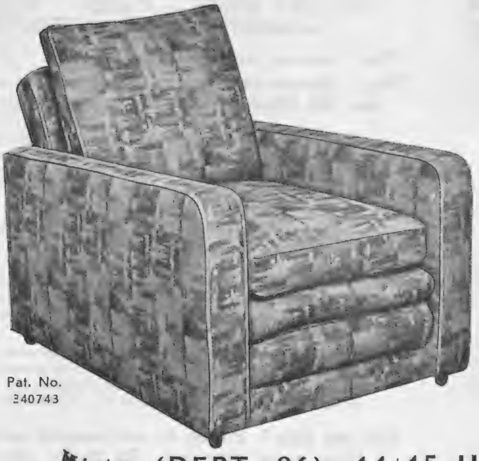

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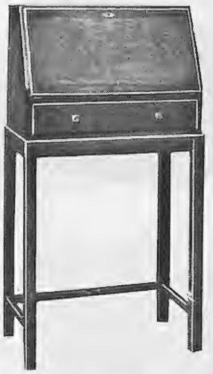

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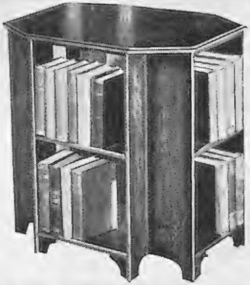

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Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

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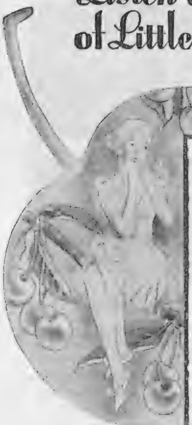
"Listen to the Whispers of Little Lady Liqueur"



The Occasion. Liqueur time has arrived, and one of the ladies mentions GRANT'S MORELLA Cherry Brandy which is unanimously approved.

The Whisper—"I'm most gratified but, as Host, do make certain from the waiter that the Cherry Brandy *will* be GRANT'S MORELLA. Not everyone knows that there are other makes of Cherry Brandy. There is just one way to ensure the best of all and British at that—ask for GRANT'S MORELLA by name."

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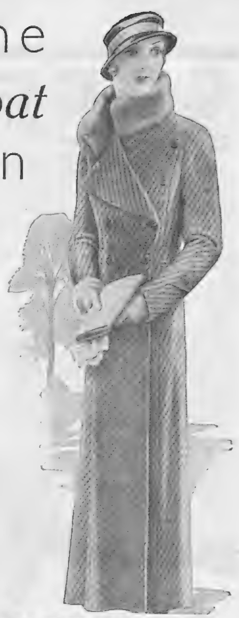

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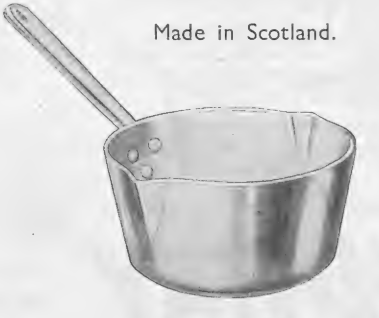

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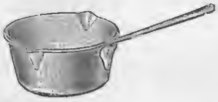

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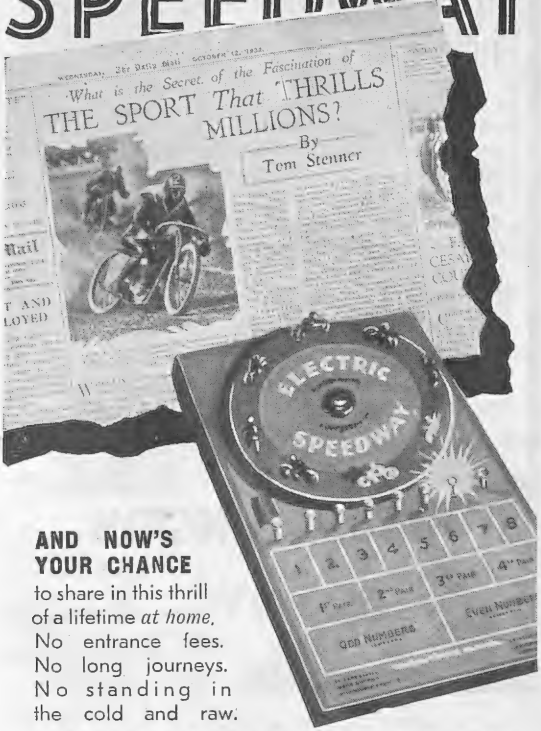
Wednesday, The Daily Mail, October 12, 1932
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By Tom Stenner
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Will remove one name from a list of those now waiting assignment. If you wish, particulars of the child assigned will be forwarded to you. Please use the attached form and Light a Candle in a dark place

'All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me.
It has gone out; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.

'All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me,
Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid?
I am a little frightened—can't you see?
Oh, light my little candle here for me?

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The bitter winds of adversity have left many children in the darkness and the cold. During the year the new admissions to the N.C.H. & O. have brought it to a total family of 3,914 boys and girls. Every day adds new names to the

WAITING LIST

and we ask your help to clear it by Christmas

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I enclose Five Guineas to Light a Candle for me by the admission of a child into the N.C.H. & O.

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Address ....

....

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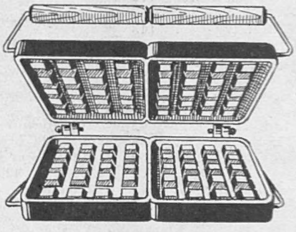

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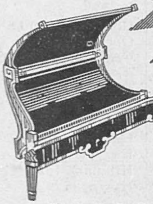

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DECEMBER, 1932

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

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Name ....

Address ....

Date...1932

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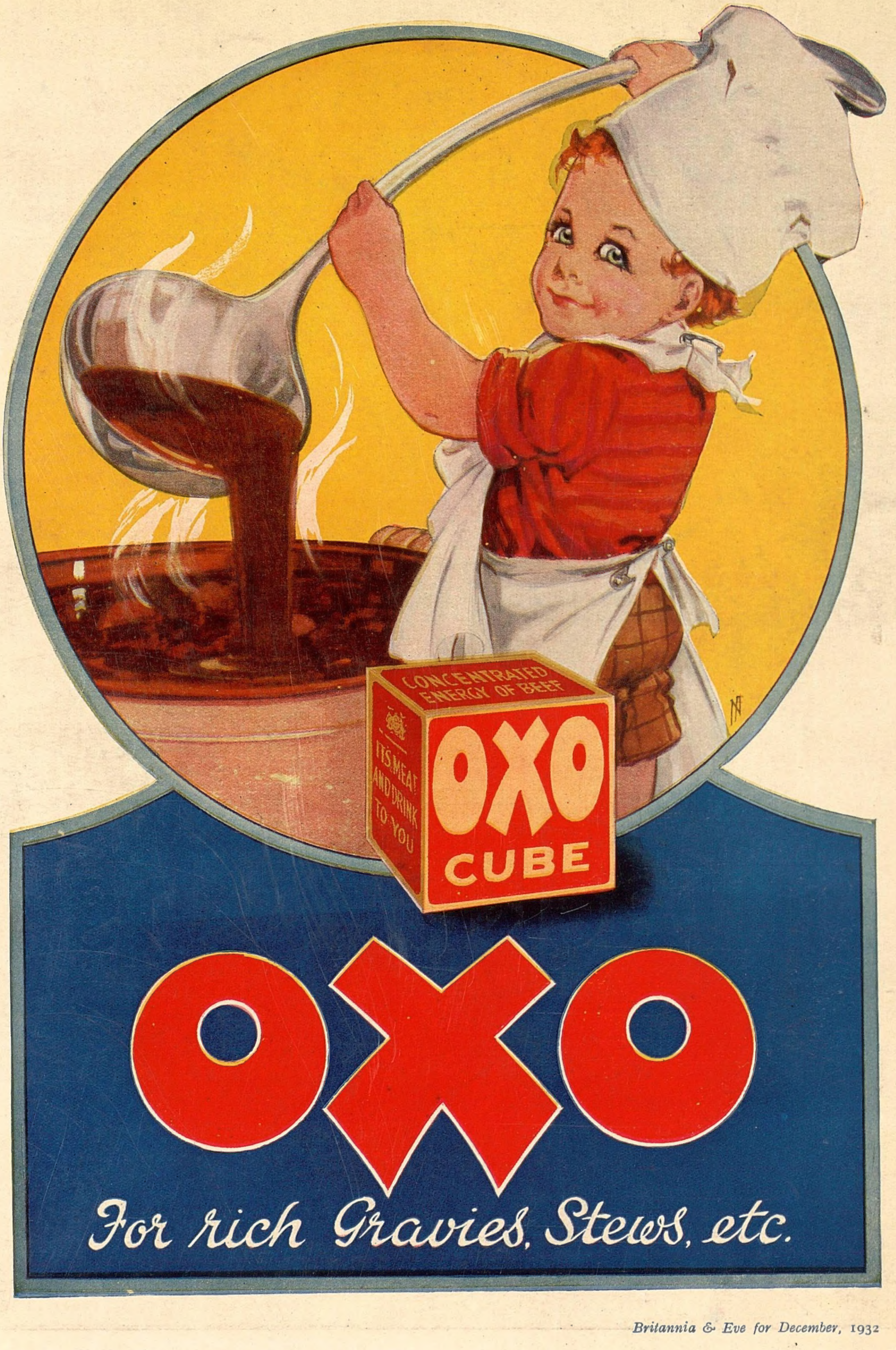
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